

1862

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THE
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CANADA AND THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.

WE have for weeks been affecting a profound interest in Canada—a vast amount of speaking, and a prodigious quantity of writing have been expended on this absorbing subject; yet very few persons seem to be aware, that although the Canadian provinces have been menaced by the Government at Washington, these constitute but a fragment of the prize which the people of the States of the Union have long coveted. The Yankee pet notion is the appropriation of all British territory in North America. With the extent and importance of this division of the great continent, as there are not many Englishmen thoroughly acquainted, we append the following brief description.

NEW BRUNSWICK has an area of 211,473 square miles; it is bounded on the north by the Bay of Chaleurs and Lower Canada, on the south by the Bay of Fundy, on the east by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Northumberland Strait, and Nova Scotia, and on the west by Maine, one of the Northern United States, to the assaults of which it is therefore exposed on that side. Its largest river is the St. John, which runs for 270 miles, but it is abundantly drained by the Petcondiac, the Miramichi, and the Nipisighet rivers, which run a course from 100 to 70 miles. Its chief produce is timber, the province abounding with forests of pine, fir, spruce, hemlock, birch, beech, maple, ash, elm, and poplar. Excellent pasture lies along the banks of the rivers, and the cultivated soil is favourable to the growth of wheat, barley, oats, and rye, Indian corn, buckwheat, beans, peas, and flax, of which large crops might be raised. The fisheries also, though productive, are capable of great increase. Ship-building is a profitable branch of industry. The exports cannot be much less than a million sterling, the imports about a third more.

NOVA SCOTIA possesses an area of 16,000 square miles, is 280 miles long, and 160 broad; the climate is healthy, the land fertile, producing timber in large quantities, feeding numerous stock and growing good crops of cereals. It is also rich in mineral wealth, in the eastern portion particularly; iron and coal and copper and lead have been found in

Northumberland Strait. Gypsum, salt, slate, and freestone are also plentiful. The resources of the province have hitherto been but imperfectly known, nevertheless its thriving cities and towns, including Halifax, the capital, give evidence of a busy trade. It is surrounded by the sea, except at the north-western extremity; to the west is the Bay of Fundy, to the south and east the Atlantic; it is divided on the north from Cape Breton by the Gut of Canso, and from Prince Edward's Island by Northumberland Strait.

NEWFOUNDLAND has a surface of 60,000 square miles. It is an island in the Atlantic on the eastern shore of the North American continent, with the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the west. The fisheries are its greatest source of wealth, but it possesses coal, gypsum, and limestone, which when properly worked would add materially to the prosperity of the province. On the east side of the island is the town of St. John, with its port and fortifications, the population of which is under 20,000, and the country generally is but thinly settled, a humid climate, and an unfavourable soil for agriculture, deterring speculators from emigrating in this direction; nevertheless its produce exceeds a million sterling, and is capable of considerable expansion. A special value attaches to the island as a nursery of hardy seamen.

CAPE BRETON, also an island north-east of Nova Scotia, forms the south-eastern limit of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it is about a hundred miles long and eighty broad. The soil is extremely fertile, raising large crops of grain, maize, and potatoes; the forests produce an abundance of excellent timber for ship-building and other purposes, and among its products are coal, iron ore, slate, granite, and limestone. It has as yet but a small population, who are incapable of making the most profitable use of the advantages by which they are surrounded; the principal town, Sydney, on the north-east coast, containing less than a thousand inhabitants, the entire population of the island being about thirty thousand. It possesses several large fresh-water lakes abounding in fish; Marguerite, Ainslie, Grand Lake, and Miré Lake terminating

in Miré Bay, as well as several rivers, but they are not navigable and do not run to any considerable length.

PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has a length of 135 miles, and a breadth of 34 miles, with an area of 2160 square miles. It is separated from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by Northumberland Strait. The coast abounds in bays that form good harbours, the soil is favourable to almost every kind of agricultural and garden produce grown in England, and the forests are full of fine timber. Stock, too, may be made to thrive in this fine country, though the breeds to be found in it would not make an imposing figure at the cattle shows of the Mother-country. Fur animals abound, particularly seals, which frequent the shore in summer and autumn in immense numbers. Ship-building is also carried on here to a great extent, and the oyster-fishery is an unfailing source of profit. The harbour is the finest in the gulf. The inhabitants are chiefly of Scotch descent, but, though thriving, are not very numerous.

The superficial area of the territory included in the region known as HUDSON'S BAY may be fairly estimated at nearly *three million square miles*. This enormous country is separable into four divisions:— (1.) The most eastern, situated along the seashore—cold and sterile, inhabited exclusively by Esquimaux and Indians; (2.) Extends westward to Cape Churchill along the northern shore of the bay, and to both shores of James Bay, inland to the ridge that forms the northern boundary of Canada; (3.) Extends to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and northward to the Lake of Athabasca and the Peace River; (4.) The valley of the Mackenzie, the largest river in this portion of the continent, including the Athabasca branch—its course is at least 2000 miles; the sources of the Athabasca are in the Rocky Mountains that divide this region from the North-west Territory, of which chain Mount Browne attains an elevation of 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. The country has been considered productive only in wild animals, particularly such as are sought after for their fur; but it contains incalculable sources of wealth in the minerals to be found in its stratification, particularly iron, copper, and lead. In VANCOUVER'S ISLAND, on the coast of the North Pacific, coal is abundant. In that portion of the NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY which lies between the Rus-

sian and United States portion of the region, lies the Fraser River and all those settlements which have sprung up since the discovery of the auriferous district. It is extremely mountainous, but the drainage of these elevations produces several considerable rivers and lakes. At the termination of the range known as the Rocky Mountains flows the Mackenzie. British Columbia is rapidly rising into importance as a new colony, and mining operations are constantly developing its metalliferous resources. The shores of the Pacific bound it on the west, and it possesses a superficial area of about 1,100,000 square miles.

We here add a few geological notes on the more striking features of this territory. New Brunswick is divided from the Northern States by the river St. Croix or Schoodiac. An elevation of the land is apparent here, extending more than twenty miles to the north, and apparently to a greater distance in the direction of the Bay of Fundy, the highest rise being in the centre of this area. The rocks below the marl are usually red sandstone, syenite, and granite, with occasional intrusions of trap. Deposits of sand to a large extent, with marl and marly clay, containing vestiges of shells and algæ, still found upon the seashore, are to be met with at St. Andrew's, St. Stephen's, Lubec, Eastport, and their vicinity, as well as at Beaver Harbour—the remains of shells being so abundant that the lime they have contributed to the strata has rendered the latter valuable as fertilizers. The elevation is clearly perceptible, also, among the islands of Passamaquoddy Bar. At the mouth of the St. Croix is Grand Manan, about twelve miles from the line of demarcation; farming and fishing are the occupations of the inhabitants. The country possesses pretensions to the picturesque, particularly on the north-west side, where perpendicular cliffs of trap present themselves. It is five-and-twenty miles long, and a fifth of this in breadth. A post of strength might be established here with advantage.

A similar deposit and elevation, at least eighteen feet above the sea, exists at the mouth of the St. John, in the valley between the city of that name and Portland, and on the river banks above the tides, as also at Kenebecacis River. Some twenty miles eastward of the St. John is the Great Tantamar Marsh, which is about nineteen miles long and four broad: much of it is peat-bog, floating logs,

swamps, and small lakes, where wild-fowl resort in abundance, and shells and fish bones are found in the alluvium. These are signs of a submergence, indications of which occur at the Bay des Vents, while on the Canadian shore opposite there exists an elevation of several feet. On the banks of the Upper St. John there is a well-defined series of terraces formed of diluvial matter containing decayed timber and portions of freshwater shells.*

In Nova Scotia there have also been changes of level. In the marshes of the Shubenacadia, and on the banks of the rivers Avon and King's County, there are marine strata, sometimes twelve feet beneath the surface, composed of plants undergoing decomposition, and presenting on the beds of alluvium tracks of the wading birds that frequent the shores. A submarine elevation is making progress off the harbour of Halifax and Sambro Lighthouse. In the island of Cape Breton, at the entrance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there appears similar evidence of the change of level which the land has undergone; but the most melancholy alteration is the ruin which has come upon the once flourishing city of Louisbourg—a French colonial post of such importance that it was defended against General Amherst by a military force of 3000 men, and a naval one of six ships of the line and five frigates. Six families of fishermen now form the entire population, and the sea is so surely encroaching, that it overflows a portion of the city within the walls.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence is also Prince Edward's Island, placed about fifty miles to the east of Nova Scotia. It is remarkably fertile, but there is a recent depression between Lennox Island and the harbour of Cuscumpec. There is a lagoon between Richmond Bay and the harbour more than thirty miles long, and one at Cuscumpec eighteen miles long and a furlong broad. The harbour has a wall of peat-bog on one side, and a mound of sea-sand on the other—the former being nineteen feet below the sea-level. The bog displays spagneous plants, mingled with pine, hemlock, and other forest trees and underwood. The sea flows into the lagoon into groves of maple, beech, and birch, that are constantly being undermined at the roots, after which the trunks fall, giving a most desolate aspect to the

scene. Dr. Gesner, whose recently published account of the elevations and depressions of the earth in North America has afforded these interesting geological facts, describes these marshes and lagoons as presenting at his visit a very dreary spectacle.

The geology of the British possessions in North America has scarcely yet been done justice to. Able as are the notices of Sir Charles Lyell, made in 1841-2 (*Travels in North America: with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia*), they refer only to a portion of the country; and that accomplished writer's second visit in 1854-6 was to the United States. In his *Principles*, as well as in his *Manual*, will be found the result of his observations as well as of his reading respecting the American continent; but valuable as they unquestionably are, they are too fragmentary to satisfy the demands of the subject. The same defect exists in the writings of other geologists who have turned their attention to it. The descriptions of Sir John Richardson, made during his three exploring arctic expeditions overland, are admirable, and contain new and important information, particularly his discovery of the Silurian strata overlying Devonian, stretching from Lake Superior to the Arctic Ocean; and his notices of the limestone formation of the Rocky Mountains, and of the lignite basin in the valley of the Mackenzie River.

In the year 1857 the British Government organized an expedition, which was placed under the direction of Captain J. Palliser, for the purpose of exploring the neighbourhood of the boundary line of the United States, stretching westward from Lake Superior. The geologist was Dr. Hector, who has published in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society* (vol. xviii. No. 68), a most lucid memoir, giving the result of his investigations. If the entire British territories could be described as this section of it has been in these minute details, there would remain nothing to desire. We regret that the space to which we are limited will not allow of our drawing upon Dr. Hector's valuable materials for information; but one of our colonial dependencies referred to by him, has so deeply excited the jealousy and cupidity of the people of the Northern States, that we cannot too strongly urge on our Government the necessity of adequate protection. With this object we quote the following opinion

* *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, November, 1861.

from Dr. Hector's account of the Rocky Mountains :—

“As my observations in California should not properly be introduced in this paper, I shall leave them for another opportunity, the object of my having mentioned them being to point out the great similarity between the superficial deposits of the great gold country and those within the British territory further north, which encourages me to assert that the whole country up to the Kootanie River and the base of the Rocky Mountains, wherever the ancient terraces prevail, resting on Silurian or metamorphic rocks, will be found to be auriferous. In my party of 1859 I had an expert ‘washer,’ who had been at the Californian mines; and he frequently got ‘colour,’ as a faint trace of gold is termed, by merely washing the gravel from the beds of the streams without any regular ‘prospecting’ or ‘digging.’ The discovery of what are among the richest ‘pan’ diggings on the Pacific coast, in the Schinullomeen Valley, and the existence of gold-mines worked since 1855 on Clark's Fork, half-a-mile north of the boundary-line where it meets the Columbian River, prove that the belt of auriferous country in California and Oregon is continuous with that of Fraser River; and there is no reason to doubt that in a short time the rugged and unexplored country which forms a triangular region north of the boundary-line, and is drained by the waters of the Upper Columbia and Kootanie Rivers, will be overrun by prospectors, and then by active gold-miners, just as the western part of British Columbia has been within the last few years.”

THE CANADIAN TERRITORY north of the St. Lawrence naturally forms three divisions—the most Western, beyond La Cloche Mountains, is an extensive region of which our knowledge is far from perfect; the middle, forming the province of Upper, and the eastern that of Lower, Canada. The Upper Province lies between La Cloche Mountains and the Ottawa: it possesses a well-wooded table-land extending over the northern portion, two terraces, from east to west, separated by a range of hills, and a wide-spreading plain forming a peninsula of some 20,000 miles of alluvial land, well wooded, almost as fertile as the terraces, having small prairies on the banks of the rivers, of which several flow through it. This is a fine field for colonization, and possesses many thriving farms and settlements. The Lower Province stretches from the Ottawa to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, in two districts situated east and west of Cape Torment, thirty miles below Quebec—a hilly country generally, though with the usual abundance of drainage in lakes and rivers—not in such request for emigration, nevertheless possessing many localities that will be better appreciated

as facilities for communication are extended. This description applies to the portion of Lower Canada north of the St. Lawrence.

That which lies south of the river is of a much more valuable character generally, is fertile, and thickly peopled. It is divided by mountain ranges into three divisions—the western being mostly a level plain near the river, but becoming hilly towards the north; the northern region is more elevated, and therefore less capable of cultivation; and the eastern region, between the Bay of Chaleurs and the north of the river, is also held in little estimation for agricultural purposes. The valleys are fertile to the south. Between Canada and the States along the frontier, there is a range of hills, some of which are lofty, and the land is almost everywhere abundantly watered.

The extent of fertile soil already brought under cultivation produce abundant crops of cereals, including wheat, Indian corn, rye, barley, oats, and buckwheat; and this produce is capable of such increase, that in time of scarcity at home, we might reasonably look for as abundant a supply of grain and breadstuffs as we have hitherto received from the States. Vegetables and fruit are equally plentiful, and the soil affords a very profitable return for the cultivation of hemp, flax, and tobacco. Sugar, too, is manufactured in considerable quantities from the maple, and the fir produces the spruce which used to be in much request for spruce-beer; but the most important of Canadian products is timber, of which there is so large a yield annually from its extensive forests, as to render it of very great commercial value. The fisheries on the coast are also growing rapidly into importance; it is abundant in the lakes as well as in the bays and off the banks, and the herring and salmon are a special source of profit. Hunting furbearing animals is carried on in the northern districts with great ardour, and the skins of beavers, otters, foxes, and bears form a considerable source of revenue to the Border trappers, while the moose and smaller deer, wolves, wolverines, and wild-cats are sought for only as beasts of chase. The long and often severe winters that put a stop to agricultural operations enable the settler, if possessed of an adventurous spirit, to take exploring journeys, which generally supply his larder for the winter with venison and bear-hams, and furnish his

sitting and sleeping rooms with furry rugs and coverlets that add materially to the comfort of his family.

Emigration to the Canadas has much increased of late years: in addition to that from the Mother-country there has been a vast influx from the States since their disunion. Not only has the impression among the English there become general, that property and life are insecure in "the model republic," while taxation is making alarming progress, and a ruinous financial crisis has commenced, but that more real liberty exists under the self-government enjoyed by the colony, than has ever prevailed, or is likely to prevail, in the neighbouring democracy. The result has been extremely favourable to trade and commerce. Exports and imports have rapidly augmented. By the latest returns, we have ascertained that the export trade of the colony in 1860 amounted in value to about four and a half millions sterling, showing an increase of one and three-quarter millions, while the import trade has reached the value represented by the sum of 3,399,239 $\frac{1}{2}$., showing an increase of 1,621,040 $\frac{1}{2}$.

The established towns are busy with industry, and throughout the wilderness homesteads are being raised, each of which may be regarded as the nucleus of the thriving settlements of another generation. Here have come many adventurers from the States, their experience of their former associates by no means of a pleasant character; and reports of recent insolent threats against England having reached them, they have one and all come forward to assist in preparing to defend their newly-adopted country. Drilling has been proceeding, even in distant settlements, with marvellous energy; various regiments of Volunteers have been enrolled, armed, and disciplined, and in every settled portion of the Canadian territory there is a spirit astir on which the firmest reliance can be placed in case of any hostile demonstration being attempted. Montreal, the metropolis of the east, out of a population of 100,000, has organized a force of 10,000 well-appointed Volunteers. Toronto, the capital of the west, with a much smaller population, has prepared 3000 for the anticipated conflict. According to a letter from Montreal, in the *Times* of January 8, a Militia general order was issued in December, that called into active service one company—75 men and 3 officers—of each of the 459 battalions of Militia, by volunteers from the

Service Men—that is, 34,425 rank and file, and the Volunteer Corps number 20,000.

So universal is the feeling of indignation against Yankee bounce, that the Irish element in the mixed population of the province, instead of being disaffected, as the newspapers of Boston and New York confidently stated, has been as enthusiastic (particularly in Montreal, where the resident Irishmen held a public meeting) in the good cause as any of the English; while the French Canadians have, in the same manner and with similar zeal, come forward to testify their loyalty to the British Crown, and devotion to the Government under which they have flourished. In all classes there exists a strong detestation of that phase of the American character with which they may be supposed to be most familiar: there is little fear, therefore, that the able Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's troops in the province will fail to find all the support he requires from the people for whose defence he is providing.

As those inland seas, the lakes, are likely, sooner or later, to become the scene of a more desperate struggle even than that which occurred there in the last war, a brief account of their extent and character may be acceptable to the reader. The largest is Lake Superior, which extends over an area of 43,000 square miles; next comes Lake Huron, with 16,500; then Lake Michigan, with 13,500; then Lake Erie, with 10,900; lastly, Lake Ontario, with 12,600. To this enormous extent of "water-privilege" we must add the St. Lawrence and its estuary, with 52,000, which, added together, make a total of 149,000 square miles. Yet, independently of this, there is a further area of 386,000 square miles of the basin of the St. Lawrence, of which 270,000 are owned by Canada, and 98,000 belong to the United States—a pretty extensive theatre for naval exploits. Lake Superior—the largest body of fresh water in existence—is about 400 miles in length, in breadth 175; its circumference about 1740, with a surface which is about 627 feet above the tide-water of the Atlantic, of about 43,000 square miles. Several islands rise out of it, Isle Royal being the largest; and at its western end it is connected by a cut or portage running into the Mississippi. The St. Mary conveys its waters into Lake Huron, another prodigious body of fresh water, 240 miles long, and above 1000 miles in

circuit. It also possesses numerous islands and bays, and has a communication with Lake Michigan, which extends nearly 200 miles in length, and 75 in breadth.

From the south of Lake Huron issues the River St. Clair, and by Lake St. Clair and the River Detroit has a communication with Lake Erie, which is 265 miles long, $63\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and is 658 in circumference. By the Niagara its waters extend to Lake Ontario, in length 172 miles, in circuit 467 miles; and below Lake Ontario expands the St. Lawrence, that flows onward, a noble stream, to the Atlantic, at least 600 miles from Montreal, and varies in its course from a mile to 105 miles in width. Its tide embraces many islands, and flows into two principal cities—Quebec and Montreal. Its banks are filled with thriving settlements, and active with busy industry; for the Canadians are a laborious race, and whether farmers or lumberers, hunters or fishermen, are remarkable for their endurance of toil, their loyalty, and their courage. The navigation of this magnificent river is generally impeded during the winter by the ice, which altogether prevents ships taking its course from the sea.

The language employed by certain members of the North American Senate did not admit of misconstruction, and the menaces thrown out by the North American Government were equally clear. As the distance from the United States territory to Quebec could be traversed with a well-appointed army in a few days, and as only a mere handful of troops and scarcely any defensive works could then have been opposed to such an invasion, the demand of the Commander-in-Chief for strong support as rapidly as it could be afforded in every department of the service, was promptly responded to, and regiment after regiment—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—were despatched from England with a rapidity that seemed marvellous to civilians. Should war break out, a fierce conflict will again, there is no doubt, be waged on the principal rivers and lakes we have just mentioned, where every islet and bay will offer advantages for attack or defence of which both belligerents would eagerly avail themselves. Heavily armed gunboats are what we most require here, and they ought to be furnished in such numbers as to be able to overpower all opposition from an active and enterprising enemy. The Americans have been making preparations as well as boasts:

they have erected fortifications on Lake Ontario, and have there a 60-gun ship, called the *New Orleans*, nearly ready at Sackett's Harbour, and profess to be able to place 500 gun-boats on Lake Erie, where they have a large flotilla.

On the coast Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Milne has a fleet at his disposal of 65 sail, composed of 7 line-of-battle ships, 33 frigates, and 25 corvettes and sloops, all steamers of superior power, and mounting 850 guns, mostly of large calibre. Of these we need only mention the *Hero*, of 91; the *Meance*, of 81; the *St. George*, 86; *Conqueror*, 100, and *Donegal*, 100, of most destructive armaments, while marvellously quick under steam. Then there are the *Shannon*, *Leander*, *Euryalus*, *Sutlej*, *Orlando*, *Severn*, and *Phæbe*, of 51 guns; the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, iron ships, of 40; the *Galatea*, of 25; the *Defiance* and *Resistance*, iron ships, carrying 22 guns; the *Satellite*, *Orpheus*, *Barossa*, *Pylades*, and *Rattlesnake*, of 21; the *Chanticleer*, *Greyhound*, and *Zebra*, of 17; the *Magnificence*, of 16. There are also sloops heavily armed:—the *Styx*, *Stromboli*, and *Devastation*, carrying 7 guns; and the *Petrel*, *Rapid*, and *Rosario*, 11 guns; the *Pandora*, 5, and the *Vigilant*, 4. Let it be borne in mind that this armament, powerful and efficient as it is, can readily be doubled from the enormous fleet that Great Britain has now afloat, and has recently been increasing almost every week. As regards military support, we have been forwarding, by steam transports, reinforcements—from the 14th of December to the 1st of January—to the amount of nearly 11,000 officers and men, in addition to the regiments previously sent to Canada—a force, however, scarcely sufficient for anything beyond defensive operations, had the Federal army been suddenly directed against the British possessions in North America.

It is a well-known axiom in that portion of the globe, that whoever commands the lakes will command Canada; therefore, as we are well aware that at the first favourable opportunity a great demonstration will be made with this object in view from Buffalo, from Sandusky, from Detroit, from Sackett's Harbour, and from every port where the Americans can prepare a hostile flotilla, we ought not only to watch these places most jealously, but get ready a sufficient force to dispose of whatever means of attack may be thence launched against us. We are in posses-

sion of intelligence that extraordinary exertions have been employed day and night, Sundays as well as week-days, to strengthen Sackett's Harbour, and that large bodies of United States troops have been concentrated there—at least 40,000 being stationed between Chicago and Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain. Fort Montgomery, which commands the inlet of the Chambley Canal, connecting Lake Champlain with the St. Lawrence, has been greatly strengthened, as well as the forts at Oswego, Niagara, Buffalo, and Detroit, and several iron steamers are in preparation for service in the lakes.

If to be forewarned is to be forearmed, we have very little need of reinforcements, for warnings we have had on a liberal scale; but the English admiral is not the man to leave such an important position as the lakes armed only in such fashion. The St. Lawrence having been open unusually long, has allowed material support to be despatched in that direction; but it is doubtful whether this has been done to the extent demanded by the exigency.

It cannot be too often or too strongly insisted upon, that we want, at every available point for defence, fortifications mounting heavy guns, with small and large craft in abundance, armed with similar artillery. Every creek and island, every bay and river bank, may become a place of strength to our active enemy, whence our positions and our shipping may be assailed. We do not doubt but that such forts might be as successfully assaulted by the brave Canadians as was Detroit in the last war in 1813 by the militia under the gallant Brock, assisted by one wing of the 41st Regiment, though it was defended by a thousand regular troops of the United States army. This brilliant example is not likely to be lost on a new generation, equally patriotic, more numerous, and much better armed than the handful of men who, after the capture of the fortress, engaged a strong force of the enemy on the frontier, defeated them, and drove them into the Niagara.

A military officer, possessed of considerable knowledge of the country, in the January number of the *United Service Magazine*, has thrown out some valuable hints for the defence of the colony. Another writer in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* is equally solicitous for the safety of these valuable possessions. Captain Stewart, the

author of the article in the magazine, "The Defence of Canada," considers that Quebec should be made the base of our operations, but that the struggle ought to commence for mastery at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, which would bring on a collision in the neighbourhood of Niagara. The Americans would then have to fight their way to that portion of Canadian territory occupied by the descendants of the original French settlers found there when Quebec was captured by Wolfe in 1759. They are quite as loyal as they were in the last war, when they formed themselves into fencible regiments, similar to other local corps—Glen-garry, Nova Scotia, &c. &c., and hate their republican neighbours quite as much as do the other colonists.

We possess forts up the river—for instance, Fort William-Henry, at Sorel, at the mouth of the Richelieu, which runs into Lake Champlain, and Fort Lenox, at Isle aux Noix, which is large enough to contain an entire regiment; but the St. Lawrence and Richelieu, forming a triangle with the La Cole district, has become an important strategical point, and a strong post here would cover Montreal and protect the passage of the St. Lawrence. There is another fort at Chambley on the Richelieu. Montreal, however, is of large extent, and is commanded by a hill in its rear, which circumstances render a proper system of fortifications scarcely possible.

The next point for consideration is the Rideau Canal, joining the Ottawa with Lake Ontario, created since the last war. It is of great advantage to our communications, and for the passage of stores, as it can be well defended, and is at least forty miles from the United States side of the St. Lawrence. The extent of the defence demanded in the province may be imagined from the distance between Quebec to Amherstburgh, 776 miles, and there is a length of 180 miles between all the intervening important posts but two—from Quebec to Montreal, and to Kingston, to Niagara, and Toronto—the other being from Niagara to Fort Erie 36, and from the latter fort to Amherstburgh 200 miles.

Kingston is also a place of importance, having a dockyard defended by strong fortifications, the guns of which cover the approaches by land and water, but it is not altogether inaccessible to a determined enemy getting among the islands on the lakes and employing unusual energy

to do mischief. Here we require a large force of gun-boats, to look after the abundance of craft which the Americans possess on these waters that might readily be made available for hostile purposes: the forts, too, ought to be strengthened and armed with our most destructive ordnance; and the Bay of Quinte, about thirty miles up the Lake of the Thousand Islands, should be well fortified on the eastern and lower entrance into the bay, as such works would protect our water communication up to Penetanguishene, on Lake Huron.

Toronto requires, also, fortifications on a larger scale to protect the entrance of the bay. The inhabitants are not to be relied on for active defence, as they are mostly Quakers, and as completely devoted to peace-at-any-price-principles as Mr. Bright. But the most vulnerable portion of the province is the entrance of the Niagara which divides Canada from the State of New York. We possess here a large stone tower surrounded by a pretty strong fort of several guns, called Fort Mississagui, situated within range of a fort on the American side called Fort Niagara. Here our strength should be concentrated, and a strong post should support it a mile higher up the river at its junction with the Welland or Chippewa, as well as another of similar strength at Navy Island, two or three miles above. A strategical point of equal interest is Burlington Heights, on Lake Ontario—important from its vicinity to towns in the direct route to Toronto, and from its communicating with other towns on the River Thames. Very important, also, is Fort Erie, which, as well as the intervening space to the Welland Canal, requires to be much more strongly defended than it is, as a powerful demonstration is pretty sure of being made by the enemy in this direction to get possession of the district.

The town of Amherstburgh, at the mouth of the Detroit, should be defended by a fortification on both extremities of the island of Bois Blanc, which commands the entrance of the river. Twenty miles higher up, the Americans have a fort at the city of Detroit, the scene of Broke's exploit in the last war. The St. Clair River, which joins the lake of the same name to Lake Huron, also requires a strong fort at Penetanguishene, to enable us to have the mastery of these waters. At Lake Huron, the Americans hold several positions—naval stations chiefly—with Buffalo, a place of importance at the

extreme end of the lake; but with strong fortifications at the places we have named, and a well-appointed flotilla in the Grand River, nothing can prevent our establishing a superiority throughout these districts. Our defensive works on the western lakes, with the exception of that at Kingston, are quite inadequate for the service required of them; but these deficiencies have, no doubt, been well considered by the able engineer officer in command in Canada, and ample arrangements been made before this to place them in a state of the utmost efficiency.

We cannot close this portion of our subject without contrasting our position now as a belligerent against America with what it was in the last war. Our Admiralty then were culpably neglectful of their duty—other members of the existing Administration scarcely less so. England did not put forth her strength either military or naval, and the few ships that were sent into the American waters were not only inferior in guns, tonnage, and crews, to the vessels they were to oppose, but our men were mostly the scourgings of our ports, seized by press-gangs; while the men on board the American ships were picked seamen, chiefly British, who fought with halters round their necks.

The disparity in the returns of killed and wounded after each action shows how superior must have been the fire from the American vessels. In the action between the *Guerriere* and *Constitution*, the United States' frigate had a superiority of 4 guns, of 151 pounds of metal, in each broadside, of 136 men, and of 448 tons in burthen. The loss of the English was 15 killed and 57 wounded, or *one-third* disabled; the loss of the Americans was 7 killed and 13 wounded, less than *one-twentieth* disabled. The action of the *Frolic* and the *Wasp* gave a similar result; so did that between an United States' frigate and the *Macedonia*, in which the crew of the former outnumbered her rival nearly two to one, independently of their being far superior seamen. Again, there was the unequal encounter between the *Java* and the *Constellation*—a very sanguinary contest, yet the casualties were as two to one. When the English had a chance they pretty quickly made the most of it, as was satisfactorily proved in the spirited contest that took place between the British frigate *Shannon* and the American frigate *Chesapeake*. Both were 50-gun frigates, but the broadside of the latter outweighed her rival by 52 pounds, her crew outnum-

bered her by nearly 70, and her burthen by nearly 100 tons; yet she was captured in *eleven minutes*, the casualties being—*Shannon*, 24 killed, 50 wounded; *Chesapeake*, 47 killed, and 90 wounded. This result was owing entirely to the English frigate having an efficient crew, as well as one of the bravest captains that ever commanded a ship. We recal these incidents simply to show the necessity of having a superior vessel of her class always manned by the very best crew that can be made by a thorough knowledge of a seaman's duties. There is no fear now of Englishmen serving the enemies of their country for superior pay. Our blue-jackets know very well which is the best service, and were never more numerous nor more efficient than they are in the Queen's ships. They are sure to uphold the honour of their country.

We have now a few words to say as to the increase of tonnage and weight of broadside in American ships of war since we last came into collision with them. The *Chesapeake's* tonnage was 1135 tons; that of the *Merrimac*, built last year, 4000; the broadside of the former was 590 pounds, that of the latter is 1764. The English weasel, it must be some satisfaction to know, is not likely to be caught asleep. One of our recently completed vessels, the *Mersey*, carries on her upper deck two Armstrong 100-pounders, and eight 95 cwt. guns throwing 68-pounder solid shot, while on her maindeck she has thirty-two 10-inch guns. Another, the *Diadem*, has on her upper deck two similar Armstrongs, and ten long 32-pounders; and on her maindeck twenty-two 10-inch guns. Their engines are capable of great speed; and, in short, on the Canadian lakes they would do excellent service. These, however, are not to be compared to our mighty iron ships the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*, armed with ten Armstrong 100-pounders, two 40-pounders, and two 25-pounders, besides a battery of 68 pound solid shot. Both vessels can be as swift in motion as destructive in action at an extraordinary long range, and may be considered invulnerable to all projectiles known in modern warfare.

The naval executive in the Government of the Northern States has been making extraordinary exertions to place their naval force on a war footing, and have contrived to buy up a singular variety of merchant-vessels of various tonnage, which they have armed and called vessels of war. The number of the North Ame-

rican fleet thus augmented amounts, it is said, to a thousand. This, however, will bear no comparison to the vessels of war absolutely in commission, perfectly armed and manned, at the disposal of our Government, containing a large proportion of steam-ships, with several iron-built ships of marvellous destructive power. It is well known, however, that the Americans possess several formidable ships—large frigates mounting 8, 9, 10, and 11-inch shell guns, some having a solid shot 68-pounder pivot at stem and stern: very destructive, but we doubt whether they are equal to the Armstrong 100-pounders.

These suggestions are not to be disregarded because the war with which we have been menaced is no longer imminent; for, as no doubt the reader is aware, despite the threatening and boastings of the Northern Americans, the Government at Washington have succumbed before the determined attitude of England and the recorded disapprobation of the principal European Powers, France having taken the initiative in expressing a decided opinion on the illegality of Captain Wilkes's outrage on a neutral flag; exactly the course we indicated in our January number as the one that would be most becoming for the Emperor to adopt. What Thomas Carlyle would call the "wind-bags" of Yankee opinion suddenly collapsed, as it became evident that the Britisher was preparing for a fight, and on the demand of Lord Lyons the captured ambassadors from the Southern "rebels" were released; not however without low muttering of no very distant vengeance for the humiliation thus inflicted.

As the Federal army is said to number 600,000 men, all we suppose burning with a common sense of shame at seeing months of vapouring end in such "a lame and impotent conclusion;" and as the vindictiveness of their spirit may be judged of by the ferocious policy which influences their warfare with the Southern States, we must not relax our vigilance, nor remit the energies we have been displaying, to put our menaced colonies in an efficient state of defence. We have, till within the last few months, been neglectful of the great stake we have hazarded on the American continent. According to a report published by the committee established in the year 1859, to inquire into the military expenditure of the colonies up to March 11th, 1860, we learn that the defensive arrangement

for the enormous territory we have sketched rather than described, cost the Mother-country 413,566*l.* for one year, while for improving the defences of Gibraltar we have paid 420,695*l.*, and for those of Malta 483,173*l.*; the natural consequence of this inadequate outlay on the part of "the mother of nations" is, that on the first appearance of danger to this her elder offspring, in about one month the alarmed parent is obliged to expend at least two millions sterling.

Some of our statesmen have latterly been indulging in certain specious theories respecting the necessity of the colonies providing for their own defence; but with respect to the North American possessions of the British Empire, such ideas are quite untenable. The latter is providing for herself a source of enormous income, and is bound to protect the growing elements of prosperity she is nursing into future greatness. The United States, a devoted colony, have become a market and a granary for England, and there is no reason why British North America should not, in the fulness of time, be equally a source of material prosperity. On the obligation of defending her interests there, the Duke of Newcastle, in his evidence on colonial defence, is reported to have said:—

"I think one of the duties which devolve upon the Mother-country is the defence of a colony. I do not know what advantage a colony would find in its relative position, if the Mother-country did not protect it. Just on account of the peculiar position of Canada, I think the Imperial Government is bound to keep up a certain amount of force in time of peace, and a much larger force in the event of war with those parties who would be aggressive. Canada stands in a different position to any other colony we have. Take, for instance, Australia. The real defence of Australia must be by our fleet, but the fleet can do little to assist Canada except it be by sending small vessels up the St. Lawrence, and nearly the whole assistance to be rendered by this country to Canada must be by a land force."

On this point we cannot dwell too long or too forcibly; but, in conclusion, we must for a moment recal the reader's attention to the savage nature of the hostilities carried on by the Government of Washington against the Confederates. The port of Charleston has been vindictively destroyed by sinking at its mouth three rows of hulks laden with granite—a proceeding against which, we are glad to say, the French and English Governments have protested. In our opinion, as Charleston is the only port of refuge on a dangerous coast, we think, as neutrals having an interest in the preservation of their own marine, they have a right to interpose; and we shall not be surprised if a combined naval demonstration be shortly made in that direction, for the purpose of endeavouring to undo the wanton mischief that has there been committed. It surely cannot be a rational policy for such powerful Governments to permit the Southern States of North America to be crushed out of the map of the world in this merciless manner. Although we have been so much in earnest to effect the liberation of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, our knowledge of their antecedents proves that they are quite unworthy of being made the cause of a great war; but we never thought of proslavery orators, or filibustering patrons, when we took up their cause; and if we should take up the cause of their country, it will be with the same oblivion of what is hostile to British feeling. Nevertheless, there can be no objection that we can see, to France and England profiting by the occasion to exercise their influence in bringing about a voluntary proposal by the Southern States for the gradual extinction of slavery. If they would do this—and it might be effected without pecuniary loss—they would cut the ground from under the feet of their relentless enemies, and enlist in their favour the sympathies of almost all Europe.

THE KING'S PAGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SILENT MANSION.

In the year of grace 1664, there was at Blois, in a lane of the upper town, near the castle, a small house of modest appearance, in spite of the escutcheon carved on the keystone of the doorway. The shutters of the house toward the street were hermetically closed, and in the rear of the mansion was a very extensive garden.

The escutcheon proved that it was the house of a man of noble birth; the neglected state of the garden might attest that the family kept up but a small establishment; and the mysterious obstinacy with which they abstained from showing themselves at the windows was a sufficient impetus for the scandal-mongers, gossips, and idlers of the neighbourhood gradually to spread the most singular and romantic tales about the family.

This house, which was known at Blois as the Silent Mansion, was, however, inhabited and had formerly belonged to Messire Enguerrand de Chastenay, a gentleman belonging to the province, and ex-captain of cavalry under Henri IV. and his son, Louis XIII.

The captain married a lady also belonging to the province, and purchased at Blois the small house to which we are referring; and the first offspring of his marriage was a daughter, to whom he gave the name of Anne, in honour of the Queen.

Anne grew up in this healthy garden like a young shrub. When ten years of age she was a delicious little creature, with black eyes and rosy lips, on which a song incessantly hovered.

At fifteen, the girl's brow lost its radiance; her lips became serious, and a premature development seemed to perfect her marvellous beauty. The maiden suddenly became a woman, and two causes—a misfortune and a delight—probably contributed to the change.

Anne was about twelve years of age, when the little home of her childhood received a new guest. Madame de Chastenay, who was then about five-and-thirty years of age, gave Anne a brother, who was christened Louis in honour of the King.

The little girl's delight was immense. She had a brother; she soon played at being a mother, and deserted her dolls for the cradle of Louis.

This was a first transition between Anne's merry, laughing childhood, and the more serious maidenhood. At the age of fifteen the girl lost her mother: her brow then became sombre, and the maiden was converted into the woman; for sorrow produces a rapid change.

Three further years elapsed. The old captain, half dead with rheumatism, never left his house, but the good townspeople saw every Sunday at Mass the lovely Anne, accompanied by a servant, and leading little Louis, who was the loveliest pink and white cherub ever seen.

The elder sister had become a young mother.

Those neighbours whose windows overlooked the large gardens of the small house, saw at times through the curtain of poplars that surrounded it, the girl and the pretty boy sporting together, or noticed the sister take her brother on her lap, and passionately kiss his long chestnut, curly locks.

But one Sunday Louis appeared alone at Mass in the old cathedral, and it was stated that Anne had quitted Blois to spend a few months in Touraine with her mother's sister.

A month later, the boy was seen sad and dressed in black, and the rumour spread in Blois that the lovely Anne was dead, and that Louis wore mourning for her.

Nearly ten years passed away: the old captain died, leaving his son a modest inheritance, a letter of recommendation to M. de Mazarin, who at that time governed France, and taking with him his son's promise, that so soon as he reached the age of eighteen, he would proceed to Paris, and ask for a commission in the army of Louis XIV.

Ever since the death of Anne, the windows of the house looking on the street had remained shuttered; the garden, formerly kept up properly, had become a wilderness—the poplars had grown apace, and intercepted the view of the neighbours.

Hence the name of the Silent Mansion had been given to the residence of the late Sire de Chastenay.

As far as the townspeople were cognizant, the Silent Mansion had only three occupants, namely, Louis; an old servant, of the name of Antoine; and a housekeeper, who was still older, and who had been nurse to the late Madame de Chastenay.

Still, the mysterious chronicle of the neighbourhood asserted that the house contained a fourth denizen, although only these three were ever seen to emerge from it.

On a dark and stormy winter's night—so the neighbours declared—the trampling of two horses had been audible at the door of the small house. Those, more curious than the rest, who had rushed to their windows, had seen through the gloom a gentleman and a lady attired in black. The lady dismounted, raised the knocker; the door opened, and then closed again after her.

As for the gentleman, he went off, taking the lady's horse with him.

All this had not occupied more time than a lightning flash, and since that period the gossip and comments had found full scope, for the mysterious mourning lady was never seen again. According to some, it was the ghost of sister Anne, who desired to see once more her birthplace and her dear little Louis; according to others, it was a woman in the flesh.

But who was this woman? Old Antoine and Margaret, the housekeeper, cross-questioned in turn, had opened their eyes to the fullest extent, and declared they did not understand what people were talking about.

As for Louis, he seemed to be twice as good-tempered and daring as heretofore, when the wicked tongues in the neighbourhood asserted that Master Louis concealed in his house some lovely dame, who, for his sake, had left an old grumbling husband.

Louis was just eighteen: he was tall, slim, rosy-cheeked as a girl, bold and witty as a page.

More than one lady of noble birth, as she leant out of her balcony toward the close of the day miled on seeing him pass. More than one elegant gentleman envied him his careless grace, his lofty air, and his imperious demeanour. When he walked through the streets of Blois, with his sword by his side, his cap pulled over his ear, with head erect and flashing eye, like a man hurrying to a pleasant

rendezvous, the populace bowed and muttered—

“’Tis the handsomest young gentleman the town of Blois ever saw.”

When a festival, a passage of arms, or a “pattern,” took place in the province or the neighbouring towns, Louis showed himself there with all the ingenuous grace of his eighteen years and his mocking carelessness of manner.

So soon as he passed the threshold of the Silent Mansion, Louis was the gayest, wittiest, wildest of the young noblemen of Blois; but once that he had returned home, no one knew what he did, or how he passed his time.

He went everywhere, was a welcome guest at all the surrounding estates, but he never invited any one to visit him at home: an evasive reply or a frown was sufficient to close his door against everybody.

Since the death of the Sire Enguerrand de Chastenay, not a soul in Blois had set foot in the Silent Mansion.

One May evening, at the hour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon, and the breeze spreads the perfume of the flowers, while the birds sing under their leafy covert, the young gentleman left the racket-court of Blois Castle, where the nobility of the town indulged in that manly amusement, and with his short cloak on his shoulder, his sword dangling by his side, and his plumed hat over his ear, he entered the winding lane, at the end of which his house stood.

Louis rapped thrice; a wicket in the centre of the door opened, a parchment face, that of old Antoine, showed itself, and the door straightway swung back on its hinges. The young man familiarly tapped the domestic's shoulder, and while the latter prudently reclosed the door, he proceeded toward a small sitting-room, situated on the ground floor, whose windows looked out on the garden. In this room a lady, dressed entirely in black, was seated in an old-fashioned oak arm-chair.

This lady was young and gloriously lovely. Perhaps she was twenty years of age; perhaps, though, she had passed her thirtieth year,

Some of those almost imperceptible wrinkles that announce dark heart storms furrowed her brow, which was white and pale as ivory; a slight circle of bistre, surrounding her large black eyes, suggested those nocturnal tears shed silently

and unseen by women who have loved and suffered.

A sad and kindly smile—the smile at once charming and affecting, which tells of the deception of those who have been full of faith—played at times round her exquisitely chiselled lips. The lady was tall, slight, and rather thin, and lovely with that haughty saddened beauty, which seduces the imagination of poets, by permitting them to guess of mysterious sufferings.

On seeing Louis she half rose, threw back her long lustrous raven tresses, that fell in profusion down her shoulders, opened her arms to receive the youth, and imprinted a tender kiss on his forehead.

"Good day, my child," she said to him. "Where do you come from, my handsome gentleman? You are quite heated; your clothes are covered with dust."

"My little sister," Louis replied, as he repaid the young lady her kisses, "I have come straight from the racket-court. I won three guineas from the Viscount d'Alzay, who, however, is considered a crack player."

"You mad boy," the young lady murmured, "you do not know how dangerous that sport is. King Charles VIII. died of it."

"Because he drank a glass of cold water," Louis replied, with a laugh; "but I never drink water. Fie on it!"

A smile played round the mourning lady's lips.

"My little Louis," she said, "do you love me dearly?"

"Can you ask me that question, my adored Anne?" he said fondly. "I love you like my sister, like my mother, like my father, who believed you dead, and wept for you so often."

At the mention of her father, the young lady trembled, and a deadly pallor spread over her face.

"Look you, my darling Anne," Louis continued, enthusiastically, "if any one dared to penetrate here where you wish to be concealed, I would kill him; if a man ever insulted you, I would not leave a bit of his body wider than my sword blade."

"Child," Anne murmured (for it was really she), while a tear started in her large, gentle black eyes. Then, with her white, long hands, she smoothed Louis' chestnut curls, and said to him—

"Come, my boy, let us walk in the

garden, under those tall trees where we formerly played; I have to speak with you."

Anne's voice had a species of grave solemnity which astonished Louis.

"What can you have so serious to tell me, sister?" he asked.

"Come," Anne said, with much emotion; "I would speak with you of our father."

Louis drooped his head at this reminiscence, and hence did not see the tear which silently fell from Anne's eye. She led him into the neglected, overgrown garden, luxuriating in a vegetation which owed its strength and splendour to nature alone. She made him sit down on a mound of grass at the foot of an aged beech-tree, and, taking his hands in hers, as a mother would have done, she said—

"Do you know, my handsome knight, that this is May 11th, and that to-morrow at daybreak you will have attained your eighteenth birthday?"

"Well?" Louis asked, starting at these words.

"Do you remember our father's last wishes?"

"Yes," Louis answered; "my father, on his death-bed, enjoined me to start for Paris when I reached my eighteenth year, carry a letter from him to the Cardinal de Mazarin, and solicit from his Eminence the favour of a commission."

"So it is," Anne murmured; "you have a faithful memory. Well, my child, the hour has arrived, and you must set out."

"No," Louis exclaimed; "when our father took that promise from our dear little sister, he did not know that you were not dead, and that you would return one day to your dear little Louis, and that then he could not set out for Paris; for our kind father knew how dearly I loved you, and he must have been happy when from Heaven (where he most certainly is at this moment) he saw you return to this house and open your arms to the brother you so dearly loved. Go to Paris! why, you must be mad, dear sister! you do not know how happy we are here, so that angels must envy our felicity. And what do you think will become of your little Louis if he abandon you to run about the world?"

And Louis knelt in front of his sister, who had been a mother to him, took her two white hands in his, and covered them with kisses. A tear silently coursed down Anne's pale cheek.



THE GARDEN OF THE SILENT MANSION.

"My boy," she at length said to him, "our father knew that I was not dead."

At this sudden revelation Louis sprang up and fell back a pace.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "that is impossible."

"It is true," Anne muttered, as she looked down on the ground.

"It is impossible, impossible, I tell you," Louis continued, vehemently; "for were it otherwise, would he have made me and the servants put on mourning? Would he have made me kneel down every evening, saying, 'Pray, my boy, pray for your sister who is dead?' Oh, he believed it to be the case, as I did for a long time—as Antoine and Margaret believed it—up to the hour when you arrived here on a dark and stormy night, so pale, so crushed, that I fancied I saw your shadow, for I retained in my child's heart your smiling and calm face."

A stifled groan escaped from Anne's gasping throat.

"Good Heaven!" Louis exclaimed, beside himself, for he saw the young lady's tears flowing; "who will explain to me the frightful mystery? For ten years I believed you dead; for ten years I wept and implored Heaven on your behalf. You went away smiling, happy, and loved; you returned pale, sad, with despair on your brow and in your heart, and the caresses of your little Louis have proved powerless to restore to me our Anne of the olden times. But what became of you during those ten years? where were you? who could love you so much as we did, and cause you to forget that brother whom you called your child, and the father who wept bitterly when your name was pronounced in his presence?"

Anne made no reply, for she was weeping. Louis knelt once again before her and said—

"You are crying, and I am the cause of those tears. Oh, I do not ask for your secret, my adored sister, but I love you, look you, I love you as the angels must love God; and if it were necessary to conquer the world in order to restore your happiness——"

Anne pressed her lips on the young man's forehead.

"You are noble and kind," she said, "and your love causes me to forget my sufferings. Never ask me, my dear boy, for the clue to this terrible enigma of my life. I am nearly thirty years of age, and you but eighteen. You would not un-

derstand me; but love me, my darling Louis, for I am still worthy of your love, and that God who hears me must have pardoned me.

"You will set out to-morrow, my boy, and go to the place whither duty summons a gentleman, and the wish of my dead father makes it a duty for you to proceed. I will remain here in concealment, and still dead to the whole world, excepting yourself. Daily I will pray to Heaven for you, my glorious boy, and ask it to render you as happy as a noble young man such as you are deserves to be; and my prayers will be vouchsafed, for the prayers of those who have been unhappy are the most agreeable to Heaven, and you will become a young and valiant captain; you will possess the esteem of your friends, the favour of your king, the affection of all those who surround you, for good blood is ever true to itself, and you are the worthy son of our father who took with him into the tomb the respect and veneration of all."

Anne opened her arms, folded Louis to her heart with an outburst of maternal love, and then added, with a calmer accent—

"Our father, my boy, left you a modest inheritance, and you are far from being rich; but here is a casket in which he for a long time collected his savings, destining them for the first expenses of your entrance in the world. You will take with you three hundred pistoles: it is a small sum, but it will be sufficient to keep you for some months as a gentleman, for you are steady and economical. Come, my child, cheer up. Antoine has already packed your valise, and purchased you an excellent horse. The tailor has made you some handsome clothes, and you will make your entrance into Paris in a proper manner."

Louis felt grieved, for he so dearly loved his sister Anne! but the feeling of duty, and then again that thirst of ambition which torments young men, and which his sister managed so cleverly to arouse in him, finally gained the upper hand. He made up his mind to start.

On the morrow, at daybreak, the neighbours might have seen the Chevalier Louis, bestriding a magnificent stallion, leave the abode in which he had spent his life, after squeezing with much emotion the hand of old Antoine, who respectfully held his stirrup.

He several times turned his head as if an invisible being were bidding him fare-

well inside the Silent Mansion; those persons who firmly believed in the existence of a great lady concealed under the foliage of the garden, might have wickedly remarked that Louis would not have had such red eyes and such a pale forehead if he had merely said good-bye to two old idiotic servants.

But at length he started. The spurs dug up the horse's flanks, the noble animal bounded forward, and the Chevalier Louis de Chastenay passed at a gallop through the streets of Blois and gained the road leading to Paris. The same evening the whole town knew that the young sire had gone to the court to serve the king and nobly win his spurs.

As for old Antoine and the house-keeper, they continued to inhabit the Silent Mansion, and remained as dumb as heretofore, which only augmented the popular credence that the abode of the young gentleman was, during his absence, inhabited by a mysterious being.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE CHEVALIER PICKS UP POPPY.

LOUIS' heart was very full when he lost sight of the spires of the old cathedral and the lofty towers of Blois Castle.

He was setting out alone; he was leaving an adored sister, the only being he loved, to go in search of adventures, and place a hesitating foot on the shifting and treacherous ground of a court.

Still, as Louis was a resolute lad, he did not think for an instant about turning back, and he rode the whole day without once taking a longing, lingering look behind him. Toward nightfall he reached Beaugency, which was at that period but a poor little village on the bank of the Loire.

He had come from Blois without drawing bridle; his horse was wearied; and as a man who wished to reach his destination safely, Louis thought it would be prudent to pull up in front of the first hostelry he came to, and start again at daybreak the next morning.

At the moment when he reached a little height, from the top of which the village could be seen about two pistol shots distant, our hero was surprised to see a solemn procession emerge from the only street, marching slowly, and chanting penitential psalms. It was a funeral proceeding to the cemetery out-

side the village, and at the foot of the elevation Louis was about to ride down.

A surpliced priest walked at the head; behind four village lads bore the coffin on their shoulders. Next to them came a strange personage, who certainly deserves two or three lines of description. He was of middle height, excessively stout, gifted with large arms and thin legs, against which a long rapier noisily clattered. His rubicund face, adorned with a carbuncled nose, was one of those on which it is impossible to decipher a date.

Perhaps this man was only forty years of age; perhaps, though, he might be sixty.

His attire was even more quaint than his person: he wore a ragged sky-blue pourpoint, scarlet threadbare stockings, and funnel-shaped boots, made of the fashion of the last reign. On his head was a wide-brimmed felt hat, with a falcon plume, pulled jauntily over his left ear, after the soldier's fashion; long, black, and upturned moustaches formed a striking contrast to his plump, red face, and gave him a stamp of peculiar strangeness which struck Louis, when the mournful procession passed him.

The man in the blue jerkin, with the red face and the long rapier, followed the coffin thoughtfully, with drooping head, and tears in his eyes, ready to flow at any moment.

After him came a dozen villagers of both sexes, some talking in a low voice, others mumbling prayers. Our young friend had no difficulty in discovering that of all who accompanied the deceased, the man in the blue jerkin was the only real mourner.

Louis, as a man who had a sincere regard for religion, dismounted, tied up his horse to a tree, and followed the procession, for, in spite of himself, he felt interested in the sorrow of this strange person who seemed to be the sole friend, or sole relation of the defunct.

The day was drawing to a close; the parting sunbeams tinged the horizon with a band of gold and purple; the fragrant breeze sighed through the trees, the birds sang in the bushes, and the little cemetery of Beaugency, which the funeral had just entered, was so green and flower-enamelled, that the chevalier might easily have taken it for a garden.

Each tomb had its garland of blue-bells and daisies; the walls were covered with jessamine and honeysuckle; the grass grew thickly and green on the soil

which covered only bones ; it was a luxuriant life, full of perfumes, hopes, and smiles, hovering over the asylum of death. This strange contrast produced a striking impression on Louis.

In one corner of the cemetery behind a clump of lilacs growing accidentally in this mourning spot, the grave had been dug, and the coffin was placed at its brink, while the priest recited the last prayers, and sprinkled it with holy water.

The coffin was then lowered into the hole, and the first clod of earth fell on it with a lugubrious echo.

The priest and the villagers then retired, and no one remained near the sexton, save the man in the blue jerkin and Louis, who stood motionless and thoughtful a few paces in the rear.

Absorbed in grief Blue Jerkin waited with folded arms, and hanging head, until the sexton had filled up the grave, and gone away in his turn. Then he knelt down, and the tears which had so long glistened in his eyes slowly coursed down his cheeks, while his lips murmured a prayer.

Much affected by such a scene, Louis stepped forward, also knelt down, and began praying for the dead stranger, whom one being alone seemed really to regret.

At this moment Blue Jerkin raised his head, and perceived the young chevalier, whom accident had brought to the funeral, and who alone remained to pray by his side.

"Oh, youth, youth !" he exclaimed, as he eagerly held out his hands, "only they can be kind and generous ; they alone have a heart——"

And the weeping man pressed Louis' hand energetically, as he murmured :—

"Thanks, young gentleman, thanks—whoever you may be—for the prayer you have just offered up over my friend's grave."

"This man was a friend of yours, then ?" the young chevalier asked, moved to tears, and pointing to the grave.

"The only one I ever possessed," Blue Jerkin said, as he rose, and heaved a deep sigh. Then he hastily added,— "When I say my friend, I am wrong, for he was my captain, and I am only a poor soldier ; but I loved him so dearly ; and he knew that I would have laid down my life for him a thousand times, so he loved me a little——"

The soldier passed his hand over his eyes, and fell back a pace. Louis silently

took him by the arm and led him out of the cemetery.

"Sir," Blue Jerkin continued, in a voice that showed deep emotion, and as he slowly walked down the path leading to the village, "it is the history of life—the bad remain, the good depart—God has decreed it so."

"Then you really loved your captain ?" Louis asked him timidly.

Blue Jerkin sighed once more. "Have you not heard say," he muttered, "that the straying dog attaches itself to the first person who fondles it and gives it a compassionate glance ?"

This eloquent though simple reply moved Louis almost to tears. He looked at this poorly-clad man with his vulgar and almost grotesque countenance, and guessed that he possessed a generous heart, full of noble sentiments.

"As I told you, sir," the other continued, "I am a poor soldier ; I was born I know not where, but I have been told in Flanders. I was four or five years of age when the French army—fighting against the Spaniards—burnt down the cabin of my parents, made me an orphan and adopted me. I became the son of the regiment : at the age of fifteen I carried a musket, and as even then I had a purple face, my brothers in arms christened me *Poppy*. I have always borne that name. I am at least fifty-five years of age ; I have been a soldier my whole life, fighting through instinct, and feeling but slight attachment to life, as no one loved me. Ever seeking some one to love me, and usually meeting only with contempt or indifference. True friends, look you, are as rare in this world as really loving women. One may be found by good luck, but never two. One day on the battle-field a fellow-soldier of mine who was mortally wounded, left his son to my care. I accepted the legacy, now eight-and-twenty years ago. The boy was three years of age, and his mother had died in giving birth to him. As the poor little fellow was an orphan, I took an oath to be his father, and placed him with an old priest, who educated him. When he reached his twentieth year I made a soldier of him. The young man was handsome, brave, and clever, and made his way. He became an officer and then a captain. I adored him, and he was rather attached to me. He called me his father, but I, who was only a soldier, was well aware of the respect I owed my captain, and I never gave him the name of son.

"Alas, sir!"—Poppy finished his story after a sigh and a tear—"Heaven has taken him from me again! Just a month ago, in a skirmish with the Spaniards, my poor captain was struck by a bullet in the very middle of the chest. At first the company's surgeon did not consider the wound mortal, and recommended him to seek a milder air than that of Flanders, where we were stationed at the time. The old priest who educated him lived in a pretty village in Touraine, and I resolved to take him there. I asked for an unlimited leave so soon as he was strong enough to keep his saddle, and we travelled by short stages, stopping twice or thrice a day, and only riding at a foot pace, for the slightest rough movement might re-open his scarce-closed wound. We took nearly a month in reaching Beaugency. Each day my poor captain felt weaker, and a deadly pallor spread over his countenance when I took him in my arms to place him in his saddle. 'Courage!' I would say to him, 'we have only from twelve to fifteen leagues further to ride; we will start again to-morrow.' But on the morrow he had not sufficient strength to get out of bed. 'Let us wait,' he said to me. We waited one day, then two, then three, and I saw that the hour was at hand. He died this morning, sir, at daybreak—at the hour when nature is aroused by the thousand harmonious voices of the song-birds. He died at the age of one-and-thirty in an inn-room, bidding me farewell with a look and regretting life, as people always regret it at that age."

Here Poppy broke off, and burst into tears. Louis and he stopped at the foot of the tree to which the young chevalier had fastened up his horse.

"My young gentleman," the soldier went on, while Louis, after passing the bridle over his arm, continued his road afoot, "you will perhaps consider me very inquisitive, but may I venture to ask whither you are going?"

"To Paris," Louis answered.

"Do you purpose stopping at Beaugency?"

"Yes, till to-morrow; for I have ridden from Blois without stopping, and my horse is tired."

"In that case," Poppy continued, "I will act as your guide. There is only one hostelry in Beaugency, known as the St. Bonaventure; it is a scurvy hole, the wine is bad, the cheer is bad, but when a man is young and brave, as you seem

to be, he can put up with anything. Come along."

The two travellers walked on, the one thoughtful and absent, the other absorbed in his poignant recollections, and they thus reached the door of the inn, over which a village Michael Angelo had daubed a plump face that was intended to represent St. Bonaventure. Louis intrusted his horse to an ostler, asked for a sitting-room, ordered supper, and invited Poppy to share his meal.

The poor fellow was neither hungry nor thirsty, but the young Sire de Chastanay pleased him; he felt attracted to him by a secret sympathy, and he joyfully accepted the offer.

Louis' heart had been brimfull all day—the regret for his abandoned home—the memory of sister Anne—the solitary nature of the day's journey, the burial to which accident had made him a witness—and last of all Poppy's simple and affecting story—all had helped to overgloom his brow and cast a profound melancholy over his mind.

A few dusty bottles, however, the sight of a very white tablecloth, and that appetite which is a young man's best companion, soon got the better of his reverie, and within an hour he had regained that dashing recklessness and devil-may-care style which made him the admiration of all the good folk of Blois.

Moreover Louis was not yet in love; and everybody knows that love sorrows alone are capable of resisting amusement.

Although not very brilliant, the landlord's wine gradually loosened the young gentleman's tongue, and in his turn he told Poppy his history, prudently omitting certain details referring to Anne. Then he spoke of the letter his father had left him for Cardinal Mazarin, and the hope he had of obtaining a commission in his Majesty's army. And Poppy listened religiously, and the old soldier, already led by a secret sympathy, began loving with all his soul this gentle and charming young man, who started in life with a goodly stock of illusions, a fresh and believing spirit, a bold glance, and fierce and haughty conscience.

"My young gentleman," he suddenly said, "would you be pleased to listen to me for a few moments?"

"Speak," Louis replied, rather surprised at this interruption.

"A few hours ago," Poppy continued, "I had made up my mind to ask for my

discharge, retire to the village where the old priest educated my poor captain, and patiently await there the day on which God would recal me to His side. I loved nothing more in the world, and hence my resolve was simple enough. But now I recal my former existence, my camp life and adventures, and I feel that I should die of weariness in six weeks were I to hang up my rapier on the wall."

"I believe it," Louis muttered, not seeing exactly what Poppy was driving at.

"You are entering on life," the soldier went on, "with no other guide beyond the counsels of your dead father, a brave heart, and a few hundred pistoles. You have not a single friend, nor have I. I believe that we two could form a partnership advantageous to both. Certainly," Poppy added humbly, "you are a gentleman and I am not. I am too well aware of the distance that separates us, to dare to desire your friendship, but if you will take me as your servant—your squire—the man who will follow you everywhere, and die for you, if necessary, I shall consider myself a happy fellow."

Louis, startled by this proposition, looked at Poppy, and asked himself whether the old soldier was not obeying the impulse of a grateful stomach. But Poppy had, so to speak, neither eaten nor drunk; he was perfectly in his senses, and hastily added,—

"You see me to-day, sir, for the first time, and a man who is met by the side of a still open grave cannot well be very gay. But generally, look you, I am goodly company: I laugh when in luck, drink like a fish, turn philosopher during hard times, and those who have lived any length of time with me declare that I am a man of experience. At my age a man can only love those who are young, for they are generous and full of faith, while riper age is pitiless. I have loved you for the last hour, because you wept for the man I loved, so do not refuse—"

And Poppy's eye—that little piercing grey eye that glistened over his rubicund cheeks, became suppliant at these words. Louis spontaneously offered him his hand.

"Be it so," he said to him, "for I should be either mad or ungrateful to repulse a friend, whom chance has sent to me."

On the morrow Poppy set out with the chevalier, and both continued their journey toward Paris. During the first day the old adventurer was sad and affectionate, he spoke but little, and often

wiped away a furtive tear as he thought of his dear captain; but at night he ate and drank, and on the next day he gradually regained his soldierly recklessness—that marvellous philosophy produced by camp-life half gained the victory over his sorrow, and like those repulsed lovers who wish to start a brisk amour at once, he yielded entirely to that growing affection with which the chevalier inspired him. Louis, too, thanks to his comrade's slightly taciturn humour, found time to indulge in a thousand dreams about the new existence Paris would offer him. And as love has its place in all the dreams of youth, our hero began fancying that so soon as he arrived at court, chance would not refuse him the favours and smiles of one of those lovely dames adorned with diamonds, dressed in velvets and silks, and lovelier than the angels, such as he had seen at the provincial festivals and quintains.

Youth is adventurous, and accident likes to serve it admirably. On the third day's journey, as he was approaching the little town of Arpajon, Louis saw a litter carried by mules, after the Spanish fashion, and escorted by two liveried lackeys, pass along the road.

The curtains of the litter were drawn back, and the young man's curious eye was enabled to perceive the most ravishing creature in the world, half reclining on the cushions.

Louis stopped in a state of ecstasy: he had never seen or even dreamed of a woman so lovely as this girl of twenty years of age, who was fair as a lily, and possessed the flexibility and stateliness of the flower. Her countenance offered an admirable blending of coquettishness and vague melancholy. And yet Louis had visited all the castles in the vicinity of Blois: he had seen there all the noblest ladies and loveliest heiresses of the province, but not one of them had seemed to him so lovely as the canoness he now had before him. That she was a canoness her dress proved, but a canoness did not take any vows. She belonged to the world, she could leave her prebend to marry. Louis might have known this or might not, but he knew that she was gloriously lovely, and he suddenly felt that indescribable sensation which seizes on a man at the sight of the woman whom he is destined to love.

Thousands of theories have been started on the subject of love. According to some it is a fever, according to others it

is the immediate result of an unfortunate predisposition of the mind and heart. Philosophers declare that love is a mental aberration, poets glorify it as the purest and most ethereal sentiment of human nature, men of thirty years of age sustain that it is impossible to love before that age, while those of eighteen declare the exact contrary.

In a word, no two persons are agreed as to the symptoms that precede love, the genus to which it belongs, or the manner in which it is produced, and hence, in order to be of the same opinion as everybody, the best plan is to say nothing about it. However this may be, the chevalier fell suddenly in love. The litter was going at a good swinging pace, and seemed proceeding to an adjacent hostelry.

"By Cupid!" Louis said to Poppy, "that woman is as lovely as an angel, and a kingdom would hardly pay for one of her smiles. I have a great inclination to follow her."

A smile played around the worthy squire's lips.

"Ah, that is the way with a young man!" he muttered; "his heart catches fire at the first spark."

And he dug his spurs into his horse, in order to catch up his master, who was already galloping after the litter.

The mules were fresh and their horses somewhat weary; hence it was not till an hour later that the chevalier caught up the litter, which, after passing through the town of Arpajon, stopped at the door of a small isolated hostelry by the roadside.

A storm and the approach of night had doubtless occasioned this sudden halt; for the fair lady was only three leagues from Paris.

"Poppy, my friend," Louis said to his comrade, "I am dreadfully afraid of rain, and it is my opinion that we shall be able to get some supper in this hovel."

"Very good," Poppy replied; "so this is the beginning of an adventure."

He was the first to dismount, and handed the horses over to an ostler. The lady's mules were already placed in the stable, and the best room in the hostelry offered to her; so that Louis, on entering the kitchen, the common dining-room of roadside-inns, learnt that the lady had retired to her chamber, where she had ordered her supper to be served.

This did not at all suit our hero; still,

he put up with it, hoping to see her the next day, and after a rather monotonous supper with Poppy, he withdrew to his bedroom. The hostelry was only one story high, and had but two decent rooms over the ground floor, which was occupied by the kitchen and the tap-room. The largest and most convenient of these rooms had been given to the fair stranger, while the other was allotted to Louis. A thin wooden partition alone separated these rooms, and it was easy to hear what was said in them through it.

As for Poppy, he was compelled to put up with a loft over the stables, which occupied a separate building.

When Louis entered his room he began listening with simple curiosity to the sounds that issued from the adjoining apartment. The lady was evidently about to retire to her couch, when light footsteps were audible on the staircase. They drew nearer, and Louis heard two distinct taps at the door of the young lady's room. He believed it was the hostess, and the young lady must have thought so too, for she opened the door without any distrust; but all at once Louis heard her utter a cry of terror, and he listened anxiously.

"You here, chevalier!" the lady exclaimed.

"Yes, madam," a calm and bold voice, belonging to a man, replied.

"At this house—in the middle of the night—on a desolate road."

"Pardon me, my dear madam, and calm your terrors; permit me to explain to you how it is that I have the honour to pay my respects to you at a rather late hour."

The perspiration stood on Louis' forehead as he listened.

"Speak," the young lady murmured, in a voice that gradually grew fainter.

"The night and the storm surprised me—I sought shelter—and arrived here. I learned that you had put up in this house, and I wished to offer you my humble respects."

"Well then, chevalier," the young lady stammered, "a thousand thanks—and good night."

"I see, my dear lady," the voice continued, "that you are a little too ready to believe me."

"I?" she said, more and more terrified.

"Why, of course; for what should I be doing at so late an hour on the high road, if I were not running after you?"

"Running after me—and pray for what purpose?"

Louis was still listening, his heart ready to burst.

"My dear lady," the man continued, coarsely, "you are aware that I love you—"

"Silence, sir! At this hour, such an avowal is an outrage."

"Pardon me; but the explanation will be my excuse. I love you passionately, and my dearest wish is to obtain your hand."

"Sir!"

"Now, I have been so unfortunate as to displease the Marchioness, your aunt, and though I am a friend of your brother, the Viscount, I shall never obtain your hand unless I render it a necessity. I have, therefore, made up my mind to carry you off, and have taken all my precautions. Your lackeys are sold to me, and I intend to take you back, willingly or unwillingly, to Palaiseau."

Louis heard a cry, and this cry was succeeded by the words:—

"You are a coward, sir."

"Nonsense," the man remarked mockingly, "there is no cowardice in love."

Louis listened for no more; he rose, opened his room door, and tapped at the young lady's. As the latter was unbolted, he pushed it open, and found himself in the presence of the lady, and of a man of about thirty years of age, who recoiled at his unexpected appearance.

"Madam," Louis said, coldly, as he drew his sword, "I am a stranger to you, but I am a gentleman, and my arm is at your service."

"Sir!" the chevalier exclaimed, passionately, as he laid his hand on his sword-hilt.

"You are a coward," the young man said calmly, "and I bless Providence for permitting me to interpose between this lady and yourself."

The young man's eye flashed, he raised his sword to the chevalier's face, and the lady understood that she had a protector in him. On the other hand, the would-be ravisher had turned very pale, and his quivering fingers were clenched round his sword-hilt.

"You will give me satisfaction, sir," he at length said, "for such an insult."

"I am at your orders, sir."

The chevalier was about to draw, but Louis checked him.

"Not here," he said; "in the first place, two courteous men must not fight

in the presence of a lady; and then, again, a meeting on this night would compromise her reputation seriously. But we shall meet at Paris."

"A fine excuse," the chevalier retorted, with a grin.

Louis had a pistol in his belt, which he drew out and cocked.

"You entered this room," he said, drily, "like a thief; if you do not leave it at once I will blow out your brains."

And he would have done it.

"At Paris, then!" the chevalier exclaimed, with an outburst of fury.

The lady, overcome by her emotion, fell back into a chair.

"Madam," Louis said to her, "you can sleep in peace, for I will watch over you. If you continue your journey tomorrow, I will claim the honour of escorting your litter to the gates of Paris."

While saying this, Louis kissed the hand which the lady offered him with an expression of lively gratitude, and then discreetly retired.

The next morning at daybreak the litter started again. Louis had not slept all night, and was already sufficiently in love to build a magnificent castle in the air on the foundation of his first adventure.

The chevalier had disappeared; but, through a feeling of delicacy, Louis thought it proper not to inform Poppy of the events of the past night. Pretending, therefore, still to be a stranger to the fair traveller, he awaited her departure before mounting, but he followed the litter at a short distance, not letting it out of sight, and ready to dash up to it at the slightest peril.

The young lady was doubtless affected by this chivalrous discreetness, for twice or thrice during the journey she thrust her head out of the litter, and when Louis went to the head of the litter, when they reached the city gate, where she was in safety, she waved her hand coquettishly and gracefully to him, as much as to signify—

"We shall meet again."

"Oh, certainly," he muttered, understanding this signal; "I must indeed see her again."

At the moment when Louis entered Paris, the great city was awaking to the sound of those incessant murmurs only noticeable in cities. The street of St. James, which the young man and his comrade followed up to the Seine, was



IN THE CEMETERY.

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filled with noisy scholars, and a populace ever eager for news. Louis was astounded on learning from Poppy that the noise, crowd, and movement, which appeared to him unusual, were the most common of occurrences in Paris. Even on holidays he had never seen such a throng in his peaceful native town. Poppy had his Paris by heart, and led him straight to the hostelry of the Golden Cross, where provincial gentlemen of distinction were in the habit of putting up.

The young chevalier was received by

(To be continued.)

mine host, who was an old soldier and comrade of Poppy, with all the marks of respect due to his youth, his good looks, and his attire, which announced a gentleman of wealth, and he breakfasted alone with his squire, anxiously awaiting the proper hour to present himself at the Palais Royal, and crave an audience of the Cardinal de Mazarin, to whom he wished to deliver at once the letter of recommendation written by his father, the late Sire Enguerrand de Chastenay.

THE SONG OF THE CLERK.

(Après the Song of the Shirt.)

With a gloomy face and brow, and a cheek of purple hue,
A clerk he sat at the midnight hour, writing an "I O U."
No time had he to pause, scarce a moment had he to think,
But to work! work! work! with paper and pen and ink.

Sit! sit! sit! from dawn till twelve at night,
Plodding away at an endless brief by day and by candlelight.
With trembling hand and pen, and wrapt in his inky-grief,
Sit! sit! sit! with "Summons and Complaint" and brief.

Oh, where are his children dear, as he labours with pen and ink?
As he often leans on the slanting desk, with his brief aside, to think:
"Oh, where is the woman for whom I toil, the pulse of my panting heart?"
And thus, as he muses, a step is heard, and he works with a fitful start.

Toil! toil! toil! thy mission it is, O man!
Work! work! work! to earn whatever you can.
With paper and pen and ink, from the gloomy midnight hour,
Work till the sun shall rise again, and still, if thou yet hast power.

O grief! O sorrow and woe! O paper! O ink and pen!
'Twas an apple that brought you this, O man! an apple the woes of men.
Then toil! toil! toil! from the morn until the night,
And waste your mind and your strength away, till your cheeks are of livid white.

Write! write! write! till your soul becomes like ink,
And the morning steals, like a silver ghost, between the lattice chink,
Then close your eyelids and rest awhile, and dream of "Summons and Complaint,"
Then awake to work and toil again with the patience of a saint!

And then, with a pallid face and brow, and a cheek of purple hue,
Sit in your poverty, lone and still, and finish your "I O U."
No time, alas! has the clerk to pause, scarce a moment has he to think,
But to work! work! work! with paper and pen and ink!

P. S. O'B.

Dublin.

Tales of the Musicians.

No. 6.—SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

CHAPTER III.

It was about noon of a day in the spring of 175—, that a man of low stature and pale and sallow complexion might have been seen entering a mean-looking house in one of the narrow streets of Vienna. Before he closed the door, the sound of a sharp female voice, speaking in shrill accents, was quite audible to the passers-by. As the person who entered ascended the stairs to his lodgings, he was greeted by a continuance of the same melody from the lips of a pretty but slovenly dressed young woman, who stood at the door of the only apartment that seemed furnished.

"A pretty mess is all this!" she exclaimed. "Here the printers have been running after you all the morning for the piece you promised to have ready for them, and I nothing to do but hear their complaints, and send them away one after the other!"

"My good Nanny——"

"But, my good Joseph, is not my time as precious as yours, pray? What have you gained from this morning's work?"

"Seventeen kreutzers," sighed he.

"Ay, it is always so—and you spend all your time in such profitless doings. At eight, the singing desk of the Brothers of Mercy; at ten, the Count de Haugwitz's chapel; great mass at eleven—and all this toil for a few kreutzers."

"What can I do?"

"Do? What would I do in your place? Give up this foolish business of music, and take to something that will enable you to live as well as a peasant, at least. There is my father, a hair-dresser—did not he give you shelter when you had nothing but your garret and skylight?—when you had to lie in bed and write for want of coals to warm you? Yes, in spite of your boasted genius and the praises you received, you were forced to come to him for bread!"

"He gave me more, Nanny," said her husband, meaningly.

"Yes—his daughter, who had refused half the gallants in Vienna—for whom half-a-dozen peruke-makers' apprentices

went mad. Yes—and had he not a right to expect you would dress her as well as she had been used at home, and that she should have servants to wait upon her as in her father's house? A fine realizing of his hopes and schemes for his favourite child—this miserable lodging, with but a few pence a day to keep us from starving!"

"You should not reproach me, Nanny. Have I not worked incessantly till my health has given way? And if fortune is still inexorable——"

"Ah, there it is, fortune!—as if fortune did not always wait, like a handmaid, upon industry in a proper calling! Your patrons may admire and applaud, but they will not *pay*; and yet you *will* drudge away your life in this ungrateful occupation. I tell you, Joseph, music is not the thing."

"Alas!" sighed Haydn, "I once dreamed of fame."

"Fame—pshaw! And what were that worth if you had it? Would fame clothe you or change these wretched walls to a palace? Believe me for once, and give up these idle fancies."

Here a knock was heard at the door, and the wife, with exclamations of impatience, flounced away. The unfortunate artist threw himself on a seat, and leaned his head on a table covered with notes of music—works of his own, begun at various times, which want of health, energy, or spirits, had prevented him from completing. So entirely had he yielded himself to despondency, that he did not move, even when the door opened, till the sound of a well-known voice close at his side startled him from his melancholy reverie.

"How now, Haydn, what is the matter, my boy?"

The speaker was an old man, shabbily dressed, but with something striking and even commanding in his noble features. His large, dark, flashing eyes, his olive complexion and the contour of his face bespoke him a native of a sunnier clime than that of Germany.

Haydn sprang up and welcomed him with a cordial embrace.

"And when, my dear Porpora, did you return to Vienna?" he asked.

"This morning only; and my first care was to find you out. But how is this? I find you thin, and pale, and gloomy. Where are your spirits?"

"Gone," murmured the composer, and dropped his eyes on the floor. His visitor regarded him with a look of affectionate interest.

"There is something more in this than there ought to be," said he, at length. "You are not rich, as I see; but so you were not when we last parted, nor when I first found—in the youthful, disinterested friend, the kind companion of a feeble old man—a genius such as Germany might well be proud of. Then you were buoyant, full of enthusiasm for art, and of hope for the future."

"Alas!" replied Haydn, "I was too sanguine. I judged more favourably of myself——"

"Did I not say you were destined to something great?"

"Your friendship might deceive you."

"And think you I had lost my judgment because I am old?—or am a fool, to be blinded by partiality?"

"Nay, dear Porpora——"

"Or that, because you were fain to serve me like a lackey from pure love, I rewarded you with flattering lies, eh?"

"Friend, you mistake me. I know you to be just and candid—yet I feel that I shall never justify your kind encouragement. I have toiled till youth is passing away in vain. I have no heart to bear up against the crushing hand of poverty—I succumb."

"You have lost, then, your love of our art?"

"Not so. What your valuable lessons, dear master, have opened to me, forms the only bright spot in my life. Oh, that I could pursue—could grasp it!"

"Why can you not?"

"I am chained!" cried Haydn, bitterly—and giving way to the anguish of his heart, he burst into tears.

Porpora shook his head, and was silent for a few moments. At length he resumed—"I must, I see, give you a little of my experience: and you shall see what has been the life of a prosperous artist. I was, you know, the pupil of Scarlatti; and from the time I felt myself capable of profiting by the lessons of that great master, devoted myself to travel. I was more fortunate than you, for my works procured me, almost at once, a wide-

spread fame. I was called for not only in Venice, but in Vienna and London."

"Ah, yours was a brilliant lot!" cried the young composer, looking up with kindling eyes.

"The Saxon court," continued Porpora, "which has always granted the most liberal protection to musical art, offered me the direction of the chapel and of the theatre at Dresden. Even the princesses received my lessons—in short, my success was so great, that I awakened the jealousy of Hasse himself."

"That was a greater triumph still," observed Haydn, smiling.

"So I thought; and still greater when I caused a pupil of mine, the young Italian Mengotti, to dispute the palm of song with the enchantress Faustina*—ay, to bear it away upon more than one occasion. All this you know, and how I returned to London upon the invitation of amateurs in Italian music."

"Where you rivalled, Handel!" said Haydn, enthusiastically.

"Ah, that was the turning point in my destiny. Farinelli, the famous singer, gloried in being my scholar. He turned all his splendid powers to the effort of assuring the triumph of my compositions. I could have borne that these should fail in commanding popularity; I could have borne the defeat by which Handel was elevated at my expense to an idol shrine among the English—but it grieved me to see that Farinelli's style, so really perfect in its way, was unappreciated by the most distinguished connoisseurs. I did justice to the strength and grandeur of my rival; should he not have acknowledged the grace, finish, and sweetness of Italian

* Faustina Bordoni, born at Venice in 1700, was one of the most admirable singers Italy ever produced. She was a pupil of Gasparini, but adopted the modern method of Bernacchi, which she aided greatly to bring into popular use. She appeared on the stage at the age of sixteen; her success was so great that, at Florence, a medal was struck in her honour; and it was said that even gouty invalids would leave their beds to hear her performance. She was called to Vienna in 1724; two years afterwards she came to the London theatre with a salary of 50,000 francs. Everywhere she charmed by the freshness, clearness, and sweetness of her voice, by the grace and perfection of her execution, so that she was called the modern siren. It was at London she met the celebrated Cuzzoni, who enjoyed a brilliant reputation; and the lovers of song were divided in their homage to the two rivals. Handel took part in these disputes. Faustina quitted England in 1728, and returned to Dresden, where she became the wife of Hasse.

song? But he despised Farinelli, and his friends made caricatures of him."

"Handel, with all his greatness, had no versatility," observed Haydn.

"I wished to attempt another style, for this repulse had somewhat cooled my zeal for the theatre. I set myself to cultivate what was new—what was not born with me. I published my sonatas for the violin—the connoisseurs applauded, and I was encouraged to hope I could face my rival on his own ground. I composed sacred music——"

"And that," interrupted his auditor, "will live—pardon me for saying so—when your theatrical compositions have ceased to enjoy unrivalled popularity."

"When they are forgotten, say rather—for such, I feel, will be their fate. My sacred compositions may survive and carry my name to posterity—for taste in such things is less mutable than in the opera. You see now, dear Haydn," he resumed, after a pause, "for what I have lived and laboured. I was once renowned and wealthy. What did prosperity bring me? Envy, discontent, rivalry, disappointment! And did art flourish more luxuriantly on such a soil? With me the heavenly plant languished, and would have died but that I had some energy within me to save it. I repine when I look back on those years."

"You?" repeated Haydn, surprised.

"Would you know to what period I *can* look back with self-approbation, with thankfulness? To the toil of my early years; to the struggle after an ideal of greatness, goodness and beauty; to the self-forgetfulness that saw only the glorious goal far, far before me; to the undismayed resolve that sought only its attainment. Or to a time still later, when the visions of manhood's impure and selfish ambition had faded away; when the soul had shaken off some of her fetters, and roused herself to a perception of the eternal, the perfect, the divine; when I became conscious of the delusive vanity of earthly hopes and earthly excellence, but at the same time awakened to the revelation of that which cannot die!

"You see me now, seventy-three years old, and too poor to command even a shelter for the few days that yet remain to me in this world. I have lost the splendid fame I once possessed; I have lost the riches that were mine; I have lost the power to win even a competence by my own labours; but I have *not* lost my passion for our glorious music, nor enjoyment

of the reward, more precious than gold, she bestows on her votaries; nor my confidence in Heaven. And you, at twenty-seven, you—more greatly endowed—to whom the world is open—you despair! Are you worthy to succeed, O man of little faith?"

"My friend—my benefactor!" cried the young musician, clasping his hands with deep emotion.

"Cast away your bonds; cut and rend, if your very flesh is torn in the effort; and the ground once spurned, you are free. Come, I am pledged for your success—for if you do not rise, I am no prophet! What have you been doing?" and he turned over rapidly the musical notes that lay on the table. "Here, what is this—a symphony? Play it for me, if you please."

So saying, with a gentle force he led his young friend to the piano, and Haydn played from the piece he had nearly completed.

"Ah, this is excellent, admirable!" cried Porpora, when he rose from the instrument. "This suits me exactly. And you could despair while such power remained to you! When can you finish this? for I must have it at once."

"To-morrow, if you like," answered the composer, more cheerfully.

"To-morrow, then; and you must work to-night. I see you are nervous and feverish; but seize the happy thought while it lives—once gone, you have no cord to draw it back. I will go and order you a physician—not a word of remonstrance—he will come to-morrow morning—how madly your pulse throbs—and when your work is done, you may rest. Adieu for the present;" and pressing his young friend's hands, the eccentric but benevolent old man departed, leaving Haydn full of new thoughts, his bosom fired with zeal to struggle against adverse fortune. In such moods does the spiritual champion wrestle with the powers of the abyss, and mightily prevail.

When Haydn, late that night, threw himself on his bed, weary, ill, and exhausted, his frame racked with the pains of fever, after having worked for hours in the midst of reproaches from her who ought to have lightened his task by her sympathy, he had accomplished the first of an order of works destined to endear his name to all succeeding time. Who that listened to its clear and beautiful melody, could have divined that such a production had been wrought out in the

gloom of despondency, poverty, and disease?

While the artist lay on a sick bed, attended only by the few friends whom compassion, more than admiration of his genius, called to his side, and forgotten by the great and gay to whose amusement so many years of his life had been devoted, a brilliant fête was given by Count Mortzin, an Austrian nobleman of immense wealth and influence, at which the most distinguished individuals in Vienna were present. The musical entertainments given by these luxurious patrons of the arts were, at that time, and for some years after, the most splendid in Europe, for the most exalted genius was enlisted in their service; and talent, as in all ages, was often fain to do homage to riches and power.

When the concert was over, Prince Anthony Esterhazy expressed the pleasure he had received, and his obligations to the noble host. "Chief among your magnificent novelties," said he, "is the new symphony, St. Maria. One does not hear every day such music. Who is the composer?"

The Count referred to one of his friends. The answer was—"Joseph Haydn."

"I have heard his quartettos—he is no common artist. Is he in your service, Count?"

"He has been employed by me."

"With your good leave, he shall be transferred to ours; and I shall take care he has no reason to regret the change. Let him be presented to us."

There was a murmur among the audience, and a movement, but the composer did not appear; and presently word was brought to his Highness that the young man on whom he intended to confer so great an honour was detained at home by indisposition.

"So, let him be brought to me as soon as he recovers; he shall enter my service—I like his symphony vastly. Your pardon, Count, for we will rob you of your best man."

And the great prince, having decided the destiny of a greater man than himself, turned to those who surrounded him to speak of other matters.

News of the change in his fortune was brought to Haydn by his friend Porpora: and so renovating was the effect of hope, that he was strong enough on the following day to pay his respects to his illustrious patron. Accompanied by a friend

who offered to introduce him, Haydn drew near the dwelling of the prince, and was so fortunate as to find admittance. His Highness was with some friends, but would see the composer; and he was conducted through a splendid suite of rooms to the apartment where the proud head of the Esterhazys deigned to receive an almost nameless artist. What wonder that Haydn blushed and faltered as he approached this impersonation, as he felt it, of human grandeur?

The prince, in the splendid array suited to his rank, glanced somewhat carelessly at the slight figure that stood before him, and said, as he was presented—"Is this, then, the composer of the music I heard last night?"

"This is he—Joseph Haydn," was the reply.

"So—a Moor, I should judge by his dark complexion."*

The composer bowed in some embarrassment.

"And you write such music? You look not like it, by my faith! Haydn—I recollect the name; and I remember hearing, too, that you were not well paid for your labours, eh?"

"I have not been fortunate, your Highness——"

"Why have you not applied to me before?"

"Prince, I could not presume to think——"

"Eh? Well, you shall have no reason to complain of my service. My secretary shall fix your appointments; and name whatever else you desire. Understand me, for all of your profession find me liberal. Now then, sir Moor, you may go; and let it be your first care to provide yourself with a new coat, a wig and buckles, and heels to your shoes. I will have you respectable in appearance as well as in talents; so let me have no more of shabby professors. And do your best to recruit in flesh—'twill add to the stature, and to relieve your olive with a shade of the ruddy. Such spindle masters would be a walking discredit to our larder, which is truly a spendthrift one."

So saying, with a laugh, the haughty nobleman dismissed his new dependent. The artist chafed not at the imperious tone of patronage, for he felt not yet the superiority of his own vocation. It was the bondage-time of genius; the wings were

* This interview, but little varied in the circumstances, is related by several of Haydn's biographers.

not yet grown which were to bear his spirit up, when it brooded over a new world.

The life which Haydn led in the suite of Prince Esterhazy, to which service he was permanently attached by Nicholas, the successor of Anthony, in the quality of chapel-master, was one so easy, that, says his biographer, it might have proved fatal to an artist more inclined to luxury and pleasure, or less devoted to his art and the love of glory. Now, for the first time relieved from care for the future, he was enabled to yield to the impulse of his genius, and create works worthy of the name—works not only pleasing to himself and his patron, but which gradually extended his fame over all the countries of Europe.

On the evening of a day in the beginning of April, 1809, all the lovers of art in Vienna were assembled in the theatre to witness the performance of the oratorio of the "Creation." The entertainment had been given in honour of the composer of that noble work, the illustrious Haydn, by his numerous friends and admirers. He had been drawn from Gumpendorf—his retreat in the suburbs, the cottage surrounded by a little garden, which he had purchased after his retirement from the Esterhazy service, and where he had spent the last years of his life—to be present at this species of triumph. Three hundred musicians assisted at the performance. The audience rose *en masse*, and greeted with rapturous applause the white-haired man, who, led forward by the most distinguished nobles of the city, was conducted to the place of honour. There seated, with princesses at his right hand, beauty smiling upon him, the centre of a circle of nobility, the observed and admired of all, the object of the acclamations of thousands,—who would not have said that Haydn had reached the summit of human greatness, and had more than realized the proudest visions of his youth? His serene countenance, his clear eye, his air of dignified self-possession, showed that prosperity had not overcome him, but that amid the smiles of fortune he had not forgotten the true excellence of man.

"I can never hear this oratorio," remarked one of his friends, whom we shall call Manuel, to another beside him, "without rejoicing for the author. None but a happy spirit could have conceived—only a pure, open, trustful, buoyant soul could

have produced such a work. His genius, like the angels, is ever fresh and young."

"I agree," replied his friend, "in your judgment of the mind of Haydn. All the harmony and grace of nature, in her magnificent and beautiful forms, in her varied life, breathe in his music. But I like something deeper, even if it be gloomy. There is a hidden life, which the outward only represents; a deep voice, the echo of that which we hear. The poet, the musician, should interpret and reveal what the ordinary mind does not receive."

"Beethoven's symphonies, then, will please you better?"

"I acknowledge that I am more satisfied with them, or rather I am not satisfied, which is precisely what I want. The longings of a human soul are after the ineffable, the unfathomable; and to awaken those longings is the highest triumph of the artist. We are to be lifted above the joys of earth; out of this sunny atmosphere, where trees wave and birds fly, though we rise into a region of cloud and storm, chilly and dark and terrible."

"You are more of a philosopher than I am," returned Manuel, laughing. "You may find consolation for your clouds and storms in the thought that you are nearer heaven; but give me the genial warmth of a heart imbued with love of simple nature. I will relinquish your loftier ideal for the beauty and blessing of reality and the living present. For this reason is Haydn, with his free, bright, child-like, healthful spirit, bathing itself in enjoyment, so dear to me. I desire nothing when I hear his music; I feel no apprehension; I ask for no miracles. I drink in the bliss of actual life, and thank Heaven for its rich bestowments."

"I thought our great composer, on the verge of life, would have looked beyond in his last work," said the other thoughtfully; "but I see plainly he will write no more."

"He has done enough, and now we are ready for the farewell of Haydn."

"The farewell?"

"Did you never hear the story? I have heard him tell it often myself. It concerns one of his most celebrated symphonies. The occasion was this:—Among the musicians attached to the service of Prince Esterhazy, were several who, during his sojourn upon his estate, were obliged to leave their families at Vienna. At one time his Highness prolonged his stay at the palace considerably beyond the usual

period. The disconsolate husbands entreated Haydn to become the interpreter of their wishes. Thus the idea came to him of composing a symphony in which each instrument ceased one after the other. He added, at the close of every part, the direction, 'here the light is extinguished.' Each musician, in his turn, rose, put out his candle, rolled up his notes, and went away. This pantomime had the desired effect; the next morning the Prince gave orders for their return to the capital."

"An amiable thought! I have heard something of it before."

"Another story he used to tell us of the origin of his Turkish or military symphony. You know the high appreciation he met with in his visits to England?"

"Where, he maintains, he acquired his continental fame—as we Germans could not pronounce on his merits till they had been admitted by the Londoners."

"True; but notwithstanding the praise and homage he received, he could not prevent the enthusiastic audience from falling asleep during the performance of his compositions. It occurred to him to devise a kind of ingenious revenge. In this piece, while the current is gliding softly, and slumber beginning to steal over the senses of his auditors, a sudden and unexpected burst of martial music, tremendous as a thunder peal, startles the surprised sleepers into active attention. I should like to have seen the lethargic islanders with their eyes and mouths thrown open by such an unlooked-for shock!"

Here a stop was suddenly put to the conversation by the commencement of the performance. The "Creation," the first of Haydn's oratorios, was regarded as his greatest work, and had often elicited the most heartfelt applause. Now that the aged and honoured composer was present, probably for the last time to hear it, an emotion too deep for utterance seemed to pervade the vast audience. The feeling was too reverential to be expressed by the ordinary tokens of pleasure. It seemed as if every eye in the assembly was fixed on the calm, noble face of the venerated artist; as if every heart beat with love for him; as if all feared to break the spell of hushed and holy silence. Then came, like a succession of heavenly melodies, the music of the "Creation," and the listeners felt as if transported back to the infancy of the world.

At the words, "*Let there be light, and*

there was light," when all the instruments were united in one full burst of gorgeous harmony, emotion seemed to shake the whole frame of the aged man. His pale face crimsoned; his bosom heaved convulsively; he raised his eyes, streaming with tears, towards Heaven, and lifting upwards his trembling hands, exclaimed—his voice audible in the pause of the music—"Not unto me—not unto me—but unto Thy name be all the glory, O Lord."

From this moment Haydn lost the calmness and serenity that had marked the expression of his countenance. The very depths of his heart had been stirred, and ill could his wasted strength sustain the tide of feeling. When the superb chorus at the close of the second part announced the completion of the work of creation, he could bear the excitement no longer. Assisted by the Prince's physician and several of his friends, he was carried from the theatre, pausing to give one last look of gratitude, expressed in his tearful eyes, to the orchestra who had so nobly executed his conception, and followed by the lengthened plaudits of the spectators, who felt that they were never to look upon his face again.

Some weeks after this occurrence, Manuel, who had sent to inquire after the health of his infirm old friend, received from him a card on which he had written, to notes of music, the words expressive of decline, "My strength is gone." Haydn was in the habit of sending about these cards, but his increased feebleness was evident in the handwriting of this; and Manuel lost no time in hastening to him. There, in his quiet cottage, around which rolled the thunders of war, terrifying others but not him, sat the venerable composer. His desk stood on one side, on the other his piano, and he looked as if he would never approach either again. But he smiled, and held out his hand to greet his friend.

He then made signs to one of his attendants to open the desk and reach him a roll of papers. From these he took one and gave it to his friend. It was inscribed in his own hand—"Catalogue of all my musical compositions, which I can remember, from my eighteenth year. Vienna, 4th December, 1805."

"Better thus," said Haydn, softly, "than a lingering old age of care, disease, perhaps of poverty!"

A long silence followed, for the aged man was wrapt in devotion. At length



HAYDN'S INTRODUCTION TO PRINCE ANTHONY ESTERHAZY.

he asked to be supported to his piano ; it was opened, and as his trembling fingers touched the keys, an expression of rapture kindled in his eyes. The music that answered to his touch seemed the music of inspiration. But it gradually faded away ; the flush gave place to a deadly paleness ; and while his fingers still rested on the keys, he sank back into the arms of his friend, and gently breathed out his parting spirit. It passed as in a happy strain of melody !

Prince Esterhazy did honour to the memory of his departed friend by the pageant of funeral ceremonies. His remains were transported to Eisenstädt, in Hungary, and placed in the Franciscan vault. The Prince also purchased, at a high price, all his books and manuscripts, and the numerous medals he had obtained. But his fame belongs to the world ; and in all hearts sensible to the music of truth and nature is consecrated the memory of HAYDN.

ROLAND THE PAINTER.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.

THE Reverend Solomon Locke, curate of Ivy Bridge, had been sitting by his fire-side for a considerable time without speaking.

His housekeeper, Mrs. Whymper, was with him; but that good lady, accustomed for many years to the reverend gentleman's moods, and having the most unbounded esteem for the saintliness of his character, forbore to interrupt him. At length Mr. Locke himself broke the silence:—

"Do you know, Mrs. Whymper, I am a little nervous sometimes about Roland. I am afraid I shall not keep him here much longer. The boy gets restless and impatient. He tells me his great ambition is to be a painter. At school, although he makes rapid progress when he chooses to apply himself, he is more famous for the outlines of his schoolfellows' faces than for his advance in Practice or the Rule of Three."

The subject was evidently displeasing to Mrs. Whymper, for she took up the thread of the curate's argument somewhat abruptly:—

"Now he is at home for the holidays," said that lady, "I am continually scolding him for disfiguring the house with extraordinary sketches made upon the walls and ceilings with burnt sticks and such things. Only this morning, when I awoke, I was perfectly horrified on looking up to the ceiling just above my bed. There I saw the most fearful object I could have imagined; and when I inquired how it came there, Master Roland with a laugh told me it was a demon he had made with the flame of his candle, when he went to bed last night. I assure you, sir, I am constantly subject to horrid dreams, which I believe are principally caused by these freaks of Master Roland; to say nothing of the impropriety of seeing all sorts of hobgoblins on the walls of a clergyman's house."

Mr. Locke smiled and said:—

"That is very true, ma'am; it is objectionable, as you say, and causes me some uneasiness: because I have always esteemed that kind of education the best which gives free scope to the natural bent of the individual mind. Roland, as I have said, has a wild fancy that he would

like to be an artist. But I have heard such melancholy accounts of artist life,—how the time of the young students is usually spent in folly and dissipation,—how even when they paint pictures which display the most extraordinary genius, the public is slow to appreciate them, and the result to the artist is poverty, disappointment, and misery. There must be, I fancy, some truth in all this, for I have lately read the life of an artist who, in a fit of despair and disappointed ambition rashly terminated his existence by suicide. This, ma'am, is one lamentable fact for me to ponder over; and I dread that he should leave me and enter upon a kind of life of which I know nothing. The sad misfortune which befell his poor father through——"

Mrs. Whymper put her finger to her lips, and in another second a youth dashed into the room, who, seeing the grave looks of Mr. Locke and Mrs. Whymper, was hastily scampering away again, when Mr. Locke said:—

"What do you want, Roland?"

"Only the book Mr. Gaffyr lent me yesterday—Gainsborough's Life. I left it on the shelf yonder."

Mr. Locke reached the book for the youth, saying, as he did so:—

"Do not disturb us for a few minutes, Roland."

"I will not, uncle. Thank you very much for the book," and he disappeared.

"Still, ma'am," continued the curate, "if the bent of his mind seems stronger toward art than anything else, perhaps it would be wise to give it a trial, and trust in God for the result. What think you?"

"Keep him away from the world as long as possible," said that lady.

"I hardly know, ma'am, what to think of your theory. Curiosity is frequently aroused upon objectionable points when the desire to keep such things in the background is too evidently shown."

Mrs. Whymper had but one argument with which to back up her principles, and this was:—

"How could the children commit such and such faults if they were ignorant of the existence of such things?"

"I will give you an instance from my own experience," said Mr. Locke. "A friend of mine, who had most earnestly desired to keep his two daughters unspotted from the world, would never

allow them to mix in male society at all. They lived a life of seclusion almost equal to that of the convent. They grew up very beautiful. They were accomplished; they knew nothing of the world. Mark the result. They eventually ran away from home with two of their father's servants. Believe me, ma'am, it is useless to keep them too much out of the world. Purity and goodness would hardly deserve any credit under such circumstances. The shield of virtue should be capable of withstanding an attack from the enemy."

To this Mrs. Whympers listened patiently; she had great respect for "the cloth;" but no amount of argument would induce her to relax a hand's-breadth in the severity of her discipline. She was a highly respectable old lady. Her neat black dress, and precise cap, which seemed not to have a frill more than necessary, and the two or three gray little curls that decorated each side of her wrinkled forehead were unique. She was rigidly polite even in her most familiar intercourse. She looked like some well-worn but still useful piece of furniture, carefully polished and strongly made—not too fine for daily use, but sufficiently valuable to be carefully kept. She knew her place, as she said, and took care to make her position respected and respectable. Though exceedingly strict, she generally maintained an even temper, though at times apt to get pettish on one little point—this was her age. Her actual good health and activity made her look younger than she really was, and she would never take any indulgence on the score of age. She sat as upright as though she had been tied to the back of her chair—would never lie in bed one moment after six o'clock, summer or winter—would never miss a service upon any account, although the damp meadow through which she had to pass frequently gave her an attack of rheumatism.

In spite of these excellences, Mr. Locke sometimes found it a little difficult to get on with Mrs. Whympers. He was a liberal and tolerant man. Before he condemned a fault or failing, he endeavoured to find out what had been the temptation. Although a preacher of the Gospel, he could not find it in his heart to treat trivial errors and shortcomings in the severe spirit which Mrs. Whympers seemed to expect, having the keen eye she had for all that was "improper."

Mr. Locke had been curate of Ivy

Bridge for some years. It was a quiet, respectable village, some thirty miles or so south of London, situated in a picturesque valley, through which ran a pretty silver stream, well known to, and beloved by the disciples of Izaak Walton. But though so near to the modern Babylon that upon a clear day the dome of St. Paul's could be distinctly seen, Ivy Bridge remained as quiet and rural as though it had been a hundred miles away. No building mania had seized the inhabitants of Ivy Bridge. There was no assembly-room, no mechanics' institute. One irreverent student, who had come fresh from college to spend a few days with the Reverend Solomon, had declared himself unable to find any kind of amusement whatever at Ivy Bridge, except fishing and smoking, and as he united these sports at one and the same period, they could hardly be called separate enjoyments. Still, Solomon Locke had lived there happily for some years, and with his hundred and twenty pounds a year and three children, considered himself altogether a fortunate man. At all events he looked cheerful and contented, which is something in these latter days, and did his best for the parish, both by the influence of his own example, and also by the plain, common-sense doctrines which he advocated in the pulpit. We have said three children; but Roland, though treated as his own, was in reality his brother's son. Of this brother, who was living abroad, little was known. Many dark rumours had circulated in Ivy Bridge, but had been suppressed out of regard to their beloved curate. Yet through the buzz and gossip of village telltales some faint links of evidence had crept out, which made it evident enough why the curate's brother was never mentioned. He had, it appeared, rendered himself in some way amenable to the laws, and had been transported; while, at the expiration of his sentence, instead of coming back to England he had gone to Australia.

To Roland these facts were unknown. For aught he knew his parents had died when he was an infant, and for some reason Mr. Locke was better pleased that Roland should still retain this impression; while, with a kindness which no father could have surpassed, he had brought Roland up from infancy, and always treated him like his own children. These children were two girls, Alice and Maude. Having so lately spoken of Mrs. Whympers,

we will speak first of Maude, who was second only to Roland in the trouble she caused that worthy lady. Her gay and lively temperament continually led her into mischief. If the sun shone, and the birds sang, Maude would sing too, and caper about and be merry and noisy, whether it was week-day or Sunday. Mrs. Whymper thought the child had actually committed a grievous sin when she one day chased a butterfly across the meadow as they were coming from church.

Maude had a large development of humour. She would laugh and play funny tricks whenever she had the chance. She was much encouraged thereto by a gentleman named Gaffyr, who was a great friend to Mr. Locke, and came frequently to the house. This gentleman had, many years ago, been a solicitor in London; but having acquired a handsome fortune, he had purchased a villa at Ivy Bridge, and cultivated his taste for pictures. He had a passion for collecting works by the old masters, and having a good knowledge of the various schools of art, had acquired a really valuable gallery. It was this gallery which had doubtless awakened Roland's latent imitative powers, and led him to declare his wish to become an artist. Mr. Gaffyr had also a great love of literature, and when he saw Maude's propensity for fun, lent her *Pickwick* to read. Mrs. Whymper thought, as unfortunately some well-meaning Christians do, that fun and mirth are absolutely wicked; and she was so shocked when she saw what book Mr. Gaffyr had brought, that she could hardly refrain from denouncing him on the spot.

Alice, being nearly of the same age as her sister, was inclined to be a little jealous of the present which Mr. Gaffyr had brought for her sister. That gentleman, therefore, when he next came, brought Alice *John Halifax*, which was then just published.

Mrs. Whymper put on her spectacles, and scrutinized the book narrowly, then threw it upon the table with a sharp bang.

"Anything the matter, Mrs. Whymper?" said Mr. Locke.

"Yes, sir, there is, indeed. I really think you must tell Mr. Gaffyr not to bring any more of his sinful books to corrupt the dear children."

"Why, what has he brought now? Oh, I see, *John Halifax*. I have read it, and do not think it is a book likely to do much harm."

"Sir!" said Mrs. Whymper, with emphasis, and with her hands raised in horror—"it's a novel!"

"It certainly comes under that denomination, Mrs. Whymper; but I am not sure whether all my sermons convey as good lessons of wholesome practical duty and pure aspiration as the book before you, novel though it be. You must remember, ma'am, the novel has greatly changed its character since your younger days" (this did not entirely please), "and I am happy to say that I have frequently observed that the purer a work of fiction is in principle, or the more elevated its characters, so much the greater is the success which it achieves."

Mrs. Whymper was silent; argue she would not, but convinced she was not; as to reading and judging for herself, that was quite out of the question.

We have barely introduced Alice yet. She was nearly of the same age as her sister, more sedate and thoughtful, yet quite as great a favourite. Not only by the beauty of her form and features did she win the hearts of all, but by her talent and the sweetness of her disposition.

Mr. Locke's pet name for her was "the Little Sunbeam," which raised the envy of the capricious Maude. Alice was very beautiful: her face was oval, her forehead high and fair as marble, her nose straight and exquisitely formed, her dark-blue eyes were full of sensibility, while her complexion was the pure lily and rose-tint of her native land, not to be equalled by any shade of brown that continental artists may try to persuade us is beautiful. Her hair waved in flowing curls down her white shoulders. In fact, Alice was what some would have called brilliant, had she not been sweet as brilliant and pure as sweet. Mr. Locke had little fear in educating her, for her natural talent would require but little training, and her engaging disposition but little check.

Maude was more difficult to manage; in character and disposition she somewhat resembled her cousin Roland. She was self-willed, keen, quick, joyous, and sensitive at the same time. Not so highly gifted as her sister, she was yet able to learn and comprehend a great deal without much trouble, but was just as likely to forget all she had learned to-day in the fantastical mood of to-morrow.

Alice was contented to love her friends for the qualities she saw in them; while Maude was too apt to be pleased only

with those who admired herself. With greater age and careful tuition, Mr. Locke hoped these follies would leave her; but at present she was so impatient of Mrs. Whymper's control, that the worthy lady had no easy task, and had frequent consultations with Mr. Locke upon the subject of education. The subject was freely discussed, and one day with Mr. Gaffyr also, who was generally taken into the council.

"I really don't know," said Mr. Locke to him, when they had been reading a newspaper account of some wonderful achievement of modern science—"I really don't know, notwithstanding our boasted social progress, and our superiority to past ages in the general diffusion of knowledge, whether the morality of our age has kept pace with its intellectual advancement."

"I fear it has not," said Mr. Gaffyr. "Men of business seem not to have the same confidence in each other or in those they employ as formerly. There is a deplorable want of truth and simplicity creeping into all classes of society. Even parents frequently look too lightly upon their sacred obligations, and too frequently go to the opposite extremes even, and encourage what they should be the readiest to condemn."

"You touch now upon the question of youthful education," said Mr. Locke, "a subject which has caused me no little anxiety. We ought to study children even more than we do. They are frequently more sharp-sighted than we give them credit for. They often divine, as if by instinct, the weaknesses, follies, and inconsistencies of those who have the care of them, and draw conclusions for themselves by no means favourable to their future peace of mind; and all this time, like a careless sentinel who suffers the enemy to enter the fortress by surprise, the parent, friend, or teacher is in happy ignorance of the mischief done. Too much is instilled into the youthful mind for mere display—too much regard for appearances is inculcated. Simple honesty of purpose and intention is not sufficiently studied. One indiscriminate course of study is adopted for all idiosyncrasies, and then while one turns out amiable and good, and another is rapidly pursuing a downward path, we shake our heads over the depravity of human nature, when perhaps not the human nature itself, but the narrow system that cramped and confined it, is most to blame. But while

I am warming into my favourite topic, I am forgetting that I have an appointment with one of my parishioners just beyond Gabriel's Mill. Does your time permit of your accompanying me?"

"I looked in expressly to have a chat about Roland," said Mr. Gaffyr, "and we can talk as we go. I had only just left him as I came here."

"In mischief, I fear," said Mr. Locke. "I shall be glad when he returns to school."

"Pray don't worry yourself about the lad," said Mr. Gaffyr; "he's mad to be a painter just now. If the fit continues, let him be a painter—why should he not?"

CHAPTER II.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE IS INCLINED.

THE two friends started forth, and in their walk met Roland. It was no wonder Mr. Locke had been puzzled what to do with his nephew, for Roland was full of most extravagant fancies, the result chiefly of an unbridled imagination. Being home for the holidays, he had spent most of his time at Gabriel's Mill, having been attracted to the spot partly by its picturesque situation, and partly by the encouragement which Mr. Gaffyr had shown to some rude sketches he had made near the spot. He was now trying to make a landscape of the scene. It was a quiet, serene morning—the gentle babbling of the mill-stream near being almost the only sound that broke the silence. Dark willows bent over the stream, and covered it with a mysterious and transparent shadow. Lower down the stream widened a little, and a clear open pool reflected so gloriously the golden tints of the sunlight, that had it not been for the faint purple line of the distant horizon, the gorgeously tinted sky and its fringe-like reflection in the water, would almost seem to have melted into one. The tall bulrushes on the banks nodded their velvety heads placidly to the light breeze that wandered through the valley, and brought to the ear the echoes of tinkling sheep-bells in neighbouring folds. The placid beauty of the scene disposed the youth to fall into a reverie: perhaps he had an undeveloped poetical feeling, which was awakened by the scene. Those who have "the vision and the faculty divine," are perhaps a more

numeros class than the great poet imagined. God has kindly implanted in most of us some love and reverence for the beautiful world he has created, though all have not the "accomplishment of verse."

What Roland might have thought or tried to express was interrupted by the presence of his uncle and Mr. Gaffyr.

"Do you know what I am thinking of, uncle?" said Roland, as they came nearer.

"Certainly not, my dear; how should I?"

"Well, then, I am thinking more than ever what a glorious thing it is to be a painter. Now, just look at this scene. I really believe I could paint it, if you would buy me some colours."

Mr. Locke promised to do so, and walked away with Mr. Gaffyr. The conversation turned upon some other topic, and for the time he thought no more of his promise to his nephew. Not so Roland, however. He had been impressed with the scene which, although not such as would strike any high-art student, nevertheless pleased the boy's fancy. Consequently, the first thing at breakfast-time next morning was to remind his uncle of the promise made the day before. Then he described to his cousins how he would arrange the scene, and gave such a vivid word picture of the whole, that his uncle was astonished. Not a feature was omitted. He noticed everything with a keen eye. The grey appearance of the stones of which the mill was built; the swallows' nest perched beneath the eaves; the cart waiting in the lane just beyond the mill for the sack of flour, which the miller's man was bringing down the ladder; the bulrushes growing on the banks of the stream; the reflection of the clouds in the water; the soft hazy outline of the distant hills; the glitter of the red sunlight through the trees near at hand. He seemed to take in the scene most vividly, and as his uncle listened to his hurried, enthusiastic description, he could not help fancying with Mr. Gaffyr that it would really be worth while to see if this evidently natural talent could not be turned to account. He knew nothing himself as to what steps should be taken to initiate Roland into the mysteries of art; but no doubt Mr. Gaffyr would not object to take a little trouble for him. He had hardly resolved to call upon that gentleman, and advise with him upon the matter, when

he was seen coming up the garden path. Roland had gone for his cap, and was just sallying out, when Mrs. Whympers called him to get his portfolio of drawings.

It must be said for Mrs. Whympers, that however severely she condemned Roland's performances upon the ceilings, she admired his talent when confined within legitimate bounds.

Roland came down into the little parlour with a shy look, and opened his portfolio.

"There now, Mr. Gaffyr," said Mrs. Whympers, holding up one of the sketches; "don't you call that beautiful? Look up, Roland, and tell Mr. Gaffyr what the subject is."

Roland was too nervous and shy to show himself off to the best advantage just now. Like most boys, he was most engaging when left to his own caprices, and he stole away as quickly as he could, though dying to know Mr. Gaffyr's opinion.

"Are they not wonderful, sir?" repeated Mrs. Whympers. To her no doubt they appeared so.

"One can't tell from little bits like these," said Mr. Gaffyr, "whether the lad has the divine gift or not. To speak truth, I see nothing wonderful in them; but the lad is certainly a great enthusiast."

"Well, I am surprised," said Mrs. Whympers.

The fact was, Mr. Gaffyr, having had some experience of artist life, knew too well the painful effects which often result from overpraising amateurs.

Nothing is more grievous than to see a young man with some cleverness and versatility mistaking himself for a great genius. The critics who are most severe upon the works of the tyro are frequently his best friends; either leading him to abandon a vocation for which he is unfitted, or spurring him onward if he has the sacred fire, till he at length achieves something worthy of the world's admiration. If the amateur cultivates art from pure love of it, and to extend his knowledge and capability of appreciating the noblest works, no praise can be too great for him; but it is right to be cautious in urging the young enthusiast to appear before the public, unless convinced that he has the qualities to shine in such a position.

Such was the substance of Mr. Gaffyr's comment when he saw how anxious they were to have his opinion of Roland's talent. But when he saw how discouraged

they were, he kindly offered to do his utmost to assist the would-be artist.

"A few months will suffice to prove if he has the requisite talent, or only a great love of art," said he. "Let him try what he can do first, and then I will take him to a friend of mine in London, who will soon put him in the right way."

So Roland began to paint in earnest, his first studio being an empty hayloft; for Mrs. Whymper upon this point was immovable, and although she greatly admired his talent, would not allow him to cultivate it in-doors. It was in vain Roland protested that he would make neither dirt nor confusion; that he would respect clean ceilings and papered walls; the marks of his former sins still remained to testify against him, and the dame was inexorable.

Not that he was any worse off in the hayloft. Necessity being said to be the mother of invention, taught Roland to make the best of his position, and his carpentering knowledge being called into requisition, he soon constructed a rough skylight to give himself the proper light, and a ladder to ascend to his studio, and of course was as proud of his achievements as though he had been a Brunel or Stephenson.

True to his promise, Mr. Gaffyr came frequently to give him his advice and counsel, so that with his own enthusiasm and that gentleman's encouragement he soon became as familiar with the technicalities of art as though he had studied nothing else from his cradle. His cousins, also, particularly Alice, partook of this enthusiasm. In-doors, also, Roland was continually retailing the anecdotes of great painters with which Mr. Gaffyr stored his mind. How Giotto had been a poor shepherd boy, Turner the son of a hairdresser, and many other such instances of genius rising from obscurity. Both his uncle and the girls soon became so deeply interested in the question that they fully believed that Roland also was destined to take rank amongst these notabilities.

But Roland, in common with most who inherit a temperament such as his, was subject to fits of gloom and despondency. One day, Mr. Locke had climbed the rude ladder leading to the studio, with the intention of looking at a picture which Roland had painted to surprise his patron, who had been absent for some days. Mr. Locke, acting upon his friend's advice, had taken Roland from school, and allowed

him to spend as much time as he pleased in the loft, thinking if his taste for art was not very strong, the sooner he tired himself out the better. When he reached the top of the ladder he saw Roland and Alice standing before the picture. They had not seen him, and it amused him to watch them for a time. The difference of character, too, was interesting to notice. Alice was so calm, sedate, fair, and dignified, a good specimen of that Saxon ideal which by the poet and painter has so often been represented as the sweetest type of womanhood; gentle, sympathizing, graceful, yielding, almost angelic in her purity and innocence, she formed a striking contrast to Roland, who was dark in complexion, ardent, fiery, smothering inward feelings under an assumed coldness of manner, yet requiring but faint excitement to draw forth all the latent passion that burned within. Quick at repartee, sarcastic and biting as his vein frequently was, he had the widest sympathy, the deepest feeling, for those of whose affection he had been assured. He had a quaint fancy and a trace of grotesque humour which had been abundantly shown in some daring caricatures of some of his uncle's parishioners at Ivy Bridge—a faculty which had been repressed by Mr. Gaffyr, not without good reason. "Nothing creates enemies sooner than unsparing or ill-timed ridicule," said he. "People are generally so painfully conscious of anything peculiar in their manners or appearance, that they endeavour to hide it, if possible, or at least to claim the charitable indulgence of their more favoured fellow beings." Roland had also shown a keen appreciation of poetical beauty. He loved art truly for art's sake, and art rewarded him for his worship by a finer instinct for the beauties of nature than the uncultivated eye can possibly receive. He was free, too, from those conceited airs too frequently indulged in by those who are gifted with showy talents. But Alice and Roland had not been silent while we have been saying thus much about them.

"You have got on beautifully with the picture," said Alice. "I have not been near you for several days, thinking I might interrupt you."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, little puss," said Roland, proud of her sympathy; "but perhaps it is as well. Seeing it now for the first time, you can form a better judgment of it, and besides, I should not have cared for you to see

how perplexed, weary, and annoyed I have sometimes been with a sense of my own deficiencies."

"Don't speak so despondingly, Roland. I'm sure Mr. Gaffyr would laugh to see you discouraged already."

"Oh, you must not mind me," said Roland; "I suppose all who study art are apt to imagine in advance of their executive powers. But I have been thinking seriously about the future, Alice, and wondering if all my toil and study will really make me a great artist. I sometimes fear I may have been deceiving myself, and what is still worse, I grieve to think what your father will feel if I should fail. Already he has spent a great many pounds in buying me materials, and it will cost a great deal more to receive lessons from a great artist. Suppose, instead of genius, which Mr. Gaffyr says only one in ten thousand inherits, I am a mere imitator, and mistake my love of art for the creative power. I want to be something more than a copyist. Now uncle is so kind that he gives me whatever money I want, and do you know—but it's quite a secret—Mr. Gaffyr gave me some money yesterday, and wished me not to tell uncle, as he said it might hurt his feelings. I believe he thinks I shall succeed; but when I called to see his nephew in London, I was quite ashamed that I despised business so much, when after all I may be only fit for the shop or counting-house."

"But his nephew may have no taste for art," said Alice; "why not go on patiently till Mr. Gaffyr is ready to take you to London?"

"Oh, it requires great courage to be patient," said the impetuous Roland. "Every time Mr. Gaffyr sees what I have done, he says, 'Yes, yes, that's better, but a wretched daub still,' and he gives me sketches and copies of pictures so magnificent that the moment I see them I am thrown into complete despair—such, now, as this," continued Roland, pointing to a fine sketch. "Mr. Gaffyr says it was copied by his friend the artist from a picture by Salvator Rosa in the National Gallery, and he gave me so many hints about the colouring and arrangement that I was quite bewildered. 'There,' said he as he gave it me—you know, Alice, he is a great talker—that's a curious style of art, but how daring it is! what wonderful energy! how every feature of the landscape is individualized! This is genius in its rugged aspect. We never think of

repose in the works of Salvator Rosa. He had an eye for the "vast alone—the wonderful and wild," and chooses scenes that seem, although so true to nature, to strike us with an air of novelty. No sun-lighted champaign, no happy valley, is here. We have only sombre forests, desolate plains, or frightful precipices. Look at those trees, they give one no idea of laughing nymphs or gentle swains reclining at noonday beneath the branches. The huge trunks are almost uprooted by age and storms. Birds of prey only find shelter upon the bare and withered branches, which look like the masts of mighty ships just come into harbour after defying the fury of the ocean.' You see, Alice, I try to remember his very words; but now look at that engraving, dear, from Claude—how different, yet Mr. Gaffyr says there is something of the same quality of mind in producing the result. 'How quiet and subdued it looks,' said he, when he gave it me. 'At first we are hardly disposed to give it the praise it deserves, so homely does it seem, so true to nature. The very familiarity that is begot by its truthfulness takes away our sensations of surprise, yet how the landscape grows upon us as we look at it.'"

"You are becoming as great an enthusiast as Mr. Gaffyr himself," said Mr. Locke, interrupting them.

"Do you know, papa, Roland has done nothing but grumble this morning. Now, what he has painted seems to me quite beautiful, but if he is not satisfied, why does he not try something better?"

"Depend upon it, Alice," said her father, "the vain fellow only wishes us to praise him a little more."

"No, indeed," said Roland, eagerly. "Only look here—after trying so long to catch Alice's likeness to introduce in the picture; see what a silly doll it is."

"Thank you," said Alice, laughing; "considering it's a very good likeness, I do not call your remark flattering."

"Well," said Roland, somewhat appeased, "it is very hard to believe oneself a bungler. I must hear what Mr. Gaffyr has to say, though I cannot fancy I have made any advance lately. I have been telling Alice, uncle, that unless I do something really great when I go to London, I will give it up and go into some kind of business like Arthur Gaffyr. I will take to the pen instead of the pencil, and the ledger instead of the easel."

"If you would really achieve something

great," said Mr. Locke, "why do you not bear in mind what Mr. Gaffyr says about patience, calm determination, and continued study. Have you already forgotten the anecdote he related about Perugino? How he entered Florence with his clothes hanging in rags about him, with hardly anything to eat, and with only a heap of straw to lie upon? Yet he persevered, for he felt within himself the keen desire and the unconquerable will which would ultimately overcome all difficulties."

It was something new for the Reverend Solomon to lecture upon art, but he had become from sympathy quite familiar with its technicalities.

CHAPTER III.

CHEAP JACK.

THE long, straggling single street of Ivy Bridge presented an unusually animated appearance, being gaily decorated in honour of the Revel which yearly took place there. The blowing of trumpets and trombones, and the beating of drums, together with the echoes of noisy laughter from the inns, showed that the villagers were endeavouring after a fashion to make up in two or three days for a twelve-month's dulness and apathy. Mr. Gaffyr had returned, and as a reward for Roland's diligence had taken him and his cousins to the Revel. It was a poor affair, but living in the secluded way they did, everything was amusing to them because everything was novel. In particular, Roland was charmed with an immense picture of the "Falls of Niagara" that decorated the front of a caravan. It was indeed a most astonishing display of water power, and Roland's interest in it was increased twentyfold when Mr. Gaffyr told him that it had been painted in a freak by a young pupil of his artist friend in London, whom Roland would probably become intimate with ere long.

The proprietor of the caravan professed to exhibit a great many thousand miles of American scenery, and was also a "cheap Jack," in which character he certainly showed more ready wit and slang humour than was customary with gentlemen of his fraternity. His auction was just commencing.

"Now, my worthy clodhoppers and smock-frock wearers," said he, "you see before you once more the celebrated Thomas Woof, the universal genius, who

has been to all the courts of Europe (and most of the alleys, too, he added in a theatrical "aside"), but being so fond of his native country and Ivy Bridge in particular, he has come back to——"

"Oh, ah, Walker," says some would-be wit in the rustic crowd.

"It will be *Walker*, indeed," says Woof, "if I allow any of you to purchase this magnificent pair of highlows—look at 'em, consider about 'em, and say upon your *souls* did you ever see such upper-leathers as these. Now, if you don't give five pounds when I have told you the history of 'em you are wiser than I take you to be. I know a man, and he's got a brother, and this brother said that he saw a chap the other day that remembered to have heard his greatgrandmother say that the maker of these highlows was first cousin to the man that made the seven-league boots. You won't give five pounds after that—but I should say, without meaning any disrespect to her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, that you'd willingly give your *last sovereign* for 'em."

A rustic sheepishly offered five shillings at this juncture.

"My dear sir," says Woof, "will you have the goodness to cover that *crown* of yours with your wide-awake? I blush for you. If you only knew the lives that were lost in getting the iron for these hobnails; if I were to tell you that a ship was chartered to bring a cobbler's lapstone from Turkey before these highlows could be made; if I were to tell you that the shoemaker's foreman was choked with a bristle in his anxiety to whip the universe in this particular pair of highlows; if I were to tell you that——"

"Ten shillings," says some one, doubtless moved by Woof's passionate appeal.

"Ten shillings only offered for the greatgrandchildren of the seven-league boots—I'm ashamed of you."

Ten and sixpence is offered.

"Half way to the Coast of *Guinea* it is," Woof immediately answers. "No advance—going, going, gone half way to the Coast of *Guinea*. Now, you ought to be particularly obliged to me, young man, for letting you have 'em," continued Woof to the fortunate purchaser. "You'll have all the pretty girls looking at your boots instead of the looking-glass." This winding up being accompanied by a knowing wink, told immensely, and, flushed with triumph, this Demosthenes of the caravan began afresh.

"But now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to ask you a conundrum. It's one I made myself, so of course you know it will be good. What musical instrument is like a low publichouse? Do you give it up? Well, then, a *vile inn*, and here's one I'm going to give away." Woof began rasping most discordantly. "That's the tune the old cow died of, if you didn't know it; but it would never do for me to play my best—you would bid so fast for the instrument that one of you would be ruined. Now, young lady with the cherry-coloured ribbons a-flying, say forty shillings for this fiddle, and I'll make you a present of a *beau*."

"She has got two already," said a disappointed suitor.

"Well, if you are one of them, I don't wonder at her having two strings to her *bow*. But who bids for the fiddle? Here's a bran new box of music. Forty shillings only for a box full of *notes*. Now, I read the other day of a man picking up a note on London Bridge, and the policeman wouldn't let him keep it because it happened to have been lying in another man's pocket. But here's a bridge that's better than London Bridge or Ivy Bridge, for the oftener you pass over it the more notes you'll find, and the only thing the policeman can do is to tell you to go into the next street. No bidding at forty shillings; we'll say five then, and have a lump of rosin into the bargain. Nobody bids yet? Well, if music has no charm to soothe the savage breast, what say you to this pair of bellows. I won't *puff* them, but I can tell you if you want to save fuel now's your time; put on a handful of cinders and half-a-dozen brickbats, and you'll have a tremendous blaze in next to no time, if you use such blowers as these. You can blow up your wife with 'em too, and it will save a deal of talking, besides giving her the advantage of having the last word."

The last stroke was irresistible. The bellows were knocked down, and then a hand-saw was submitted.

"I don't brag," said Woof. "In fact, I have twice been ruined owing to my modesty, but I cannot refrain from a word or two about this saw. Such a saw to saw as this saw you surely never saw, and I'm not *saw-cy* for saying so. It was made at Sawbridgeworth, and the maker was no *Saw-ney*, I can tell you."

No one, however, could be tempted with the saw, and Woof next produced some crockeryware.

"What we've got here," said he, "ain't an engraving, nor yet a print, nor a cut, nor an etching. It's only a *plate*. I've got pie-plates, pudding-plates, cheese-plates, and all other plates, a penny each. They'll never bend, and as to breaking, if they do, what can you have better than a *piece of plate* as a present for a friend."

Many of these were sold, and then Woof's auction began to flag. He now produced a razor from his velveteen jacket.

"Now here's a razor that's just the thing for a poacher."

Many of the countrymen standing round became immediately interested. Woof continued—

"It's just the thing for a poacher, because he can cut off as many *hairs* as he likes and the keepers will never interfere with him. Three-and-six for this wonderful razor—two-and-six—one-and-six—one shilling. Nobody offers. I suppose you are all growing mustachios. But you are not in a buying humour I see, and it's of no use my talking if I can't make it pay me. Shut up the Magic Bazaar, Jack, and we'll open the wonderful panorama—fifteen thousand miles of American scenery. Here's a specimen painted by John Edie, Esq., of the Royal Academy. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up."

Mr. Gaffyr took his young companions into Woof's caravan, and highly delighted they were with the panorama. After which came the learned pig, and Mr. Gaffyr was as much of a child as the others in his admiration. Indeed he entered so thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, that when Woof asked which was the greatest dunce in the company, and the astute animal snuffled at a huge capital D at Mr. Gaffyr's feet, he enjoyed the amusement of the children so much, that one might easily have supposed he had bribed Woof to send the pig in that direction. Other amusements followed, terminating with a dance by a beautiful child, which so pleased Roland and his cousins that Mr. Gaffyr gave the dancer considerably more than the price of admission as a present for herself.

However comical Tom Woof may have seemed to the throng of idle villagers who listened to him at the revel, it was easy to detect that this was only assumed for the purpose of pushing off his wares. Seen without the excitement of his outward life, he could hardly be recognised as the same man. The business of the day being over, he had locked up his caravan, and now hurried through the

crowd that still lingered amongst the booths, to a narrow dirty court behind the main street of the village.

A swarming noisy crew formed the inhabitants of the court. It was the plague spot of Ivy Bridge, and many a time had Mr. Gaffyr tried in vain to improve it. His influence with the parochial authorities had been futile, and when he remonstrated with the tenants themselves upon their filthy habits, his only answers were, "that poor folks must live how they can," and "what's the odds so long as we're happy."

Woof seemed known to some of the groups who lounged about the cottage doorways; groups such as may be generally met with in the outskirts of populous villages. Careless, indifferent, loose in morality, but not the worst of the humbler classes after all, whatever their faults might be, they were easily seen, lying as they did upon the surface. Woof made his way to a house, the door of which stood conveniently open. In fact the great number of tenants rendered the opening and shutting of the door too great a task for any amount of patience, and consequently it was rarely shut at all. Making his way hastily upstairs, Woof listened for a moment to the merry voices of some children at play in a room near him. Merry even here as fortunately childhood can and will be; spite of poverty, dirt, wickedness, and misery, childhood is happy and playful.

Not that Woof's dark face grew any brighter for listening to them. He was only listening for one voice in that little group, which if he did not hear he would seek elsewhere. Presently he detected the sound of the voice he wished for, and opened the door and called "Cecily." He was answered by a fair-complexioned gentle girl, who formed the centre figure of the little party. Moving timidly toward him, and taking his hand, she followed him out of the room without a single remark to her playfellows.

The children belonged to the landlord of the wretched tenement, who sat with his wife watching angrily, but in silence, the unceremonious entrance of their tenant. Woof only hired the room for a few days yearly during the revel, but in this brief space Cecily had made herself beloved by the children of the landlord, and as the yearly feast came round she was eagerly welcomed.

"I wish we could prevent that chap from taking Cecily away any more," said

the landlord; "I dislike him more every day."

The door could not have been closed, or their tenant had quicker hearing than most people, for he stepped into the room again, and asked the landlord if he had spoken, giving as he did so a half-glance which told plainly that he had heard the opinion expressed against himself. When he had gone again, the landlord's wife said, "You had better leave him alone, George; he will only pick a quarrel with you."

"I would quarrel, and glad," returned her husband, "if I could get Cecily away from him. What a prospect before her; growing up to be a young woman. God help her!"

Woof and Cecily had reached a lower room, and Woof sitting down as if fatigued, left her standing in the middle of the room. She was so accustomed to all sorts of caprices from him, that she took no notice of his silent mood, but proceeded to some household duties. As she did so, Woof suddenly called out, "Stay as you are—don't move an inch!" She did so wonderingly, and Woof looked at her long and fixedly. Something must have given him satisfaction in the glance; he got up from his chair, and turned her half round, as though she had been some delicate machine which he had just constructed, and again he said, "Don't move!" and sat down.

It was hard to guess what could have charmed him as he looked at the child. Had he been a poet, the exquisite expression of gentleness and patience might have charmed him. Had he been a painter, her beautiful figure and graceful attitude would surely have attracted his notice; but no such thoughts as these passed through his mind. Yet he seemed pleased with his fancy, whatever it might be, and rubbed his hands cheerfully. At length he said, "That'll do, Cecily; now some tea, quick."

Cecily busied herself in getting him some tea, meanwhile he reached a pipe from the wall above him, and smoked for some time in silence, occasionally taking huge draughts from a bottle which stood beside him. The liquor, however, had no effect in relaxing his moody silence.

Cecily put the tea-things upon the table with some meat and bread. Woof ate wolfishly, while Cecily was still wondering what was passing in his mind. Once or twice she looked at him seriously, thinking whether the companionship of that fatal

bottle had weakened his reason; then, as he continued eating in silence, she took up a cheap periodical and began to read. Sometimes when Woof was in a more genial mood, she occasionally read to him any scrap that pleased her fancy. After a little time, being perhaps anxious to drive away some dark thought, Woof asked her what she was reading.

"You shall hear," replied Cecily, and read the following passage aloud:

"Would to God the past could be unfolded once more. That youth with its peaceful enjoyments and innocent dreams could shine upon me yet again. That I could hear the sheep-bell tinkling upon the distant plain, or the melodious chime of the sabbath bell, as I heard it when the bare thought of committing a crime would have filled me with horror. How terrible is now the thought that this bright sun but a few hours ago illuminated the white cliffs of my native land. That yonder wave now breaking in foam upon the beach may have washed those shores. That this gentle wind may have fanned cheeks that I love. Oh, how gladly would I slave upon the mountain, or perish in the dark mine, to regain once more the noble pride I have lost. The pride of calling myself an honest man."

Whatever feelings had passed through her listener's mind as Cecily read the passage, it was certain he had been touched by it, for he repeated softly, "I thought so once—yes, I thought so once indeed."

Cecily looked at him astonished, while Woof, to hide his emotion, went to the window and looked out. In a moment he came back again, and said—

"Cecily, watch that man a moment. As soon as he leaves the court tell me."

The man Woof alluded to was dressed as a countryman, and, as far as the felt hat and smock-frock went, he might have passed for an inhabitant of Ivy Bridge; but his gait and the keen expression of his face satisfied Cecily, now her attention was drawn to him, that his rural garb was assumed.

"He has gone, father," said Cecily, as the man, with apparent carelessness, turned out of the court into the main street.

Woof started up hurriedly. The subdued feelings of a few moments before had now vanished entirely; but he looked pale and agitated.

"What is the matter?" said Cecily, alarmed. "Are you ill?"

"No, no, child, not ill; half mad, perhaps; but, there—there, it is nothing that concerns you." Then musing a moment, he said, "Let me see—this is the last day of the revel. Let Jack take the van to Stanford-le-hope. I will meet you there in two or three days; but mind, not a word about me to anybody. If that countryman or anybody else should meet you, and ask any questions, tell them your name is Woof, and nothing more."

"Why, father, what other name could I tell them?" said the girl, surprised.

"To be sure," said Woof, with a coarse laugh—"what indeed."

CHAPTER IV.

HIGH ART AND LOW FINANCES.

ROLAND persevered with his studies, and Mr. Gaffyr watched him with great interest, allowing him to come to his little gallery as often as he pleased, to take copies of whatever pictures he fancied, and amusing himself at the same time by running comments upon everything Roland did. While Roland was one day endeavouring to make out the subject of a smoky-looking old master, which his patron valued greatly, Mr. Gaffyr came in.

"Ah! master student," said he, "you are thinking that picture wants varnish. Has it ever struck you what an important ingredient varnish is in our modern life?"

Roland confessed he had not seen it in that light; but Mr. Gaffyr, who had, as an organist would say, pulled out another stop, and who had the faculty of finding sermons in pictures as well as in stones, said, "When I lived in London, my windows looked out upon a busy street, where I had great varieties of human character to study from, and I took especial note of some who passed my window at about the same hour each day. There was a pompous old gentleman, with a face like mahogany, a well-to-do individual—an individual worth a plum—an individual who not unfrequently as he walked jingled some gold and silver pleasantly in the pockets of his unmentionables. The consciousness that he was a warm man—a man respected on 'Change—a man on whom grim merchants and heads of mighty firms smiled approvingly—brought a cheerful glow to his ruby visage, which almost made him look bene-

volent; but that smile had no warmth in it. It was only varnish. He was neither just, nor benevolent, nor warm-hearted, nor in short, anything but a consummate hypocrite and a devoted worshipper of mammon. If I had had the task of writing his epitaph, it should simply have been—Varnish.

"At nearly the same time each day came an individual of another type, with a carefully elaborated mustache and a patriarchal beard. You never saw better fitting pantaloons nor a more faultless necktie. His gloves were perfection, his hat glossy as a raven's wing. And in what magnificent saloons of the West-end doth this gentleman spend his days, you ask. I answer, not in any magnificent saloons. He spent his days overlooking a hundred pale-faced, famished, stunted, hopeless, forlorn women, stitching for bare life in a stifling workshop to keep up the resplendence of this Varnish. If you should ever set up your carriage, Roland (and when wandering exiles take possession of mighty thrones, and colliery boys achieve greatness and tombs in Westminster Abbey, and gardeners plan palaces that put Egyptian temples to shame, we don't know what may happen), I repeat, then, if you ever set up a carriage, say to the builder, 'Now, my good man, make it of any colour or shape you please, but pray be particular about the varnish.' But now to painting again. Are you as ambitious as ever to be an artist?"

"Oh yes, indeed, Mr. Gaffyr."

"Well, then, I can give you a chance now. My friend, Professor Malztig, of the Royal Academy, has just come home from the Continent. If he will take you as a pupil, he will show you as much in three months as I can in as many years."

"I should like it amazingly," said Roland, "but——" and the colour mounted to his cheek.

"But what?"

"I fear it will be a great expense."

"So it will. What then?"

"I fear my uncle could not afford such an expensive master."

"You will have the goodness, Roland, to hold your tongue upon the subject, either to your uncle or anybody else, and come to me early to-morrow morning. We will run up to London by the first train."

Accordingly, next morning Mr. Gaffyr and Roland arrived in London at an early hour, and waited for some time in an ante-

room till it should suit the great artist's convenience or caprice to see them.

That Professor Malztig was a capricious man even his warmest admirers could not deny; but, although he had singular and unpopular theories of art himself, he was generally considered one of the best teachers of the day. He attempted great things, taking for his subjects the most striking scenes in such works as the *Tempest*, *Paradise Lost*, Byron's *Manfred* and *Cain*, *Faust*, and other imaginative works. In some instances he succeeded well, but in others it was felt that the subtle power—the dim impalpable idea which could be sufficiently shadowed forth in words to satisfy the comprehension of the reader, frequently escaped altogether in the attempt to transfer it to the canvas. Still they were remarkable works, and Roland was staring at one of them in the ante-room, struck dumb with astonishment and pleasure, when the Professor entered and invited them into another room, and he was startled to behold a man quite the reverse of all the ideas he had conjured up while looking at this work.

The aspect and general appearance of this high-priest of art was such as to overthrow at once many of Roland's high-flown notions of the ideal life of a painter, and his delicacy was shocked when he saw that the eminent professor was decidedly unblushingly dirty; that he smelt strongly of tobacco; that the brown holland blouse which he wore, instead of being the smart, neatly-fitting, dazzlingly clean article of costume which he had been led to believe from pictures of student life, was full of holes, and the material hardly to be recognised for the patches of paint that decorated it; a piece of old rope also in the place of a belt did not add to the elegance of the professor's costume.

And not only the man but the place was dirty, dusty, unbrushed, unscrubbed, disarranged—the very pictures and sketches scattered about, some of them being of rare excellence, and requiring only a little more tone and finish to make them really valuable—were thrown into odd corners, as though the painter had an utter contempt for all that was not stamped with the highest excellence.

Roland—young enthusiast—was almost pained to see that an anti-chivalrous lay figure of a crusader had given the Goddess of Love an ugly blow on her cheek with his sword; while a grim Puritan frowned defiance on a charming fortune-teller; a ruddy Bacchus was handing an

overflowing cup to Luther and Melancthon as they sat translating the Bible; a blind Belisarius held his cap to Quentin Matsys' miser; and a clown was grinning through a horse-collar at the preaching of St. Paul at Athens. This jumble of incongruities was not so displeasing to him as the general want of comfort and order unfortunately too conspicuous everywhere.

His regret, however, at the outward appearance of things was modified by the noble expression of the professor's face. Spite of dirt and untidiness, he saw in the quick flashing eye, the bold contour of the features, the heavy full brows, and the wide expanse of the head in the region which phrenologists have indicated as the seat of the ideal and reflective qualities, that Genius sat enthroned in that teeming brain. He forgot in a moment the unfavourable impression he had formed, and became a hero-worshipper directly.

Mr. Gaffyr was warmly received. He stated his views respecting Roland, and gave the professor some idea of the temperament of his future pupil. While he did so Malztig glanced at Roland occasionally, as if to see if his own impressions agreed with those of his friend. Roland coloured a little under the inspection; but the free, kind manner of the professor soon reassured him.

"In the meantime," said Mr. Gaffyr, "I must run up to the Temple, and see how my nephew gets on," and he ran out, leaving Roland with the professor.

Malztig having resided many years in England, prided himself on being a perfect master of our language; but the comical accent—half French half German—in which he addressed Roland, made it difficult for him to repress a smile.

"Ah, vare good," said he, turning to Roland; "you will be von arteiste den?"

"I hope to become one," answered Roland.

"Vat vill you paint? Vill you paint de leetle boys at school, ven de dame has gone out. Von puts on de old lady's looking-glass—no, dat is not right—de spectacles. Anoder make vare handsome picture of the old lady on de slate, instead of putting down de figures; anoder dip his finger in de ink, and make himself a beautiful mustache; anoder rides a grande chasse vid de dame's valking stick. Ever so many sit upon de floor and play de game wie marbles. Only one poor, pale, leetle shild you shall see sit in

de corner, and try to learn a lesson; but it is vare difficult, and day make so moche noise. Vat is dat one of dem say?—'De Mistress is coming back;' he hold up his finger for dem to be quiet. Vill you paint like dat? De critics say dat is de natural style."

"Oh, no, sir," said Roland, hastily; he had been told such pictures sold well, but felt certain he should never paint in that style; it was so homely, so commonplace.

A faint smile played round the professor's lips. He had been used to this sort of thing, as every young pupil began with a horror of the natural style. They wanted to produce something imaginative, something ideal, something, in fact—not to mince the matter—like nothing in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth. The professor gave a prolonged "Ah!" then continued:—

"Vill you like de marine view. On de left dere is a bit of shalk cliff; in de centre dere is a boat wiz de fisherman belonging; in de foreground some brown sand; in de distance noting at all but ze sea, and ze sky, and ze leetle ship or two. Vill you paint so?"

"No, thank you, sir. I am afraid that style will not suit me either. There is too much sameness and monotony."

Roland again caught the professor's peculiar smile, and felt he was being quizzed, but took it good temperedly.

"Ah, you must be vare hard to please. Vat tink you of forest scenes? de shady lanes, vere ze trees meet at ze top, and dere is noting but green, all but ze leetle piece of blue sky."

Roland thought such subjects were much too confined. He wanted something larger, more comprehensive. All this seemed very sketchy work to take little bits of nature and magnify them into large pictures. The subject, when elaborated, always looked too small for the canvas.

The professor was pleased to hear Roland express his opinion freely, and then asked what branch of art he would like to study, since nothing he had suggested pleased him.

Roland thought it was high art he wished to study. But the professor showed little mercy to those who aimed at high art, and began to get impatient. "Show me vat you have done," said he. Roland opened a small portfolio, but in his haste to hand it to the artist he opened it at the wrong place. Instead of a scene of mythological lore, in which a great

number of nymphs and satyrs disported themselves, and which he intended should astonish the professor (as doubtless it would after a manner), there appeared nothing but a rude sketch of some tumblers he had seen performing during the Revel at Ivy Bridge. He hastily attempted to put this aside and show the grand studies, but the professor put his finger upon it, and after looking at the ideal group with impatience, took out the despised sketch and holding it out from him said—

“Dat is better dan all de rest; you have caught de right position; ven you can valk den you shall run, my dear high art student. If you vil lofe high art you must learn to live wyout de rozbif and de portare. Dere is only bread and vater for de student of high art. But hear vat I say. It is *all* high art if dere is truth and nature in it. I have seen high art no bigger dan my hand. I have seen no art at all in canvas bigger dan dis room.”

The professor then appointed a time for Roland to call upon him again, as he

was engaged upon an important work and could spare no more time just then. Roland begged to be allowed to see the professor paint till Mr. Gaffyr came, to which request no objection was made, and Roland was witness to some strange freaks on the part of his future master. Having had no experience of men like this, he was astonished to hear Malztig quoting in his broken English Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Tennyson, or passages from the Old Testament, as subjects for paintings, with a keen appreciation of their poetical value to him as an artist, but perhaps little else, for the next moment he probably gave vent to a muttered oath when some stroke with which he had intended to produce a great effect had failed; so that, upon the whole, when Mr. Gaffyr came back for him, Roland left the professor with mingled feelings of regret and admiration.

“And now,” said Mr. Gaffyr, “let us drop in to a gallery and see some of the works of our modern artists.”

(To be continued.)

A SONG FOR THE SEA.

HURRAH! hurrah! for the mighty deep;
 Hurrah! for the billowy tide;
 Hurrah! for the waters' boundless sweep,
 And the spray of their foaming pride.
 When the whirlwind's wrath, in the tempest's path,
 Tears the planks of the creaking deck,
 And the hurricane's moan, with a sigh and a groan,
 Hath scattered the shivering wreck;—
 When the blackened clouds, like funeral shrouds,
 With echoes of thunder leap,
 And the briny foam, round the sea-bird's home,
 In snow-crest waves is gathering steep,—
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the mighty deep.

Hurrah! for the mighty and whirling deep;
 Hurrah! for the broad blue tide,—
 For the rending force of the waters' sweep—
 Their leaping and foaming pride.
 In the boyhood of Time, in the golden prime,
 From the cities and ports of old,
 With a full-blown sail and a prosperous gale,
 The galley went laden with gold;
 But the hardy crew, whether many or few,
 'Neath the slimy waters sleep;
 For the deluging waves washed them into their graves,
 Nor gave them a moment to pray or weep.
 Hurrah! for the waves of the soundless deep.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the desolate deep,
Hurrah, for the boundless main,
Where loosened winds in their madness sweep,
And shiver the spar and chain.
In the silence of night, the gleamings of light,
Which flash in the vessel's track,
Are the spirits of those who, below in repose,
With treasures lie gathered in rack:
And o'er those plains lie corpses and fances,
In a bleaching and desolate heap;
Over columns and stones, and o'er whitening bones
The waters softly and silently creep;—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the mighty deep.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the heaving deep;
Hurrah! for the waters wide;
Hurrah! for the waves so rapid and steep,
And the force of the ruthless tide.
Like the meadowy down, or the heather brown,
Without ripple, or current, or wave,
It can calmly lie, like the summery sky,
While in truth 'tis a fathomless grave!
And the heaven stoops down like an orient crown,
While flying-fish playfully leap;
But alas, for its power,—when tempests lower,
Its waters rise like the mountain's steep;
Hurrah! hurrah! for the changing deep.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the wide, wide deep,
For the might of its angry strife;
For fleets below it now silently sleep,
Whose decks were once merry with life.
Now sifting the sands, and now grasping the lands,
In a stifling and deadly embrace,
On its deep rocky floor mingling wealthy and poor,
Nor sparing of either a trace;—
The castles of Tyre and islands of fire,
Are engulfed in the shadowy deep,
And the rocky shore which had crumbled before,
Can only be found where its pinnacles peep;—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the mighty deep.

Hurrah! hurrah! for the ancient deep,
For the briny and deluging sea;
Hurrah! for waves which, in silence, reap
The spoils of the argosy.
The sea had its birth as a girdle for earth,
Unfettered, unfathomed, and strong;
And 'tis ever the glory of legend and story,
And theme of our sorrow and song;
Whether smiling at morn or raving in storm,
It still is the measureless deep;
It mocketh old Time, and for ever will climb
O'er the rock and the precipice steep;—
Then hurrah! for the brave and defiant deep.

THE PEDANT.

PEDANTRY is a fortress within whose walls nullity, inflated mediocrity, and self-sufficient wisdom by turns entrench themselves. One feels at once how much those individuals, who possess nothing to add to the common stock, gain by not mixing in society. The pedant in general perches on the highest peaks of science, upon the most elevated branches of human knowledge; he adopts imposing and high-sounding technical terms, dazzling and deeply-sought phrases; in his study, his *sanctum sanctorum*, he works in the concoction of a pompous vocabulary; he is always bombastic, dry, angular, starched, and affectedly grave; his most trifling sentences are turned with academic pomp, and draped in the Ciceronian period.

His pleasantry—if he should perchance indulge in a stray joke—is heavy; there is, so to speak, lead in his very lightness; if he laughs, it is mincingly and as though he feared to compromise himself by the act. Ordinarily his discourse is overlaid with aphorisms, besprinkled with pedantic sentences; all that he advances can be proved by irrecusable authorities, which he is prepared, if necessary, to quote; but he never by any chance ventures into a free unrestrained state of merriment, which might expose him to the unpleasant consequences of speaking without being able to demonstrate the geometrical exactness of all his assertions.

The pedant abhors those works in which the imaginative predominates; for in his opinion imagination is the source of all our errors, as well as the declared enemy of science, and in her he sees the natural adversary of all his positive and utilitarian labours; among the poets he can only suffer the very early ones, among the prose writers but foreigners; for he dreads having to praise a style which he detests, or individuals who are his contemporaries. He feigns enthusiasm for German, Greek, or Russian authors, for the praises which he bestows on them must appear to us to be based upon the profound knowledge which he possesses of their language and literature. Nothing, in his opinion, is so mean, low, or paltry as to extol a fellow-countryman, simply because everybody can criticise him as well as himself; it is just possible that at a pinch he might encou-

rage or protect a schoolboy, but he would shrink from recognising the merit of an equal, and would die rather than applaud a superior.

The pedant has a magisterial, professor-like air; when he relates an anecdote one would imagine that he was delivering a lecture, so completely does he possess the pedagogic gesture, tone, and air; if he writes it is with purity, sometimes even with elegance, but always coldly correct, and with an utter absence of warmth and feeling; his phrase, his paragraph is as carefully composed, as correctly arranged, but as icy as himself, for *correction* is his tenth muse, which at need would in his eyes replace the whole of the nine put together.

The pedant, that true extinguisher, stifles all merriment and strangles all gaiety of heart, and his appearance in a cheerful circle causes much about the same chilly feelings as a shadow from Styx suddenly rising through the pavement of Regent-street some fine afternoon in the height of the "season" might be supposed to do. At his aspect each finds himself ill at ease, feeling assured that he will have in this rigorous custodian of the rights of Lindley Murray, not the indulgent appreciator of ideas, but the icy and inexorable critic of words; he is, in fact, the advanced sentinel of literary purism who has charged himself with the duty of watching over the interests of syntax and Johnson's Dictionary, always on the look-out for bold expressions or viciously-constructed sentences, and who is continually hunting down what he considers as solecism in language.

The pedant is met with under all physical forms, but he rejoices more frequently in a shock of dingy-looking pepper-and-salt-coloured hair, as ill-combed and rugged as himself; his pretensions are written in his slightest movements; all that he says assumes in his mouth an air of importance, through the heavy sententious manner in which he puts forth the simplest and most commonplace topics in the world; and if he even listens to any one speaking, it is with an air of disdain, of superiority, or of commiseration. He has the air of saying, "Paltry!"

BACON'S ESSAYS:

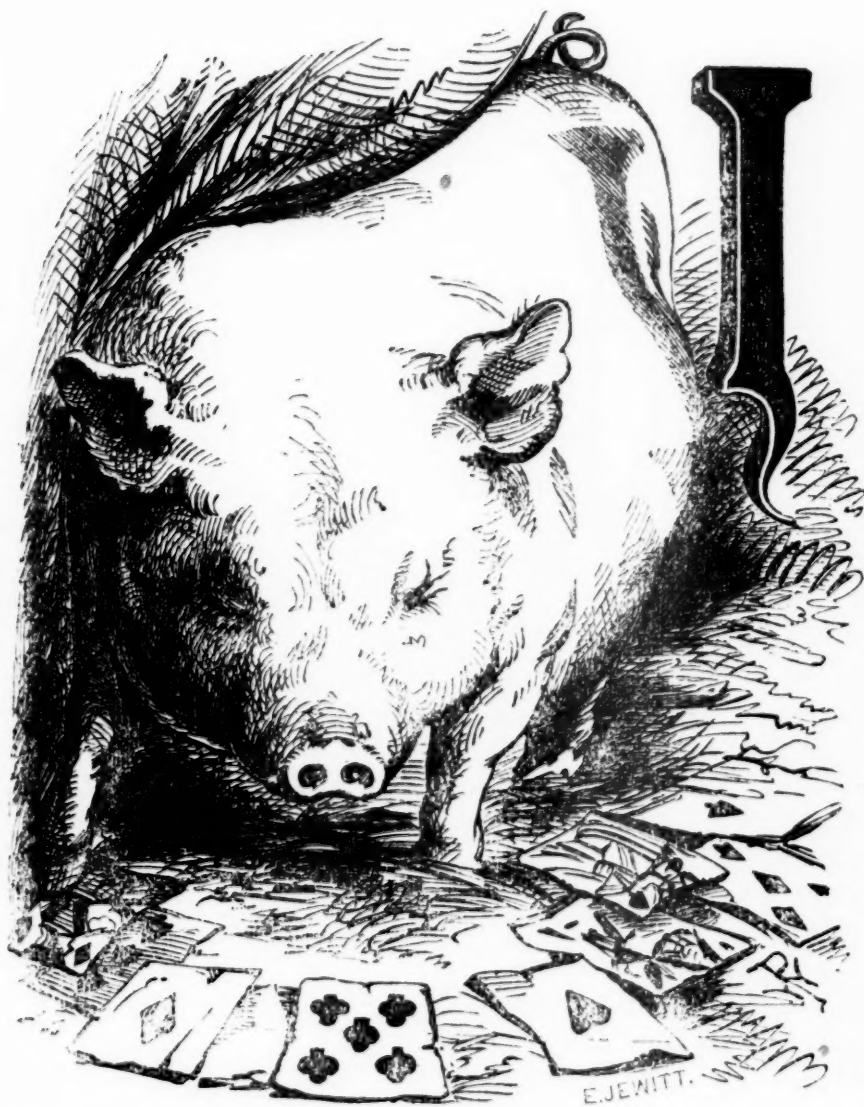
EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LEARNED PIG.

"Knowledge is power."—BACON.

"And hethe my 'piggye' lernit to speike?
I trow he lernit of me!"—HOGG (*slightly altered*).

I.

OUR FAMILY—MY BEAUTIFUL SISTER—A MOTHER'S FOOLISH PARTIALITY—I AM TORN FROM MY HOME, AND GET MY FIRST LESSON IN LIFE THROUGH A HOLE IN A SACK.



I AM a pig—not a dirty pig, or a fat pig; on the contrary, I am thin; fat pigs never ran in our family, though my sister was a beauty if you like, and a credit to the sty; but, for myself, I am among pigs what Romeo's Apothecary was among men—the leanest of my kind; in short, I am a learned pig, and, as usual, my talents are my misfortune. Had I been a stupid pig, I should certainly have had more fat upon my ribs; but then, oh horrid thought! there would have been the knife of the butcher! and—ah, well! I wont complain, only it's hard when your abilities earn the money to hear it jingling in the pockets of another. Yes, I've the reputation of possessing learning—an

advantage which I believe but few of my brother actors can boast. I wont say whether it's merited, few such reputations are,—but that's a secret we needn't make known to the world—it's quite enough I've got mine; and if it's not quite as good a one as yours, O philosophic reader, it's pretty certain to be about as well deserved.

I've got some leisure time—you mayn't believe it, but I have—and I should like to tell you a little about my masters, and

give you my notions of those fools who come to grin at me every night; they'd grin at the other side of their mouths if they knew what a very learned pig I was, and just gave a thought about such things as pen, ink, and paper.

Perhaps you'd like some account of my family; it's not an old one, though my father sometimes boasted his descent from the Boars of Germany, and asserted my mother to be a descendant in a direct line from David's sow, possessing as she

did all that ancient lady's traditional habits.* Of course, I despise ancestry—all learned pigs do; as far as money went, we were always a poor lot, not the ghost of a guinea-pig in the family.

My mother was a genius, so our neighbours said: she ought to have been, for I never saw a dirtier pig, and she kept the sty in a state that made my father long for the pork-butcher. She neglected me; I was a genius too, and so, as we could never agree, she lavished all her favours on my sister,—the beauty I mentioned at the beginning of this letter; she *was* a fat pig! Mother pronounced her the pink of pigs,—but then she was partial. I confess I hated her—she laughed at my leanness, and I felt no more love for her than Cain did for Abel. Besides, she was a favourite with our master; every day he would look at her with an approving glance, play with her ears, or punch her sides;—how I cursed my leanness, and how I rejoiced when the farmer's man removed my sister from the sty. My mother bore her loss better than I expected; she was too great a genius to give way to emotions of the heart,—the head was all she cared for, and she imagined she was cultivating the one when she stifled the feelings of the other. For my father, his stolidity was thoroughly German; he grunted a few adieux as he saw her depart, flapped a tear from his eye, then trotted quietly off to regale himself on a cabbage-stump.

That same day I was startled from my sleep by a band of music, the performers playing the gayest of tunes as they went by; our whole family rushed to the door. Heavens! what did I see!—my sister, mounted in a triumphal-car, her head and tail decorated with bunches of the most lovely ribbons. I could have cried; and the scornful look she cast on me as they passed filled me with indignation. But if it was a proud moment for my sister, it was a prouder one for my mother, who, in place of a mother's love, had plenty of a mother's pride, and loudly did she proclaim her joy and admiration, tossing her nose in the air till the ring, its only ornament, seemed to share in her exultation. I laid myself down on the straw, and execrating my ugliness, gave way to bitter lamentations, till I was aroused by the soft touch of a trotter, and looking up, saw the face of a friend—one of a family of ten who belonged to a neighbouring sty:

* "As drunk as David's sow."—*Old Proverb.*

she—for it was a female—thrust with difficulty her delicate snout through the palings, and in a pig's whisper conveyed to me the following information:—She had been wandering in the village, and had come suddenly upon the car as it started from the alehouse door—or rather, the car had come suddenly upon her, giving her, to use her own expressive phrase, a narrow squeak for her life. "But I was more hurt," said she, "by the behaviour of my old friend and neighbour, who, puffed up by vanity, turned up her snout, and looked another way as I passed." I began to condole with her, which she bore very well; but immediately I touched on my own sorrows, she departed in a huff.

My sufferings that night none but the jealous can know. I was not a greedy pig, far from it; but the favours lavished upon my sister would have filled even the innocent heart of a sucking pig with envy; and I was fast approaching pig's estate,—my grunt was full and pig-like, and I had a good show of bristles on my back. In the morning I was busy at the trough, taking my usual wash, when I became suddenly aware of the presence of my master, who, to my surprise, was praising me to a person by his side; they were words of kindness, and as I turned away tears trickled down my face.

"I'm sure he'll do," said my master; "he's not very fat, but he'll pick up flesh with his P'arning."

"That's not always the case, Tommy," the other man replied; "but p'r'aps pigs is more fort'nate than men; the public is pork mad just now, and, to keep my caravan a-going, if it warn't for my old 'oman, I'd have married the pig-faced lady."

"You're an enthusiast," says my master.

"Am I?" says the other; "well, p'r'aps I am; it's all one to me, if it's a good venture."

"Then it's a bargain—you'll take the pig; he's all right—you can count his ribs if you like."

"I'll take him," was the stranger's reply; "and I'll soon put a little fat on 'em, too, if he's a good pig, and sticks to his letters. I like his voice," he continued, as I uttered a deep groan of surprise at this uncereemonious disposal of my person. "I like his voice; ah! if it was only a man with an organ like that, he'd precious soon take the shine out of many a actor as I knows on."

That day saw me ignominiously thrust in a sack, and borne upon the shoulders of my master to my new and as yet unknown destination. I did not struggle; I disdained to squeak—I was silent. Misfortune had begun to make me a misanthrope. We were passing through the market-place of the village, when, having found a hole in the bag, I applied my eye to the orifice. Horror!—we were passing, the heavens be thanked, passing the pork butcher's,—that Herod, who tore my brothers from their cradle, and who, with his red cap and glittering knife, represented the destiny of our family. But this was not all; upon the marble slab of that terrible *Morgue* (I have been to Paris) were exposed some dozen of my murdered brethren, and among them—I can scarcely hold my pen in my trembling trotter—the body of my sister, the ribbons still forming its decoration. Ah! the truth burst upon me at once—her master's love was a snare; her car of triumph was a hearse; the ribbons that yesterday dazzled the living, to-day decorated the dead; her beauty had been her ruin; her fattening but a preparation for the spit. From that moment I was an altered pig; how I rejoiced in my leanness—the curse I had prayed heaven to remove, had been my safeguard. I settled myself comfortably in the sack, the wiser for the lesson I had learnt, and determined henceforth to look at life as a philosopher.

When I had mustered sufficient courage to take another peep at the world without, I perceived that we were traversing a common, at the end of which were several wooden houses upon wheels, surrounded by what I then imagined to be a vast concourse of people. My master directed his steps towards the principal of these edifices, which was ornamented by several large pictures, peculiar for their broad effects and bold style of handling—(you see I am a bit of an artist), and also, if I could believe the assertions of a gentleman who was busy explaining them to the crowd, for the truthfulness of their delineations.

We mounted a ladder that led to the platform upon which the orator was standing, and—yes, I thought I had recognised the voice—we were welcomed by my future master. He it was—that individual in the white hat, green velve-

teen coat, and patched corduroys, who had bought me that morning—who had undertaken—oh, how I cursed his officious philanthropy!—the task of “forming” me for life.

A squeak of terror had escaped me as we ascended the ladder.

“Ah, Tommy!” and my future proprietor turned for a moment the tail of his velveteen to the crowd, “so you’ve brought Master Trotters; well, shy him down anywheres inside, an’ then we’ll take a drink together arter the next ‘all out.’” So saying, he again wheeled round and recommenced thwacking the pictures with a long, and, to me, very formidable-looking stick.

Ugh! my bones, even now, when I think how my bearer—the destroyer of my sister—the hard-hearted trader in our flesh and blood—complied with his friend's bidding as regards myself, and “shied” me into a corner without even untying the sack; and yet I had grown up under that man's eye; as a sucking-pig, I had loved him, and squeaked a joyful welcome each time his foot approached our sty; but now, when my heart was almost breaking for but one word of comfort, he “shied” me down with an unnecessary roughness, and left me—for ever—with a kick and a curse.

Brethren—biped and quadruped—why so ready to believe in the friendly hand that is always stroking your back? Does it never occur to you that while the fingers are so busy with your bristles, the mind may be calculating your price in the market, and speculating on the promise of your fat.

* * * *

I break off abruptly; the show is filling fast. I must hide my pens and paper, for my master only approves of my exhibiting my gifts of scholarship, as far as it profits himself, and it is now time I should earn my acorns by displaying my learning to the multitude. Never fear but I shall soon find an opportunity to use them again; for pigs have the failings of men, as men have often the failings of pigs; and when once they begin blotting paper, there's no stopping them; it's a rule, and who would expect to find its exception in the person of a learned pig?

II.

"Knowledge is power."—BACON.

My master has gone down to the village in company with the clown—a sombre man, troubled with lowness of spirits—to enjoy an hour at the Cat and Bagpipes. I am alone; there's no one left in the show but Jacko the monkey, and master's eldest son Robert—the former, however, is secure; and the latter, who rejoices in a plurality of arms, is safely housed in a bottle; so, creeping from my straw, I draw from their hiding-place those dangerous weapons—pen, ink, and paper.

What a day we've had! Master says all the world and his wife have been to see us—*me* he meant. Who cares about Mr. Merryman, or that feeble-minded, consumptive giant, who leads a life of fear, under the degrading tyranny of the dwarf—an ugly little wasp, whose venom not even the oil of kindness can kill? Then there's Sneaking Jerry, the wild Indian, who eats raw meat. Who'd come to see him, when there are thousands who'd do the same, and glad to get the chance, I can tell you?—or the monkey, who's as old and ugly as an Irish apple-woman, and no more life in him than Bobby the Briareus in the bottle? But intellect on four legs—that's the sort of thing to go down now-a-days! Well, you're a nice people to come and stare at me—aren't you? I feel much flattered at your patronage—don't I? You're so fond of educating the brutes of your own race—the masses, I think you call them; you're not at all neglectful of intellect when it has only two legs to carry it, oh, no!—but your better pleased to recognize it when it runs on four.

How you can come and look at me—seeing what I am, and thinking of what I was—without being ashamed of yourselves, I don't know. I'm a wonder, am I? Well, now, a word in your ears—they're long enough to hang over your eyes, and blind your vision; I'm no better than other pigs, excepting that I've been taught; but if I had been neglected—left to wallow in the filth and misery of a wretched sty, like some little human pigs I know of—waiting for the knife of the butcher as they do for the rope of the hangman—it's on your plates you'd have seen me, in the shape of bad pork, instead of on the platform of a show; where, while I astonish you by my tricks, I grunt

my abhorrence of the ignorance and conceit which surround me.

"There's nothing living that can't be taught," said master; "that is, if you go the right way about it:" and so he set to work teaching me, and you see the result.

"L'arning," he commenced, the very day of my arrival at the caravan, "l'arning is better than houses or lands, so, piggy, you shall have plenty of the one if I can't give you much of the other. Ignorance"—here he took a cart-whip from a corner, and began to jerk it in the air till every bristle on my back was erect with fright—"ignorance will not prove bliss to you, so the sooner you make up your mind to be wise the better for all parties. Obstinacy won't do with me: them as tries that caper will get more kicks than acorns, I can tell you. If 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' you'll find it a precious deal wus to have no knowledge at all, leastways, in this carawan. There," he continued, pointing to a large ham which dangled from a beam above me, "that chap was a fool, and you see what come of it."

I was half dead; my ears dropped despairingly, while my tail stiffened with terror. He saw the effect of his words, and changed his tone and manner: "First and foremost, take your dinner," and he pushed towards me a bunch of carrots he had that morning brought from the market; "the body first, the mind arterwards; even pigs will be slow to learn with the gamstrie juices a-gnawing at their stomachs."

He replaced his whip in the corner; took a seat on an inverted pail, and watched me at my repast. I had no appetite, but ate with a determination, as I wished to please him. When I had finished, he said:—

"My heart warms towards you, piggy; a quiet manner shows the deep thought. Tommy (my late master) told me you came from a stock of German pigs, and I should ha' knowd it from your manner; I saw from the fust you were not one of them Irish pigs, who, big or little, are ever the same; they're always the loudest in their grunt and the dirtiest in their habits; them's the kind of pigs to hunt for truffles, for let 'em scent only a aeorn, and they'll turn over a mile of muck to

get at it; they're never quiet till you throw 'em something; and, in short, their behaviour is such that no respectable show will have 'em."

Here he paused, and addressed Mr. Merryman, who was sighing at his side:

"I've read somewheres, Charley, that when pigs is born, their mamma allots a teat to each, which he arterwards holds as peculiar property; but when she has more pigs than teats, the unfort'nate ones, if they're too weak to rob, fasten on the tails of the others, and pull and suck till they die of hinanition; them's Irish pigs. Never," turning to me, "never you mix with one of 'em."

There must have been something satisfactory in the glance I turned upon my master, for he responded to it with a smile:

"Now we'll take a lesson, and, as it's your first day, we'll make it a light one; we'll begin by showing you how to spell out names, find out the knaves from the pack, and answer civil questions; such as, if you're asked who's the honestest man in the company, you'll always turn to me; you mayn't be right, but remember mine's the pocket which carries the acorns. This shall be our morning's lesson; you're a docile pig, but, in case of accidents," here he resumed the whip, "we'll hold on to this little reminder."

Let me pass over in silence that dreadful morning. Besides the reminder he held in his hand, there was another hanging from the beam over my head; my very tears, as they trickled into my mouth, flavoured of brine, and I knew by the stern glance of my master's eye that my wisest course was to obey. So obey I did—that morning, and the next, and the next, until in a few months I was pronounced to be "perfect," a credit to the show, and a "progeny of learning."

You are all wrong about pigs—Buffon and the rest of you. Draw our portraits, indeed! sketch our character! I'd like to sketch yours. You know the fable of the man, the lion, and the statue, and how, had the lion been the sculptor, the position of the figures would have been reversed. Well, it's the same with pigs; and if you'll allow me, I'll go through some of the accusations against us. To begin. Perhaps you'll explain what you mean by "stupid brute." Brute, indeed! just turn your attention to the many specimens of the human brute, of whose cruelty and stupidity your police reports are the daily chronicles—try a taste of

the whip there, and see what kind of "show pig" you can make of him, before you begin to abuse us. Then, instead of coming to stare at me as a wonder, why don't you try and educate each litter of two-legged savages who wallow in the gutters of your crowded streets?—try your hand with them. Why, my little brother who died of the measles had quite as much of what you call humanity as they have. Won't learn, won't they?—try, in their case, a little less of the whip and more of the acorns, and you'll soon find a different result; treat them kindly, give them acorns enough, and see how they'll poke out their letters. But you know nothing about pigs.

"The pig is a dirty animal, and delights in filth and mire," says one; "he is obstinate and vicious," screams another; "and for gluttony has no equal," asserts a third—and so on to the end of the catalogue.

Dirty animal—come, I like that; you box us up in filth, as if you'd a vested right in sties, and fattened yourselves on filth as you say we do. Why, if we were men, you couldn't treat us worse—it's your fashion to give a dog an ill name and then hang him on suspicion. Just improve our sties—give us clean straw, better food, purer water, and a good sewerage, and we'll pretty soon show grounds for a libel if you continue to abuse us. "What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" is one of your wise sayings; well, why not make it a grunt of gratitude instead of a grunt of indignation?

As for our delighting in mire—perhaps it's good for pigs, as for certain diseases they use mud baths in Germany; besides, you don't call the elephant a dirty animal; and as for the hippopotamus—that most disreputable member of our family, whose size and dirt were his only recommendations—we all know how you ran after him.

Then for our gluttony—that's a good joke, coming from you. Have you heard of such places as Guildhall and the Mansion House? Oh, no! you haven't such a thing as a Court of Aldermen, have you? As an educated pig who avoids the City, I blush for you.

By Bacchus!—I swear by Bacchus—the Egyptians used to sacrifice my ancestors at his shrine, though they forbad the swineherd from crossing the threshold of their temples, as your modern Christian places a beadle at the church-door to stop the profanity of rags—the stain of shoe-

less wretchedness—from soiling its sacred floor.

By Bacchus, you English are a strange people! Here you are told—and the facts carry out the statement—that you have 1,000,000 children—little pigs, who'll grow tusks in time, if you don't take care—totally uneducated; as savage, and infinitely less cared for than if they came from Timbuctoo, or the distant Tonga Islands. And you take no heed of the preacher, though you're ready enough to walk a mile and pay your shilling to see a learned pig! Ugh! you're fine fellows to style yourselves lords of the creation, you are!

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." There's another of your pieces of wisdom: but it's just possible you may make something as useful as a silk purse, and a little more so, if you tried. The fact is, you can make of us what you please; whether we've four legs or two, teaching is what we want: with it, you can make a pig act like a Christian; without it, the Christian will behave marvellously like a pig. Habit's everything, so Tom Brown says, and he ought to know; for he began by tickling his palate with a clasp knife, and now swallows with ease a Highlander's broadsword. Only don't over-educate at first; to define between *meum* and *tuum* is quite enough: a child can't digest every-

thing, like our ostrich, who devours all that comes in his way—from a tenpenny nail to a crowbar.

I've heard our clown say—who was, as I mentioned before, of a melancholy turn of mind, and played on the flute in his leisure hours—and though "he could change five-and-twenty coats in as many seconds, turn himself inside out, tie his legs into knots, and puff out his breast like a pigeon"—he'd have sacrificed all these accomplishments to have been able to read or write—"but if I could have done 'em *all*," he would add, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "who knows what I might not have arrived at!" Who, indeed? With such Protean qualities, ambition might have made him a prime minister.

Master has just come home, and is reading the paper to the clown, who, having an eye for colour, is turning his youngest boy into a spotted child, for tomorrow's exhibition. He says there's another parliamentary grant for the purposes of education; another meaty bone for Churchmen and Dissenters to squabble over: but its little of the flesh that Ignorance will get, I'm thinking, as she stands neglected in the shadow, watching the combatants with her hungry eyes.

I'm ashamed of you; I am, indeed, upon the honour of a learned pig.

III.

I AM TURNED OUT UPON THE PLATFORM, AND MORALIZE UPON THE "FUN OF THE FAIR"—MY MASTER'S ORATION—A FEW REFLECTIONS UPON CURIOSITY AND THE MONSTER OF THE NILE.



"HIS won't do," said my master, as with a rueful look he eyed the morning's receipts before transferring them to his pocket,—“audience fit, though few,” is a werry good adage, but it's one as won't pay in a show. Can't tell wot's come over the people; cooriosity seems at a stand-still; wants a stimulant, p'raps. Well, s'pose, piggy, as you takes a trot on the platform,”—and raising the curtain which had hitherto shut us from the world without, he bestowed upon me a kick of sufficient force to shoot me into the midst of my fellow-performers, who, clad in every variety of costume, were endeavouring by voice and gesture to attract the favourable notice of a noisy multitude who crowded the fair below.

The kick was a hard one, but so is my hide; and quickly recovering my self-possession, I

gazed around—down, I mean—upon that screaming and squabbling mass by whom my appearance upon the scene was welcomed with shouts of frantic delight.

March of intelligence! Oh, you've much to boast of, haven't you? You're in a nice state of advancement, you are! Your blue-books are so correct; your Parliamentary returns are such nice reading that they can't be wrong, oh, no;—the Golden Age is coming—the happy time when Mr. William Sykes will lay down the crowbar for the shepherd's crook, and young St. Giles pick daisies instead of pockets, study the Latin grammar, and renounce shop-tills for ever: you loosen your purse-string so readily; your educational grants are so large that "the improvement of the masses" is a settled question,—Lord John has said it, St. Stephen's believes it, and nothing is heard but ministerial self-congratulation. Ugh! come up the ladder, do; come and stand by my side for half an hour, and if you don't alter your views upon the subject I throw up my reputation for learning, and resign myself to sage and onion and apple sauce. You won't come?—of course not; you're just like that fool of an Ostrich in the next show,—you run your head in a bush, and because you're blind yourself, fancy everybody else in the same predicament.

Well, this scene of drunkenness, riot, and confusion is one of your English holidays,—these noisy maniacs are a portion of your glorious English people! I see 'em often enough; and it's not a pleasant task, I can tell you, to study human nature from the platform of a show. What's to be done? Build more churches!—that's one of your cries: more prisons!—that's another. It's in their natures—they never can behave themselves, never; and that's the worst cry of all. Why, the fact is, you know no more about the matter than Black Jack, our cymbal player, who is as stupid as an owl, and can't count five on his fingers. You're too proud to learn from a pig; well, then take a lesson from a dog,—the one you've got chained up in your back yard; he was a well-disposed dog once, but confinement has made him dull and savage. You don't see the application, don't you? Perhaps you'll unfasten his collar, and let him loose for an hour,—only take care of your legs, that's all.

Civilize the people!—you're the men to do it. I believe it's your notion that the road to heaven lies through the gaol,

—that the "thorny path" means one of handcuffs and fetters. You belong to those who water the tree of knowledge with tears, to make it yield its fruit; to those who present Bibles as rewards of merit to all who can show a well-thumbed copy of the *Newgate Calendar*! But you're generous, very! What do you think of those benefactors, who having built a palace for the people, and consecrated it as the Temple of Education, keep its doors hermetically sealed upon the worker's only day, and set Bigotry, that sleepless dragon, to guard the Hesperian fruit? Upon my word, I must apologize to my friend the Ostrich,—there's no comparison between you.

Whew, what a crowd!—how it comes rushing by, like some river that bears the foulness of a city towards the sea; checked for an instant in its course, it surges and bellows, sways to and fro, forms a maelstrom of rags and filth; then, dashing over every obstacle, sweeps madly on. Men struggling and fighting, singing and cursing, shouting and ribald jests, or muttering maudlin talk, are carried away by the tide. Wild laughter, heralding still wilder fun; women, with torn apparel and loosened hair, hanging in tangled masses over the face and shoulders, throw themselves into the torrent, and tear and scream their way along. Children are borne high above the heads of the mob, or are lost among their restless feet; infants clap their hands with joy at the blazing lights, or scream with fright at the discordant noise, till they are shaken into silence, or are stifled beneath the heavy shawls of the harpies who claim them. What a scene! cat-calls, rattles, songs and shrieks, boisterous mirth and brute-like gambols. Brute! oh, no,—I am not going to insult any respectable animal by the comparison. It's a Walpurgis night, which only fiends can parallel.

Civilize them? Well, as a friend, I recommend you to set about it at once. I've read somewhere of a hermit who took a fancy to rats, and used to feed them every morning that he might amuse himself by their gambols. But one day the meal was not forthcoming, so they finished up the hermit,—leaving nothing for his disciples but a few relics in the shape of a rosary, some bones, and a threadbare cassock. The story is not without its moral, if you've brains enough to comprehend it.

Here my reflections were disturbed by

my master, who, coming to the front of the platform, after a few preliminary flourishes of the trumpet, addressed the crowd:—"Now then, gen'l'men and ladies—ladies and gen'l'men, here you are, here you are; come for'erd, if you please. This is the R'yal booth, under the immediate purtection of Her Majesty, and patronized by the whole of the haristocracy! this"—here he directed attention to me by tapping me smartly over the head with the trumpet—"this is the celebrated larned pig, as can diwine the past and purdict the future; a animal of more than human intelligence, as can do anythink with the cards, and pick up money like a Christian. I have brought him up from his hinfancy, and love him as a son;"—as a proof of the paternal feelings, I receive another tap with the trumpet, and a kick from his heavy boot, under cover of the clown, reminders intended to sharpen my wits and refresh my memory;—"he can tell you your future husband or wife, the number of your family, and also the winning horse for the next race. Now then, hembrace the opportunity; come for'erd, ladies and gen'l'men, come for'erd." Here he blows long and loudly upon the trumpet, to drown the words of an opposition orator, who had commenced his harangue from the platform of a rival show. The gentleman in question replied to this interruption on the part of my master by a volley of abuse, and if "invective is the ornament of debate," proved himself a very great orator indeed.

"Come for'erd, come for'erd!"—and come for'erd they did, the noise of the trumpet, and the thousand-and-one fictions of my master, having the desired effect. Two or three of the boldest first mounted the ladder, half a dozen more quickly followed; then, the example once set, the crowd, like a flock of sheep, followed their leaders, and the show was filled.

It was a sight to see old Mrs. Jobbins—master's mother, and money-taker to the establishment, who was bent almost double from carrying her offspring upon her back, when, at an early period of her married life, she had wandered half over England, and in her character of perambulating fortune-teller, had been looked up to as an oracle by an enlightened community—it was a sight, I say, to see how that hard, ill-favoured face lighted up as though her very soul danced to the music of the descending coin; and de-

scend they did, till the treasury—a dirty deal box, with a hard gash in the top like the mouth of a hungry miser—was filled to overflowing, to the joy of everybody but the clown, who stood at the other side of the door like a statue of Famine grotesquely painted, making grim jokes, and laughing in a spectral fashion, that made the people start as they passed him: and well they might, for Charley's mirth was never of the enlivening sort—it was a mask that hid the features of despair. Poor fellow! he was a melancholy, spirit-broken man, with an incurable chest disease, and got his living by grinning for the multitude.

Curiosity:—well, I like that. You lament the sin of Eve, and turn up your noses at Blue Beard's wife, as if you wouldn't have been among the first to have peeped into the closet! It's complimentary to your boasted intelligence—which as a pig who has earned his laurels I despise—that while wonders pass your doors, and miracles are acted daily before your eyes, you are blind and deaf; but just shut up anything between four walls, make noise enough outside, and all the world and his wife will besiege the doors in an agony of expectation. *You* wouldn't do it—oh, no! Why, hang a curtain over a public-house sign, and you, who never did more than glance at a painting in your life, would give your ears to get a peep at the daub beneath. Sceptics!—pooh, pooh! you'll swallow anything; you deny with the mouth what you believe in your hearts. Put a stamp on a quack medicine, and it sells. But why? Listen to Jones, as he relates it to Robinson, who in his turn throws it to the dogs; and yet the scamps go smiling away, each with a bottle in his pocket. That's right—stick your heads in the bush; though I still hold the comparison to be in favour of my friend the Ostrich.

Master had a crocodile once. It was about two feet long, with a back like a nutmeg-grater, and a mouth like a pair of scissors. It was kept in a tub, where it pined away and died, after having its back broken with a mop-handle by the modern Samson, an ill-tempered fellow, with a bald head and weak legs, whose conduct disgraced the show. Now that crocodile was a fortune to master; and I'll tell you how. Master knew human nature, and sunk the reality in the romance. First thing he did was to hang out a painting of this monster of the Nile,—it could scarcely be called a portrait;

for the reptile in the picture had the best of it in length at least by several yards, and was moreover embellished by a bunch of brown legs projecting from his jaws, supposed to belong to a party of natives who were making an exploring expedition into the interior. Well, this filled the show,—and when the last penny was deposited at the door, master would seize the mop-stick, suddenly uncover the tub, and commence, “’Ere is that werry sanguinary and feerocious hanimal the Monster of the Nile, as was the terror of the towns and the depopilator o’ the willages; as was hatched by the sun out of the mud, and was a ferocious cannibal from his cradle. Ah! would yer” here the scaly unfortunate, looking languidly up, was saluted by a shower of blows from the mop-stick, while the crowd retreated in alarm. “His voracity is untameable; he eats twelve pounds o’ beef a day, and ’as chickens for his breakfast—he sheds tears as nat’ral as a voman, an’ they’re jist as much to be depended on; for iv you’re weak enuff to go near him, he leaves off bewailing at vunce, an’ dewours yer in a moment.” “But isn’t he very small?” remarks a timid voice from the crowd. “Small! Well, that is a good ’un. So ’ud you be if you were cooped up in a tub all day, an’ couldn’t stretch out either left or right. But I’ll

turn him out, if you like;” a motion which is at once decidedly negatived by the crowd. “And as for his feerocity, it was but the other day he frightened my old ’ooman into fits, and nearly dewoured that baby,” pointing to a lubberly boy who was eating bread and cheese in a corner. “Small!” and he replaces the cover in a huff. “Ladies and gen’l’men, the exhibition is concluded, an’ pr’aps you’ll recommend to yer friends outside.” And they do—yes, they do, one and all; even the sceptic, who feels the inferior position he occupies, recommends it as well, and proclaims the loudest of any the astounding capabilities and incredible size of the monster of the Nile. And this is your march of intelligence—human nature—ugh!

“All in!” says my master, looking out from behind the curtain. “All in! you come along fust, piggy, and show the company what you can do. You’ll begin by spelling their names, which, as it’s more than many on ’em can do for themselves, will show wot a werry larned pig you are.”

I think you’ve got a proverb about “throwing pearls before swine,”—now, do you hear your fellow-creatures laughing behind that curtain?—oh, you do, do you,—then repeat that proverb to *me* again if you dare.

IV.

THE DEATH OF OUR CLOWN.

OUR clown died yesterday.

“He’s broke a wessel,” said my master, as, with the assistance of the giant, he brought in the poor wretch from the noisy merriment of the fair outside, and laid him down to die in a corner of the show—“He’s broke a wessel, and all a’cos of his anxiety to make the people come for’erd. Hold up, Charley! I’ve sent for old Bolus, as is doing a good stroke of business opposite, and he’ll put you all right in notime. Cheer up! things is never so bad but they’ll mend;” and, stooping over the prostrate clown, he wiped the blood and paint from his writhing lips.

The doctor entered as my master rose. He had been summoned from a neighbouring booth, where he had been dispensing the elixir of life to a credulous crowd;

but no such elixir could serve poor Charley in his present need—he had laughed his last laugh, and made his final tumble. The doctor, whose time was too valuable to be wasted, stepped briskly to the side of the mattress, bent over its occupant, lifted the hand, and sought the pulse. He might have spared himself the trouble; the hand chilled the warm blood in his own; and as he relaxed his hold, it fell heavy as lead—as clay, and lay motionless upon the faded embroidery with which the wretched pallet was covered.

“He’s dead, quite dead,” said the doctor; “broke a blood-vessel—choked—hæmorrhage—and all that kind of thing. Good morning to you, good morning!” and snatching up his three-cornered hat, he replaced it upon his full-bottomed wig

(a platform costume), and hurried out to pass off his elixir of life with a better face than ever.

"Poor Charley!" said my master; "he'll be a rare loss to the show, for a better tumbler never went the cirket. There, don't you take on, Legs," addressing the giant, "for that's a caper as won't pay none of us; for, as Charley would always paint his mouth wider, and rub on more chalk when he'd got the doldrums, so we must go through the performance, and bottle up our grief for the night. Death is at everybody's door, but fairs isn't; an' though you can't miss the one, you can the t'other—wus luck to the showman."

Here my master, whose grief at the loss of a friend seemed strangely mingled with vexation at his dying so early, glanced reproachfully at the painted clay in the corner, and continued:

"Yer might as well 'ave held on till night, Charley; it 'ud 'ave been better for me, and no wus for you—but you was always a poor misfortnit, and so there's an end of the matter."

As he turned to quit the show his eye fell upon me, as, lying snugly among some straw, I was watching the scene with no small interest.

"Well, I never! So *you* must take your ease, too, Master Trotters; but I'll tell you wot—your bacon don't get rusty in my show. Times is come to some-think when the benefits o' larning is thrown away upon a lazy beast like you."

I waited to hear no more, knowing by experience how quickly my master's actions followed upon his words. Rising hastily, I darted past him, and appeared upon the platform just in time to avoid the contact of a heavy-shod foot, which the astonished mob saw suddenly protruded from the screen of canvas.

The "fun of the fair" struck me as in strange contrast to the scene I had left. Here, all life, din, and reckless jollity, the "fun" at its height—there, but within a few feet of the noisy crowd, the poor mountebank, their toy, lay stretched a corpse; the bowl was broken, and the spirit fled—his work, too, was over, and his holiday had come.

Never, they all said, had Charley been more himself than upon that morning. His jokes fell quick among the audience—short, sharp, and dismal, like the rapping of an undertaker's hammer; his horse-laugh rattled strangely in his throat, like new ropes beneath a descending coffin;

and his cry of welcome sounded prophetic as the scream of a banshee.

"Hot codlins!" roared the crowd, for the third time; Hot codlins! hangcore!"—a nod from the master, and Charley complied. It was his death-song, and he fell back into the arms of the giant, the blood flowing from his lips. The mob applauded vociferously as he was carried in—it was Charley's best trick. It was, and his last. Their merriment had accompanied him to his grave. He had died as the curtain descended that shut them out, and the presence of death filled the show—mocking the trappings of the clown, and showing still more ghastly through his mask of gaudy paint.

When I appeared on the platform, the performance was going on as busily as before, but it was labour thrown away; a hundred impatient voices demanded the return of the clown; while those who returned from the amusements inside expressed loudly their discontent. "Charley! Charley! where's Old Mouldy, the clown? Old Mouldy!"—and they clamoured for their victim as did the old Romans for their "pet of the arena," or the Philistines for blinded Samson, whose misery was their mirth.

It's my opinion as a pig, who knows all about you, that where your pleasures are concerned you are not a whit more advanced than those barbarians whose amusements you shudder at, and whose ignorance you deride. An obstinate pig, am I? Well, I'll back Saville House against any school of gladiators; and will uphold, for cruelty and stupidity, your gibbet, with its dangling rope, against a whole row of Roman crosses, with their myriad victims. But—here reflection is put an end to by a yell from the delighted crowd—"Old Mouldy! Old Mouldy!—ha! ha! ha!" Our "company" suspend their antics, and gaze with astonishment, while Legs, the giant, turns pale with fright, and shelters himself behind the impassible dwarf. "Ha! ha! ha!"—and each tumble brings down a roar of applause; while beneath the chalk I recognise the features of my master. A man of expedients, he had heard the call, stripped the clown of the dress that should have been his shroud, and made his first tumble before the public. He speaks, and the cheat is discovered—"It is not Old Mouldy." No matter, he tumbles well; hurrah! let Old Mouldy be forgotten.

Disgusting! Of course! naturally it

would be so to you; your own memory is such a long one; you have never forgotten an old friend, nor suffered the gloom of his absence to be dissipated by another face. You have never done homage yesterday, and dragged your idol through the mire to-day. Oh, no! but then what can we expect from people in a fair? Why, not much. Though St. Bartholomew's in some things might have claimed relationship with St. Stephen's,—where he who tumbles best to please the crowd will hold his place the longest,—where the grin and the joke are hereditary, and the political horse-collar is handed down from sire to son, that each in turn may grimace through it; the only difference is, that, like the ancestor of my friend Bruin, that growling philosopher, who inhabits a caravan hard by, they only dance to the "genteelst of tunes," and would disdain to foot it to the same vulgar measure that sets the player's rags in motion, and wins the applause of sweet-breathed fustian.

"It's the character of the show as I looks at," says master; "an' to keep that up, I'd lie through thick and thin. Why, if it had been a marmaid as was called for, I'm blest if I wouldn't have shipped fins and tails just as quick as I stepped into the togs of Charley." Nature had evidently intended my master for a great man; but Fortune, instead of making him an ambassador, had set him to blow his own trumpet on the platform of a show. Extremes meet; and there was a closer alliance between them than was dreamt of by either.

The fair was over, and master, summoning the company, produced a handful of pipes, and a bottle of spirits, and then set about discussing the profits of the day, and bemoaning at intervals the fate of Charley.

In one corner of the room, a white sheet was stretched upon the ground, beneath which the outlines of a wasted form was plainly visible. They had turned down one end, and the face was exposed to view. The paint was still upon the face, and the stony glare of the eyes seemed mocked by the painted grin upon the lips,—the plastered white which clung to the sunken cheek. It was the story of the man's life,—misery mocked by the mask of mirth. The lie had not yet left him; it was chalked upon his face; spoke out from the ghastly vermilion, which fell like a sudden gash across the rigid and for ever silent mouth.

It was the story of the man's life: it is the story perhaps of yours;—who knows? There are other bodies I have seen, that, in the gasp of death, have preached as sad a lesson as this of the poor dead clown.

Two boys were standing near the bier—a glance told you they were his sons; one, a tall, awkward lad, with a large head and reedy legs—known as Cochin China Tom by his familiars—was crying bitterly; the other, a thin child with a hungry eye, was grasping his brother's hand, and trembling with fear of that which but a few hours before, of all the world, he had the most loved, while the tears trickled slowly down his spotted face—for he had figured as one of the world's many wonders in the day's exhibition.

"I found this 'ere round his neck," observed my master, producing a small locket attached to a narrow black ribbon. The locket was a paltry, tarnished affair, to be valued by all but the clown at a few pence; but to him it had once been the dearest of his few earthly treasures. "It's Betty Carter's hair—Charley never looked up arter she died. He al'ays had a sentimental turn, but I'm blest if I thought he was as far gone as this"—and he dandled the locket somewhat contemptuously from his fingers.

Betty Carter had been Charley's wife. She was the daughter of an itinerant soothsayer, who, possessing the gift to "unriddle the stars," had kept poverty away by prophesying good fortune to others. She had been an ill-favoured, harsh-featured woman, forbidding in her manners, and disliked by the world—who judge so well of each other; yet her memory had been cherished in the heart, and the little locket of hair had rested on the bosom of the clown.

"I shall bury Charley to-morrow," was master's abrupt remark, after some minute's reflective silence: "you may all follow him if you like, Trotters an' all"—looking at me. "It's all werry well to say a pig's not a Christian, but while Charley lived it was the Christians as treated him like a pig; so you shall go, Trotters;" and he concluded his address by giving me a playful fillip over the ear with the locket which still swung in his hand.

"Here, Dots, catch; as you're the most like your mother, you can hold on to this till we box it up to-morrow. It wouldn't be fair to rob the dead, an' the article

ain't worth tuppence;" and Dots, the spotted prodigy, caught the locket as it flew towards him, and crammed it hastily into his pocket, and then fell to weeping with redoubled vigour.

So it was settled that on the morrow we should bury the clown.

How the sunshine came pouring down that day! It rested lovingly on the coarse deal coffin, sought out the open grave, and caressed the kindly earth that was waiting to take the poor stroller to her bosom. The news that we were coming had preceded us, and the road was thronged with spectators. Children danced about, playing like motes in the sunbeams, startling the echoes of the old church with their merry laughter, rolling clods into the grave, then turning pale with fright as the descending mass struck heavily the bottom. Boys chased each other round the tombstones, and played hide-and-seek among the graves. Old men chatted with the sexton, removing their pipes from their gums to talk carelessly of the uncertainty of life, and the suddenness of Charley's death, as though they themselves were not standing breast high in their graves, and had no to-morrow to dread.

Old crones criticised the poverty of the funeral, and the undertaker (for my master had been generous, considering his means) looked at Legs and myself, and cursed loudly its want of uniformity. The clergyman, too, objected to my presence, and insisted upon the sexton leading me away behind an adjacent tomb; he was a fat, vinous-looking man, in soiled black and dirty bands, with a pimply face and projecting paunch, who had probably imbibed the erroneous notion of our (the pig's) uncleanness and gluttony. Indeed, this gentleman was so very fastidious, that

the presence of "Old Mouldy" himself seemed to him a profanation of the holy ground, and it was only upon his clerk asserting that a clown could not properly be considered as a play-actor, that he consented to officiate on the occasion.

They buried Old Mouldy in an obscure corner of the churchyard, among nettles and unwholesome weeds—a spot befitting one of his degraded calling; though here and there, unchoked by the poisonous vegetation around, ever struggling upwards to the light, peeped out some healthy flower. The grave neighboured a pair of old gates, above which swung a flickering lamp of oil; and for years afterwards, as many a caravan passed the graveyard of a night, the strollers would halt, and look fearfully around, for in the rattling of the rusty chain, and hoarse creaking of the lamp, they conjured up the laughter of the clown.

For myself—being only a pig, from whom no Christian-like lamentations could be expected—I was, upon my return to the show, quietly boxed up in a corner, where I spent an unpleasant night, being compelled to listen to the maudlin talk and drunken eloquence of those strange mourners who had followed to the grave the stroller Charley.

High or low, it's all the same; your love is for a day, your grief for an hour. Like children, you play with your toys, then weep over their shattered limbs. There is nothing so great and good, nothing so low and bad, but shares the fate reserved for all, and finds, whether speedy or slow, a certain grave "in the shortness of your memories."

But I am indifferent about you all; everything only increases my disgust; and not another grunt shall you get from
TOBY, the learned Pig.





A FAMILY DINNER.

THE FLYNTSKINS:

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

"REMOVE the cover, Saunders."

The command of the stately Mrs. Flyntskin was obeyed, and two small fish were exposed to view. They were not sprats, such a vulgar fish would not have been permitted on the Flyntskins' table; but they were evidently an aristocratic branch of the same family.

"Stay!" and Mrs. Flyntskin turned her hard eyes—they were blue as steel, and as cold—upon a small boy who was gazing at the fish with an aspect absolutely wolfish.

"Plantagenet Flyntskin! say grace."

The boy mumbled something, of which the words "most truly thankful" alone met the ear. It would indeed have been a miracle that made poor little Plantagenet thankful for what he was about to receive.

"Soup or fish, Mr. Flyntskin?"

Mr. Flyntskin was a thin bald man—bald in all but one strong grey tuft that rose erect on the very summit of his head, giving him the aspect of an attenuated cockatoo. He smiled faintly, and gazed at the "sign of the fishes," with a longing eye.

"Your daughter takes fish!" said the lady, sharply.

"Then I'll trouble you for some soup."

It was a trouble for Mrs. Flyntskin to help anybody to anything. "The labour we delight in physics pain;" but as Mrs. F. had no delight in giving away even a spoonful of soup—her pain was excessive. She ladled out a liquid, which, but for a piece of meat about the size of a square inch, that made the most of itself by swimming about in Mr. Flyntskin's plate, might have passed for water that had been warmed in some uncleanly vessel; yet the meat was perceptible to the eye, so it was soup.

"Saunders, soup to your master!" She said this with the air of a Sangrado. Indeed, the dose that worthy doctor would have administered would have been very nearly the same.

"May I have fish, mamma?" pleaded the hungry Plantagenet.

"Wait for the meat: you'll only choke yourself with the bones."

Had the unfortunate youth bolted the fish one after the other, such an accident would have been scarcely possible; but

the mother had taken one of them to herself, and the daughter had appropriated the other, so there was literally no "help" for him; and with glistening eyes he waited for the meat.

"Victoria!"

"Mamma?"

Miss Flyntskin had the good fortune to be born upon the same day as our revered sovereign, to whom she was supposed by her friends to bear a strong resemblance. Her enemies preferred the unclothed Ostend rabbit as a simile; but where the circle of acquaintance is large, there will always be a difference of opinion.

"Has his lordship called to-day?"

"Could he stay away?" replied Victoria, with a simper. "He comes in every morning while I am practising my music with Miss Earnshaw."—Miss Earnshaw was Miss Flyntskin's governess.

The mother looked at her daughter, then "raised her stately head," for her heart beat "high with pride," and said, "What have you been practising?"

"The Battle of Prague."

"Ah! it's no doubt a favourite with his lordship: some of his family may have had a share in it; he had two brothers in the Peninsula."

"He always laughs whenever I am going to play anything else, and insists that I shall give him that 'sweet thing' over again."

"Ah!" Mrs. Flyntskin had a habit of sighing—a sigh did duty with her for a smile: "Ah! his lordship must be very fond of you."

Mrs. Flyntskin was right; that love must be extreme that could last out three weeks of the battle of Prague, played each day, and three times at a sitting.

"You overtask yourself; I'm sure his lordship is too exacting!"

"Oh, dear no! he takes care of that; for he insists upon Miss Earnshaw playing Auld Robin Gray, Kathleen Mavourneen, and a lot of other stupid things, while I am resting; but he always laughs when she is done, and says he didn't like them at all."

"Very rude of his lordship," said Flyntskin, looking up.

"Mr. Flyntskin! Miss Earnshaw is a governess, and such persons' feelings are not to be considered in this house."

"Very good. I only spoke."

"Take away your master's plate, Saunders."

The plate was removed, but the daugh-

ter, not having finished her fish, Mr. Flyntskin was left to amuse himself with a drop of soup that had fallen on the cloth; the amusement did not last long, there was no grease, so the drop at first spread, then quickly disappeared.

"His lordship costs us a great deal of money," ventured poor Flyntskin, looking up.

"How, Mr. Flyntskin?"

"Why, these balls and parties, these expensive fêtes,—one almost every night: true, we screw for it in the day."

"Do what?"

"Screw," again came from Flyntskin, but this time in a scarcely audible voice.

Mrs. Flyntskin lifted her brows till her false front—it did not fit very well—nearly tumbled back from her forehead; the avalanche was descending, and the unhappy man felt that his breath had brought it down.

"Saunders!"—"Mum?"

"Leave the room."

Saunders retired; and Mrs. Flyntskin turned upon her lord and master—

"You're a brute, Mr. Flyntskin."

"My dear!"

"A vulgar, unlettered brute; but what can one expect from such a family?"

"You expected a goodish bit, when you married into it."

"I did. I certainly did; and have repented the bargain. I brought you birth, Mr. Flyntskin—birth!"

Mrs. Flyntskin was the eighth daughter of a poor Scotch baronet.

"I introduced you into society; my family condescended to visit your house, to eat at your table." She might also have added, to "borrow your money," a proceeding she had herself stopped—an all-absorbing love of the "siller" being shared by the whole of the family.

"Well, they wouldn't have much to eat at it now," said Flyntskin, with a sickly endeavour to be facetious, and thus turn the conversation.

"MR. FLYNTSKIN!"

"Gracious, my dear! how you startle one!"

"Do you wish your children to leave the table?"

Had that been the papa's wish, it would certainly have coincided with Master Plantagenet's; there was a chance of his picking up a few crumbs—very few—that might fall from the kitchen table.

"What have I not done for you? What am I not doing for you? I meet Lord Ringstead at my father's house"—the

Scotch baronet rented the upper part of one in the very outskirts of a semi-fashionable quarter—"and invite his lordship here, seeing, as everybody but her father must see, how much he was struck with our daughter."

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure; his lordship is a rich man—that is, he will be a very rich man when his father dies—but it's the expense I look at; we are not the nobility, you know."

"*You* are not—but don't insult *my* family by such observations."

The daughter tossed her head; for she, too, clung to the Scotch baronet. As for Plantagenet, he took neither side, but leaned back in his chair, weak from inanition.

"We must keep up appearances; and if we do make certain reductions in the daily wants the better to present our daughter to the fashionable world at night, a father should not be the first to grumble."

"I don't exactly grumble, but it really seems to me that his lordship—"

"Silence!" Here Mrs. Flyntskin touched the hand-bell by her side, and Saunders entered. She then uttered a word, it was but a monosyllable, but its effect upon Master Plantagenet was that of an electric shock.

"Meat!"

It might have been meat that appeared, when the handsomely chased dish-cover was removed; for some sheep, we know, are excessively small; but the cause of death must have been starvation, so little "meat" now clung to the bones.

The dish was helped round; Plantagenet was fortunate enough to obtain a bone, which he immediately reduced to powder.

"Sherry!"

A small decanter stood by Mr. Flyntskin's hand: he filled his daughter's glass, and then partially filled his own; Saunders did the same to Mrs. Flyntskin's—not that they enjoyed the fluid, but it was not respectable to dine without taking "sherry," so they took it accordingly.

The "sherry" was the only thing upon the table that Plantagenet did not watch with a longing eye; he had been presented with some once upon his birthday, and being an ill-bred boy, returned it immediately into his plate; but so strong is habit, that the other three occupants of the table swallowed it without even a grimace.

"Saunders, remove!"

It was not an arduous task to remove such a banquet, and the operation was performed with celerity.

A dessert followed—some figs and "dates of the de(s)sert," as Plantagenet was informed; certainly they were quite dusty and gritty enough to indicate their birthplace.

"Plantagenet, grace!"

Human nature could bear a great deal, but this was too much; the poor boy began, but the Amen "stuck in his throat,"—it was the only thing that had an opportunity of sticking there during the meal, and so Plantagenet made the most of it.

"Leave the table, sir! you bad boy! I'm shocked at you."

It is quite true, she was. Mrs. Flyntskin had her faults, but her great virtue was, a rigid adherence to all religious observances.

Plantagenet hastened from the room, just in time to stumble upon a bone which the dog had purloined from the kitchen, and was now hotly disputing with the cat, when Master Flyntskin came upon the scene, and quieted the quarrel in true lawyer fashion, by appropriating to his own use the bone of contention.

"What have you got there, you nasty little boy?"

Plantagenet looked up into a pretty face, that was looking down upon him.

"Oh! it's you, Miss Earnshaw. I'm so hungry! Ah! you didn't dine with us to-day." The latter part of his speech was uttered in a rather congratulatory spirit.

"I had to make a call. But come up to my room; I've brought you a few cakes, as I promised."

Plantagenet was upon his feet in a moment, and hastened after the pretty face and lithe figure that glided up the stairs like a sunbeam.

Caroline Earnshaw was the daughter of an old Peninsular officer, and, left an orphan at an early age, she had become dependent upon her aunt, who lived just long enough to give her an education, and then left her once more adrift upon the world; but Caroline was not a girl likely to invoke assistance without putting her shoulder (and a plump little shoulder it was) to the wheel herself. Mrs. Flyntskin wanted a governess possessing all the acquirements of Crichton (her advertisement said as much) at the salary of a maid of all work. Poor Caroline Earn-

shaw answered the advertisement; she was clever and cheap, two great recommendations, the latter even more so than the former; so she was graciously accepted, and became (that most persecuted of slaves) a lady's drudge in an upstart family.

Life in the house of Flyntskin was dull enough; people who knew the *ménage* well, entitled it the "Tower of Famine," and always made a point, whenever they met Miss Earnshaw, of inquiring particularly after Plantagenet, and received the intelligence of his well-being with a shake of the head, indicating surprise that the miserable father had not yet commenced a feast of cannibalism.

But a change came over the spirit, or rather the want of spirit of the scene, and in the halls of Flyntskin there were "sounds of revelry by night;" the chimneys were absolutely seen to smoke, and pastry-cook's boys began to descend the area steps; rout seats were being continually taken out and in, and twice Mr. Gunter's carts stopped up the thoroughfare; the excitement of the neighbourhood was at its height, curiosity opened its eyes and ears, and when the reason for these unparalleled outlays was known, nothing could surpass the rage and spite of our old friend Mrs. Grundy.

The Flyntskins had caught a lord—crime unpardonable with all those unhappy mothers who had marriageable daughters.

The facts of the case were these:—

Mrs. Flyntskin, and her daughter, with Caroline Earnshaw as their attendant, had, one fine day, paid a visit to Sir Archy M'Screw, Mrs. Flyntskin's respected father; but the day turning out rainy, the ladies were conveyed home in the carriage—a regular tip-top one, with a square yard of emblazonment on the panels—of Lord Ringstead, who they had found talking politics and drinking whisky-toddy—for even noblemen have unbent ere now with the highly connected and long-descended Archy. From that time, Ringstead had become a constant visitor at the Flyntskin's house, and not only that, but he would waylay Miss Victoria, when out walking with her governess, and insist upon accompanying them in their rambles. It was plain that Miss Victoria had made a conquest, and her mother was not the woman to let such a chance escape for want of its being well looked after; for once the purse-strings were opened, and what flowed a

paltry *silver* stream by day, rolled in waves of *gold* at night; the very dinner we have endeavoured to describe was served up upon the day that was to be crowned with a great success. There was to be a ball, and Victoria, to make her lover jealous, had engaged herself, with Caroline's connivance, to her cousin Sandy M'Screw of the Lancers. "It will make poor Ringstead frantic; there is nothing so likely to make the men propose," said the artful girl, "as to make them half mad with jealousy."

Miss Earnshaw laughed; she had a trick of laughing, like his lordship. Her fate, poor girl, had hitherto been a sad one; so whenever she looked upon its dark side, she sought in her own soul for a ray of sunshine to throw upon it.

"You must not be severe upon Lord Ringstead; he might take it too seriously."

"Pooh! you know nothing about it, as how should you? bred up as you've been;" and the aristocratic Miss Victoria Flyntskin proceeded to adorn her bony neck with a variety of tasteful ornaments.

The night came, and the wicked Victoria fulfilled her threat: she showed Ringstead that her card was full, and leaning upon Sandy's arm, was soon whirling away in the waltz—round and round like a tee-totum, to the upper part of which amusing toy her head and neck showed more than a slight resemblance.

And what did the unhappy Ringstead? Sighed, looked down, and bit his lip as she moved away—watched her for a moment—and then rushed into the recesses of the distant conservatory, and there gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter. An hour after he too was waltzing; and with whom, does the reader think?—fancy the indignation and horror of the high-born Mrs. Flyntskin—with none other than bright-eyed Caroline Earnshaw, the despised and persecuted governess. This was the first evening that Miss Earnshaw had been permitted to join in the festivities, or rather to contribute to them; for the permission was accompanied with a hint that the music-stool was to be her throne for the evening. She had played several dances, to be sure; but to dance herself without asking Mrs. Flyntskin's sanction was a liberty too great to be passed over; and to dance with Ringstead, too! her (Mrs. Flyntskin's) daughter's husband; for that

sanguine lady had finished by regarding the young nobleman in that light—it was an offence that she would never pardon!

Caroline Earnshaw danced on, unconscious of the thunder-cloud impending, one, two, three dances, each one with Ringstead. Others in the room began to remark it. The thing was certainly peculiar.

"You hussy!" hissed the maternal Flyntskin, as she approached Miss Earnshaw's seat.

"Madam!"

"Don't madam me, you brazen, shameless hussy! where's Lord Ringstead?"

"Gone to fetch me an ice."

"Fetch *you* an ice!" a paltry whipper-snapper, dirty little governess, at fifteen pounds a year—pah!"

It's astonishing, when passion sways the feminine, how closely Belgravia neighbours Billingsgate. Miss Earnshaw was fast regaining her composure; she looked the fury steadily in the face, and replied:—

"It is scarcely just to upbraid me with the smallness of my salary; I have committed no crime. If it were not to dance, for what did you ask me to come down here this evening?"

"To play, of course! not to dance in the same room with my daughter—a likely idea! I could slap your face, you minx!"

Could! she would; but that Lord Ringstead arrived at that moment with the ice; and his presence worked a miracle, the virago's face glittered with a smile, and her lifted hand fell instantly to her side. Ringstead, at a glance, understood the whole scene; but he was a man of the world, and said nothing.

Caroline Earnshaw put by the proffered ice, and rose quickly; the tears were in her eyes, but by a strong effort she repressed them.

"Thank you; no, my lord; you are very kind, but I no longer need it:" this to Ringstead. Then, "You have said truly, Madam: I have forgotten, too long forgotten, what is due to myself; this is no place for me. With your permission, I will seek my room." This was to Mrs. Flyntskin.

"Stay!" she was hurrying away, as Ringstead followed her. "Your handkerchief—you were leaving it on the seat." As she turned to take it, he bent towards her: "You have said well, Miss Earnshaw; your place is not *here*."

Half an hour after, Lord Ringstead was dancing, to the delight of the mother, with Miss Victoria Flyntskin.

The next morning, Caroline Earnshaw was discharged.

* * * * *

"Where can Lord Ringstead be? I have not seen him for these eight days!"

Thus Victoria Flyntskin questioned her mother, as they walked, in much grandeur, along the pavement of Hanover-square.

"His lordship must be ill: I shall send your father to call upon him."

"He should have written," pouted Victoria.

"Perhaps he has; I shouldn't wonder if you find a *billy* (Mrs. Flyntskin spoke French after the 'scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe') when you get home."

They walked on till a crowd impeded their further progress: they were standing by the portals of St. George's, Hanover-square.

"It's a marriage! do let us wait to see the bride!"

"She's a coming out now, miss," volunteered one of the crowd.

"She's a ra'al beauty, any how," commented another.

"Her husband's a likely chap, too; they make a nice pair, and have lots of money, no doubt."

"Millions," said a bricklayer—an Irish one, with a lively imagination.

"God bless 'em and wish 'em joy of it!" fervently and loudly prayed a ragged old crone, whose heart was the only thing sound about her.

"Mamma, look! look there!!!"

It was Lord Ringstead. No wonder such an apparition was received with a scream by Victoria.

"Mamma, I'm fainting!"

Not a limb did her mother move in answer to her daughter's call: her eyes were fixed, not upon Ringstead, but upon the beautiful woman who moved modestly by his side—it was Caroline Earnshaw, the discharged governess!

All was confusion for a moment, as the crowd pressed forward; the ready menials bustled about, and the carriage drove off, amidst a joyful cheer. Then the crowd opened, and revealed for the first time to Ringstead, as he looked laughingly back, the upright and bony figure of Mrs. Flyntskin, and at her feet her fainting daughter.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.*

By the Author of "LADY LISLE," "AURORA FLOYD," &c.

CHAPTER I.

LUCY.

It lay down in a hollow, rich with fine old timber and luxuriant pastures; and you came upon it through an avenue of limes, bordered on either side by meadows, over the high hedges of which the cattle looked inquisitively at you as you passed, wondering, perhaps, what you wanted; for there was no thoroughfare, and unless you were going to the Court you had no business there at all.

At the end of this avenue there was an old arch and a clock-tower, with a stupid, bewildering clock, which had only one hand; and which jumped straight from one hour to the next, and was therefore always in extremes. Through this arch you walked straight into the gardens of Audley Court.

A smooth lawn lay before you, dotted with groups of rhododendrons, which grew in more perfection here than anywhere else in the county. To the right there were the kitchen gardens, the fish-pond, and an orchard bordered by a dry moat, and a broken ruin of a wall, in some places thicker than it was high, and everywhere overgrown with trailing ivy, yellow stonecrop, and dark moss. To the left there was a broad gravelled walk, down which, years ago, when the place had been a convent, the quiet nuns had walked hand in hand; a wall bordered with espaliers, and shadowed on one side by goodly oaks, which shut out the flat landscape, and circled in the house and gardens with a darkening shelter.

The house faced the arch, and occupied three sides of a quadrangle. It was very old, and very irregular and rambling. The windows were uneven; some small, some large, some with heavy stone mullions and rich stained glass; others with frail lattices that rattled in every breeze; others so modern that they might have been added only yesterday. Great piles

of chimneys rose up here and there behind the pointed gables, and seemed as if they were so broken down by age and long service, that they must have fallen but for the straggling ivy which, crawling up the walls, and trailing even over the roof, wound itself about them and supported them. The principal door was squeezed into a corner of a turret at one angle of the building, as if it were in hiding from dangerous visitors, and wished to keep itself a secret—a noble door for all that—old oak, and studded with great square-headed iron nails, and so thick that the sharp iron knocker struck upon it with a muffled sound, and the visitor rang a clanging bell that dangled in a corner amongst the ivy, lest the noise of the knocking should never penetrate the stronghold.

A glorious old place. A place that visitors fell into raptures with; feeling a yearning wish to have done with life, and to stay there for ever, staring into the cool fish-ponds, and counting the bubbles as the roach and carp rose to the surface of the water. A spot in which peace seemed to have taken up her abode, setting her soothing hand on every tree and flower; on the still ponds and quiet alleys; the shady corners of the old-fashioned rooms; the deep window-seats behind the painted glass; the low meadows and the stately avenues—ay, even upon the stagnant well, which, cool and sheltered as all else in the old place, hid itself away in a shrubbery behind the gardens, with an idle handle that was never turned, and a lazy rope so rotten that the pail had broken away from it, and had fallen into the water.

A noble place; inside as well as out, a noble place—a house in which you incontinently lost yourself if ever you were so rash as to attempt to penetrate its mysteries alone; a house in which no one room had any sympathy with another, every chamber running off at a tangent into an inner chamber, and

* This Novel was written for *Robin Goodfellow*. The discontinuance of that periodical when only a few chapters had appeared in its pages, left the work incomplete. This fact, and the great public interest excited by the tale, has induced the proprietors of the *Sixpenny Magazine* to secure the entire MS., and to commence its publication *de novo*. Thus the disappointed subscribers to *Robin Goodfellow*, as well as the readers of this Magazine, will obtain in regular monthly portions a Novel of unsurpassed domestic interest and unrivalled narrative power.

through that down some narrow staircase leading to a door which, in its turn, led back into that very part of the house from which you thought yourself the farthest; a house that could never have been planned by any mortal architect, but must have been the handiwork of that good old builder—Time, who, adding a room one year, and knocking down a room another year, toppling over a chimney coeval with the Plantagenets, and setting up one in the style of the Tudors; shaking down a bit of Saxon wall there, and allowing a Norman arch to stand here; throwing in a row of high narrow windows in the reign of Queen Anne, and joining on a dining-room after the fashion of the time of Hanoverian George I. to a refectory that had been standing since the Conquest, had contrived, in some eleven centuries, to run up such a mansion as was not elsewhere to be met with throughout the county of Essex. Of course, in such a house, there were secret chambers: the little daughter of the present owner, Sir Michael Audley, had fallen by accident upon the discovery of one. A board had rattled under her feet in the great nursery where she played, and on attention being drawn to it, it was found to be loose, and so removed, revealing a ladder, leading to a hiding-place between the floor of the nursery and the ceiling of the room below—a hiding-place so small that he who hid there must have crouched on his hands and knees or lain at full length, and yet large enough to contain a quaint old carved oak chest half filled with priests' vestments which had been hidden away, no doubt, in those cruel days when the life of a man was in danger if he was discovered to have harboured a Roman Catholic priest, or to have had mass said in his house.

The broad outer moat was dry and grass-grown, and the laden trees of the orchard hung over it with gnarled straggling branches that drew fantastical shadows upon the green slope. Within this moat there was, as I have said, the fish-pond—a sheet of water that extended the whole length of the garden, and bordering which there was an avenue called the lime-tree walk; an avenue so shaded from the sun and sky, so screened from observation by the thick shelter of the over-arching trees, that it seemed a chosen place for secret meetings or for stolen interviews; a place in which a conspiracy might have been planned or a lover's vow registered with equal safety; and yet

it was scarcely twenty paces from the house.

At the end of this dark arcade there was the shrubbery, where, half buried amongst the tangled branches and the neglected weeds, stood the rusty wheel of that old well of which I have spoken. It had been of good service in its time, no doubt; and busy nuns have perhaps drawn the cool water with their own fair hands; but it had fallen into disuse now, and scarcely any one at Audley Court knew whether the spring had dried up or not. But sheltered as was the solitude of this lime-tree walk, I doubt very much if it was ever put to any romantic uses. Often in the cool of the evening Sir Michael Audley would stroll up and down smoking his cigar, with his dogs at his heels, and his pretty young wife dawdling by his side; but in about ten minutes the baronet and his companion would grow tired of the rustling limes and the still water, hidden under the spreading leaves of the water-lilies, and the long green vista with the broken well at the end, and would stroll back to the drawing-room, where my lady played dreamy melodies by Beethoven and Mendelssohn till her husband fell asleep in his easy chair.

Sir Michael Audley was fifty-six years of age, and he had married a second wife three months after his fifty-fifth birthday. He was a big man, tall and stout, with a deep sonorous voice, handsome black eyes, and a white beard—a white beard which made him look venerable against his will, for he was as active as a boy, and one of the hardest riders in the county. For seventeen years he had been a widower with an only child, a daughter, Alicia Audley, now eighteen, and by no means too well pleased at having a step-mother brought home to the Court; for Miss Alicia had reigned supreme in her father's house since her earliest childhood, and had carried the keys, and jingled them in the pockets of her silk aprons, and lost them in the shrubbery, and dropped them into the pond, and given all manner of trouble about them from the hour in which she entered her teens, and had on that account deluded herself into the sincere belief that for the whole of that period she had been keeping house.

But Miss Alicia's day was over; and now, when she asked anything of the housekeeper, the housekeeper would tell her that she would speak to my lady, or she would consult my lady, and if my lady pleased it should be done. So the

baronet's daughter, who was an excellent horsewoman and a very clever artist, spent most of her time out of doors, riding about the green lanes, and sketching the cottage children, and the plough-boys, and the cattle, and all manner of animal life that came in her way. She set her face with a sulky determination against any intimacy between herself and the baronet's young wife; and amiable as that lady was, she found it quite impossible to overcome Miss Alicia's prejudices and dislike; or to convince the spoilt girl that she had not done her a cruel injury by marrying Sir Michael Audley.

The truth was that Lady Audley had, in becoming the wife of Sir Michael, made one of those apparently advantageous matches which are apt to draw upon a woman the envy and hatred of her sex. She had come into the neighbourhood as a governess in the family of a surgeon in the village near Audley Court. No one knew anything of her except that she came in answer to an advertisement which Mr. Dawson, the surgeon, had inserted in the *Times*. She came from London; and the only reference she gave was to a lady at a school at Brompton, where she had once been a teacher. But this reference was so satisfactory that none other was needed, and Miss Lucy Graham was received by the surgeon as the instructress of his daughters. Her accomplishments were so brilliant and numerous, that it seemed strange that she should have answered an advertisement offering such very moderate terms of remuneration as those named by Mr. Dawson; but Miss Graham seemed perfectly well satisfied with her situation, and she taught the girls to play sonatas by Beethoven, and to paint from nature after Creswick, and walked through the dull, out-of-the-way village to the humble little church three times every Sunday, as contentedly as if she had no higher aspiration in the world than to do so all the rest of her life.

People who observed this accounted for it by saying that it was a part of her amiable and gentle nature always to be light-hearted, happy, and contented under any circumstances.

Wherever she went she seemed to take joy and brightness with her. In the cottages of the poor her fair face shone like a sunbeam. She would sit for a quarter of an hour talking to some old woman, and apparently as pleased with the admiration of a toothless crone as if she had been listening to the compliments of a

marquis; and when she tripped away, leaving nothing behind her (for her poor salary gave no scope to her benevolence), the old woman would burst out into senile raptures with her grace, her beauty, and her kindliness, such as she never bestowed upon the vicar's wife, who half fed and clothed her. For you see Miss Lucy Graham was blessed with that magic power of fascination by which a woman can charm with a word or intoxicate with a smile. Every one loved, admired, and praised her. The boy who opened the five-barred gate that stood in her pathway ran home to his mother to tell of her pretty looks, and the sweet voice in which she thanked him for the little service. The verger at the church who ushered her into the surgeon's pew; the vicar who saw the soft blue eyes uplifted to his face as he preached his simple sermon; the porter from the railway-station who brought her sometimes a letter or a parcel, and who never looked for reward from her; her employer; his visitors; her pupils; the servants; everybody, high and low, united in declaring that Lucy Graham was the sweetest girl that ever lived.

Perhaps it was the rumour of this which penetrated into the quiet chambers of Audley Court; or perhaps it was the sight of her pretty face, looking over the surgeon's high pew every Sunday morning; however it was, it was certain that Sir Michael Audley suddenly experienced a strong desire to be better acquainted with Mr. Dawson's governess.

He had only to hint his wish to the worthy doctor for a little party to be got up, to which the vicar and his wife, and the baronet and his daughter, were invited.

That one quiet evening sealed Sir Michael's fate. He could no more resist the tender fascination of those soft and melting blue eyes; the graceful beauty of that slender throat and drooping head, with its wealth of showering flaxen curls; the low music of that gentle voice; the perfect harmony which pervaded every charm, and made all doubly charming in this woman; than he could resist his destiny. Destiny! Why, she was his destiny! He had never loved before. What had been his marriage with Alicia's mother but a dull, jog-trot bargain made to keep some estate in the family that would have been just as well out of it? What had been his love for his first wife but a poor, pitiful, smouldering spark, too dull to be extinguished, too feeble to

burn? But *this* was love—this fever, this longing, this restless, uncertain, miserable hesitation; these cruel fears that his age was an insurmountable barrier to his happiness; this sick hatred of his white beard; this frenzied wish to be young again, with glistening raven hair, and a slim waist, such as he had had twenty years before; these wakeful nights and melancholy days, so gloriously brightened if he chanced to catch a glimpse of her sweet face behind the window curtains as he drove past the surgeon's house; all these signs gave token of the truth; and told only too plainly that, at the sober age of fifty-five, Sir Michael Audley had fallen ill of the terrible fever called love.

I do not think that throughout his courtship the baronet once calculated upon his wealth or his position as reasons for his success. If he ever remembered these things, he dismissed the thought of them with a shudder. It pained him too much to believe for a moment that any one so lovely and innocent could value herself against a splendid house or a good old title. No; his hope was that as her life had been most likely one of toil and dependence, and as she was very young (nobody exactly knew her age, but she looked little more than twenty), she might never have formed any attachment, and that he, being the first to woo her, might by tender attentions, by generous watchfulness, by a love which should recall to her the father she had lost, and by a protecting care that should make him necessary to her, win her young heart, and obtain from her fresh and earliest love alone the promise of her hand. It was a very romantic day dream, no doubt; but, for all that, it seemed in a very fair way to be realized. Lucy Graham appeared by no means to dislike the baronet's attentions. There was nothing whatever in her manner that betrayed the shallow artifices employed by a woman who wishes to captivate a rich man. She was so accustomed to admiration from every one, high and low, that Sir Michael's conduct made very little impression upon her. Again, he had been so many years a widower that people had given up the idea of his ever marrying again. At last, however, Mrs. Dawson spoke to the governess on the subject. The surgeon's wife was sitting in the school-room busy at work, while Lucy was putting the finishing touches to some water-colour sketches done by her pupils.

"Do you know, my dear Miss Graham," said Mrs. Dawson, "I think you ought to consider yourself a remarkably lucky girl."

The governess lifted her head from its stooping attitude, and stared wonderingly at her employer, shaking back a shower of curls. They were the most wonderful curls in the world—soft and feathery, always floating away from her face, and making a pale halo round her head when the sunlight shone through them.

"What do you mean, my dear Mrs. Dawson?" she asked, dipping her camel's-hair brush into the wet aquamarine upon the palette, and poising it carefully before putting in the delicate streak of purple which was to brighten the horizon in her pupil's sketch.

"Why, I mean, my dear, that it only rests with yourself to become Lady Audley, and the mistress of Audley Court."

Lucy Graham dropped the brush upon the picture, and flushed scarlet to the roots of her fair hair; and then grew pale again, far paler than Mrs. Dawson had ever seen her before.

"My dear, don't agitate yourself," said the surgeon's wife, soothingly; "you know that nobody asks you to marry Sir Michael unless you wish. Of course it would be a magnificent match; he has a splendid income, and is one of the most generous of men. Your position would be very high, and you would be enabled to do a great deal of good; but, as I said before, you must be entirely guided by your own feelings. Only one thing I must say, and that is that if Sir Michael's attentions are not agreeable to you, it is really scarcely honourable to encourage him."

"His attentions—encourage him!" muttered Lucy, as if the words bewildered her. "Pray, pray don't talk to me, Mrs. Dawson. I had no idea of this. It is the last thing that would have occurred to me." She leaned her elbows on the drawing-board before her, and clasping her hands over her face, seemed for some minutes to be thinking deeply. She wore a narrow black ribbon round her neck, with a locket, or a cross, or a miniature, perhaps, attached to it; but whatever the trinket was, she always kept it hidden under her dress. Once or twice, while she sat silently thinking, she removed one of her hands from before her face, and fidgeted nervously with the ribbon, clutching at it with a half-angry gesture, and

twisting it backwards and forwards between her fingers.

"I think some people are born to be unlucky, Mrs. Dawson," she said, by-and-by; "it would be a great deal too much good fortune for me to become Lady Audley."

She said this with so much bitterness in her tone, that the surgeon's wife looked up at her with surprise.

"You unlucky, my dear," she exclaimed. "I think you're the last person who ought to talk like that—you, such a bright, happy creature, that it does every one good to see you. I'm sure I don't know what we shall do if Sir Michael robs us of you."

After this conversation they often spoke upon the subject, and Lucy never again showed any emotion whatever when the baronet's admiration for her was canvassed. It was a tacitly understood thing in the surgeon's family that whenever Sir Michael proposed, the governess would quietly accept him; and, indeed, the simple Dawsons would have thought it something more than madness in a penniless girl to reject such an offer.

So one misty August evening Sir Michael, sitting opposite to Lucy Graham at a window in the surgeon's little drawing-room, took an opportunity while the family happened by some accident to be absent from the room, of speaking upon the subject nearest to his heart. He made the governess, in few but solemn words, an offer of his hand. There was something almost touching in the manner and tone in which he spoke to her—half in deprecation, knowing that he could hardly expect to be the choice of a beautiful young girl, and praying rather that she would reject him, even though she broke his heart by doing so, than that she should accept his offer if she did not love him.

"I scarcely think there is a greater sin, Lucy," he said solemnly, "than that of the woman who marries a man she does not love. You are so precious to me, my beloved, that deeply as my heart is set on this, and bitter as the mere thought of disappointment is to me, I would not have you commit such a sin for any happiness of mine. If my happiness could be achieved by such an act, which it could not—which it never could," he repeated earnestly, "nothing but misery can result from a marriage dictated by any motive but truth and love."

Lucy Graham was not looking at Sir

Michael, but straight out into the misty twilight and the dim landscape far away beyond the little garden. The baronet tried to see her face, but her profile was turned to him, and he could not discover the expression of her eyes. If he could have done so, he would have seen a yearning gaze which seemed as if it would have pierced the far obscurity and looked away—away into another world.

"Lucy, you heard me?"

"Yes," she said gravely; not coldly, or in any way as if she were offended at his words.

"And your answer?"

She did not remove her gaze from the darkening country side, but for some moments was quite silent; then turning to him with a sudden passion in her manner, that lighted up her face with a new and wonderful beauty which the baronet perceived even in the growing twilight, she fell on her knees at his feet.

"No, Lucy; no, no!" he cried, vehemently, "not here, not here!"

"Yes, here, here," she said, the strange passion which agitated her making her voice sound shrill and piercing—not loud, but preternaturally distinct; "here, and nowhere else. How good you are—how noble and how generous! Love you! Why, there are women a hundred times my superiors in beauty and in goodness who might love you dearly; but you ask too much of me. You ask too much of *me*! Remember what my life has been; only remember that! From my very babyhood I have never seen anything but poverty. My father was a gentleman: clever, accomplished, handsome—but poor—and what a pitiful wretch poverty made of him. My mother—But do not let me speak of her. Poverty, poverty, trials, vexations, humiliations, deprivations! *You* cannot tell; you, who are amongst those for whom life is so smooth and easy, you can never guess what is endured by such as we. Do not ask too much of me, then. I *cannot* be disinterested; I cannot be blind to the advantages of such an alliance. I cannot, I cannot!"

Beyond her agitation and her passionate vehemence, there is an undefined something in her manner which fills the baronet with a vague alarm. She is still on the ground at his feet, crouching rather than kneeling, her thin white dress clinging about her, her pale hair streaming over her shoulders, her great blue eyes glittering in the dusk, and her hands clutching

at the black ribbon about her throat, as if it had been strangling her.

"Don't ask too much of me," she kept repeating; "I have been selfish from my babyhood."

"Lucy, Lucy, speak plainly. Do you dislike me?"

"Dislike you! No, no!"

"But is there any one else whom you love?"

She laughed aloud at his question. "I do not love any one in the world," she answered.

He was glad of her reply; and yet that and the strange laugh jarred upon his feelings. He was silent for some moments, and then said with a kind of effort,—

"Well, Lucy, I will not ask too much of you. I dare say I am a romantic old fool; but if you do not dislike me, and if you do not love any one else, I see no reason why we should not make a very happy couple. Is it a bargain, Lucy?"

"Yes."

The baronet lifted her in his arms, and kissed her once upon the forehead; then quietly bidding her good night, he walked straight out of the house.

He walked straight out of the house, this foolish old man, because there was some strong emotion at work in his breast—neither joy nor triumph, but something almost akin to disappointment—some stifled and unsatisfied longing which lay heavy and dull at his heart, as if he had carried a corpse in his bosom. He carried the corpse of that hope which had died at the sound of Lucy's words. All the doubts and fears and timid aspirations were ended now. He must be contented, like other men of his age, to be married for his fortune and his position.

Lucy Graham went slowly up the stairs to her little room at the top of the house. She placed her dim candle on the chest of drawers, and seated herself on the edge of the white bed, still and white as the draperies hanging round her.

"No more dependence, no more drudgery, no more humiliations," she said: "every trace of the old life melted away—every clue to identity buried and forgotten—except these, except these."

She had never taken her left hand from the black ribbon at her throat. She drew it from her bosom as she spoke, and looked at the object attached to it.

It was neither a locket, a miniature, nor a cross: it was a ring wrapped in an oblong piece of paper—the paper partly

printed, partly written, yellow with age, and crumpled with much folding.

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD THE ARGUS.

HE threw the end of his cigar into the water, and leaning his elbows upon the bulwarks, stared meditatively at the waves.

"How wearisome they are," he said; "blue, and green, and opal; opal, and blue, and green; all very well in their way, of course, but three months of them are rather too much, especially——"

He did not attempt to finish his sentence; his thoughts seemed to wander in the very midst of it, and carry him a thousand miles or so away.

"Poor little girl, how pleased she'll be!" he muttered, opening his cigar case, and lazily surveying its contents; "how pleased and how surprised! Poor little girl! After three years and a half, too; she *will* be surprised."

He was a young man of about five-and-twenty, with a dark face bronzed by exposure to the sun; he had handsome brown eyes, with a lazy smile in them, that sparkled through the black lashes, and a bushy beard and moustache that covered the whole of the lower part of his face. He was tall and powerfully built; he wore a loose grey suit and a felt hat, thrown carelessly upon his black hair. His name was George Talboys, and he was aft-cabin passenger on board the good ship *Argus*, laden with Australian wool, and sailing from Sydney to Liverpool.

There were very few passengers in the aft-cabin of the *Argus*. An elderly wool-stapler returning to his native country with his wife and daughters, after having made a fortune in the colonies; a governess of three-and-thirty years of age, going home to marry a man to whom she had been engaged fifteen years; the sentimental daughter of a wealthy Australian wine merchant, invoiced to England to finish her education, and George Talboys, were the only first-class passengers on board.

This George Talboys was the life and soul of the vessel; nobody knew who or what he was, or where he came from, but everybody liked him. He sat at the bottom of the dinner table, and assisted the captain in doing the honours of the friendly meal. He opened the champagne bottles, and took wine with every one present; he told funny stories, and led the

laugh himself with such a joyous peal, that the man must have been a churl who could not have laughed for pure sympathy. He was a capital hand at speculation and vingt-et-un, and all the merry games, which kept the little circle round the cabin lamp so deep in innocent amusement, that a hurricane might have howled overhead without their hearing it; but he freely owned that he had no talent for whist, and that he didn't know a knight from a castle upon the chess-board.

Indeed, Mr. Talboys was by no means too learned a gentleman. The pale governess had tried to talk to him about fashionable literature, but George had only pulled his beard, and stared very hard at her, saying occasionally, "Ah, yes, by Jove!" and "To be sure, ah!"

The sentimental young lady, going home to finish her education, had tried him with Shelley and Byron, and he had fairly laughed in her face, as if poetry were a joke. The woolstapler sounded him upon politics, but he did not seem very deeply versed in them; so they let him go his own way, smoke his cigars and talk to the sailors, lounge over the bulwarks and stare at the water, and make himself agreeable to everybody in his own fashion. But when the *Argus* came to be within about a fortnight's sail of England, everybody noticed a change in George Talboys. He grew restless and fidgety; sometimes so merry that the cabin rang with his laughter; sometimes moody and thoughtful. Favourite as he was amongst the sailors, they were tired at last of answering his perpetual questions about the probable time of touching land. Would it be in ten days, in eleven, in twelve, in thirteen? Was the wind favourable? How many knots an hour was the vessel doing? Then a sudden passion would seize him, and he would stamp upon the deck, crying out that she was a rickety old craft, and that her owners were swindlers to advertise her as the fast-sailing *Argus*. She was not fit for passenger traffic; she was not fit to carry impatient living creatures, with hearts and souls; she was fit for nothing but to be laden with bales of stupid wool, that might rot on the sea and be none the worse for it.

The sun was dropping down behind the waves as George Talboys lighted his cigar upon this August evening. Only ten days more, the sailors had told him that afternoon, and they would see the Eng-

lish coast. "I will go ashore in the first boat that hails us," he cried; "I will go ashore in a cockle-shell. By Jove, if it comes to that, I will swim to land."

His friends in the aft-cabin, with the exception of the pale governess, laughed at his impatience; she sighed as she watched the young man, chafing at the slow hours, pushing away his untasted wine, flinging himself restlessly about upon the cabin sofa, rushing up and down the companion ladder, and staring at the waves.

As the red rim of the sun dropped into the water, the governess ascended the cabin stairs for a stroll on deck, while the passengers sat over their wine below. She stopped when she came up to George, and standing by his side, watched the fading crimson in the western sky.

The lady was very quiet and reserved, seldom sharing in the after-cabin amusements, never laughing, and speaking very little; but she and George Talboys had been excellent friends throughout the passage.

"Does my cigar annoy you, Miss Morley?" he said, taking it out of his mouth.

"Not at all; pray do not leave off smoking. I only came up to look at the sunset. What a lovely evening?"

"Yes, yes, I dare say," he answered, impatiently; "yet so long, so long! Ten more interminable days and ten more weary nights before we land."

"Yes," said Miss Morley, sighing. "Do you wish the time shorter?"

"Do I?" cried George; "indeed I do. Don't you?"

"Scarcely."

"But is there no one you love in England? Is there no one you love looking out for your arrival?"

"I hope so," she said, gravely. They were silent for some time, he smoking his cigar with a furious impatience, as if he could hasten the course of the vessel by his own restlessness; she looking out at the waning light with melancholy blue eyes: eyes that seemed to have faded with poring over closely-printed books and difficult needlework; eyes that had faded a little, perhaps, by reason of tears secretly shed in the dead hours of the lonely night.

"See!" said George, suddenly pointing in another direction from that towards which Miss Morley was looking, "there's the new moon."

She looked up at the pale crescent, her own face almost as pale and wan.

"This is the first time we have seen it."

"We must wish!" said George. "I know what *I* wish."

"What?"

"That we may get home quickly."

"My wish is that we may find no disappointment when we get there," said the governess, sadly.

"Disappointment!"

He started as if he had been struck, and asked what she meant by talking of disappointment.

"I mean this," she said, speaking rapidly, and with a restless motion of her thin hands; "I mean that as the end of this long voyage draws near hope sinks in my heart; and a sick fear comes over me that at the last all may not be well. The person I go to meet may be changed in his feelings towards me; or he may retain all the old feeling until the moment of seeing me, and then lose it in a breath at sight of my poor wan face, for I was called a pretty girl, Mr. Talboys, when I sailed for Sydney, fifteen years ago; or he may be so changed by the world as to have grown selfish and mercenary, and he may welcome me for the sake of my fifteen years' savings. Again, he may be dead. He may have been well, perhaps, up to within a week of our landing, and in that last week may have taken a fever, and died an hour before our vessel anchors in the Mersey. I think of all these things, Mr. Talboys, and act the scenes over in my mind, and feel the anguish of them twenty times a day. Twenty times a day!" she repeated; "why, I do it a thousand times a day."

George Talboys had stood motionless, with his cigar in his hand, listening to her so intently that, as she said the last words, his hold relaxed, and the cigar dropped into the water.

"I wonder," she continued, more to herself than to him, "I wonder, looking back, to think how hopeful I was when the vessel sailed; I never thought then of disappointment, but I pictured the joy of meeting, imagining the very words that would be said, the very tones, the very looks; but for this last month of the voyage, day by day and hour by hour, my heart sinks, and my hopeful fancies fade away, and I dread the end as much as if I *knew* that I was going to England to attend a funeral."

The young man suddenly changed his

attitude, and turned his face full upon his companion, with a look of alarm. She saw in the pale light that the colour had faded from his cheek.

"What a fool!" he cried, striking his clenched fist upon the side of the vessel, "what a fool I am to be frightened at this! Why do you come and say these things to me? Why do you come and terrify me out of my senses, when I am going straight home to the woman I love; to a girl whose heart is as true as the light of heaven; and in whom I no more expect to find any change than I do to see another sun rise in to-morrow's sky? Why do you come and try to put such fancies into my head, when I am going home to my darling wife?"

"Your wife," she said; "that is different. There is no reason that my terrors should terrify you. I am going to England to rejoin a man to whom I was engaged to be married fifteen years ago. He was too poor to marry then, and when I was offered a situation as governess in a rich Australian family, I persuaded him to let me accept it, so that I might leave him free and unfettered to win his way in the world, while I saved a little money to help us when we began life together. I never meant to stay away so long, but things have gone badly with him in England. That is my story, and you can understand my fears. They need not influence you. Mine is an exceptional case."

"So is mine," said George, impatiently. "I tell you that mine is an exceptional case; although I swear to you that until this moment, I have never known a fear as to the result of my voyage home. But you are right; your terrors have nothing to do with me. You have been away fifteen years; all kinds of things may happen in fifteen years. Now it is only three years and a half this very month since I left England. What can have happened in such a short time as that?"

Miss Morley looked at him with a mournful smile, but did not speak. His feverish ardour, the freshness and impatience of his nature were so strange and new to her, that she looked at him half in admiration, half in pity.

"My pretty little wife! My gentle, innocent, loving little wife! Do you know, Miss Morley," he said, with all his old hopefulness of manner, "that I left my little girl asleep, with her baby in her arms, and with nothing but a few blotted lines to tell her why her faithful husband had deserted her?"

"Deserted her!" exclaimed the governess.

"Yes. I was an ensign in a cavalry regiment when I first met my little darling. We were quartered at a stupid sea-port town, where my pet lived with her shabby old father, a half-pay naval officer; a regular old humbug, as poor as Job, and with an eye for nothing but the main chance. I saw through all his shallow tricks to catch one of us for his pretty daughter. I saw all the pitiful, contemptible, palpable traps he set for us big dragoons to walk into. I saw through his shabby-genteel dinners and public-house port; his fine talk of the grandeur of his family; his sham pride and independence, and the sham tears in his bleared old eyes when he talked of his only child. He was a drunken old hypocrite, and he was ready to sell my poor little girl to the highest bidder. Luckily for me, I happened just then to be the highest bidder; for my father is a rich man, Miss Morley, and as it was love at first sight on both sides, my darling and I made a match of it. No sooner, however, did my father hear that I had married a penniless little girl, the daughter of a tipsy old half-pay lieutenant, than he wrote me a furious letter, telling me he would never again hold any communication with me, and that my yearly allowance would stop from my wedding-day. As there was no remaining in such a regiment as mine, with nothing but my pay to live on, and a pretty little wife to keep, I sold out, thinking that before the money was exhausted, I should be sure to drop into something. I took my darling to Italy, and we lived there in splendid style as long as my two thousand pounds lasted; but when that began to dwindle down to a couple of hundred or so, we came back to England, and as my darling had a fancy for being near that tiresome old father of hers, we settled at the watering-place where he lived. Well, as soon as the old man heard that I had a couple of hundred pounds left, he expressed a wonderful degree of affection for us, and insisted on our boarding in his house. We consented, still to please my darling, who had just then a peculiar right to have every whim and fancy of her innocent heart indulged. We did board with him, and finely he fleeced us; but when I spoke of it to my little wife, she only shrugged her shoulders, and said she did not like to be unkind to 'poor papa.' So poor papa made away with our little

stock of money in no time; and as I felt that it was now becoming necessary to look about for something, I ran up to London, and tried to get a situation as a clerk in a merchant's office, or as accountant, or book-keeper, or something of that kind. But I suppose there was the stamp of a heavy dragoon upon me, for do what I would I couldn't get anybody to believe in my capacity; and tired out, and down-hearted, I returned to my darling, to find her nursing a son and heir to his father's poverty. Poor little girl, she was very low-spirited; and when I told her that my London expedition had failed, she fairly broke down, and burst into a storm of sobs and lamentations, telling me that I ought not to have married her if I could give her nothing but poverty and misery; and that I had done her a cruel wrong in making her my wife. By heaven! Miss Morley, her tears and reproaches drove me almost mad; and I flew into a rage with her, myself, her father, the world, and everybody in it, and then ran out of the house. I walked about the streets all that day half out of my mind, and with a strong inclination to throw myself into the sea, so as to leave my poor girl free to make a better match. 'If I drown myself, her father must support her,' I thought; 'the old hypocrite could never refuse her a shelter; but while I live she has no claim on him.' I went down to a rickety old wooden pier, meaning to wait there till it was dark, and then drop quietly over the end of it into the water; but while I sat there smoking my pipe, and staring vacantly at the sea-gulls, two men came down, and one of them began to talk of the Australian gold-diggings, and the great things that were to be done there. It appeared that he was going to sail in a day or two, and he was trying to persuade his companion to join him in the expedition.

"I listened to these men for upwards of an hour, following them up and down the pier with my pipe in my mouth, and hearing all their talk. After this I fell into conversation with them myself, and ascertained that there was a vessel going to leave Liverpool in three days, by which vessel one of the men was going out. This man gave me all the information I required, and told me, moreover, that a stalwart young fellow such as I was could hardly fail to do well in the diggings. The thought flashed upon me so suddenly, that I grew hot and red in the face, and trem-

bled in every limb with excitement. This was better than the water, at any rate. Suppose I stole away from my darling, leaving her safe under her father's roof, and went and made a fortune in the new world, and came back in a twelvemonth to throw it into her lap; for I was so sanguine in those days that I counted on making my fortune in a year or so. I thanked the man for his information, and late at night strolled homewards. It was bitter winter weather, but I had been too full of passion to feel cold, and I walked through the quiet streets, with the snow drifting in my face, and a desperate hopefulness in my heart. The old man was sitting drinking brandy-and-water in his little dining-room: and my wife was upstairs sleeping peacefully, with the baby on her breast. I sat down and wrote a few brief lines, which told her that I never had loved her better than now when I seemed to desert her; that I was going to try my fortune in a new world, and that if I succeeded I should come back to bring her plenty and happiness; but that if I failed, I should never look upon her face again. I divided the remainder of our money—something over forty pounds—into two equal portions, leaving one for her, and putting the other in my pocket. I knelt down and prayed for my wife and child, with my head upon the white counterpane that covered them. I wasn't much of a praying man at ordinary times, but God knows *that* was a heartfelt prayer. I kissed her once, and the baby once, and then crept out of the room. The dining-room door was open, and the old man was nodding over his paper. He looked up as he heard my step in the passage, and asked me where I was going. 'To have a smoke in the street,' I answered; and as this was a common habit of mine, he believed me. Three nights after this I was out at sea, bound for Melbourne—a steerage passenger, with a digger's tools for my baggage, and about seven shillings in my pocket."

"And you succeeded?" asked Miss Morley.

"Not till I had long despaired of success; not until poverty and I had become such old companions and bedfellows, that, looking back at my past life, I wondered whether that dashing, reckless, extravagant, luxurious, champagne-drinking dragoon could have really been the same man who sat on the damp ground gnawing a mouldy crust in the wilds of the

New World. I clung to the memory of my darling, and the trust that I had in her love and truth, as the one keystone that kept the fabric of my past life together—the one star that lit the thick black darkness of the future. I was hail fellow well met with bad men; I was in the centre of riot, drunkenness, and debauchery; but the purifying influence of my love kept me safe from all. Thin and gaunt, the half-starved shadow of what I once had been, I saw myself one day in a broken bit of looking-glass, and was frightened by my own face. But I toiled on through all; through disappointment and despair, rheumatism, fever, starvation, at the very gates of death, I toiled on steadily to the end; and in the end I conquered."

He was so brave in his energy and determination, in his proud triumph of success, and in the knowledge of the difficulties he had vanquished, that the pale governess could only look at him in wondering admiration.

"How brave you were!" she said.

"Brave!" he cried, with a joyous peal of laughter; "wasn't I working for my darling? Through all the dreary time of that probation, her pretty white hand seemed beckoning me onwards to a happy future? Why, I have seen her under my wretched canvas tent, sitting by my side, with her boy in her arms, as plainly as I had ever seen her in the one happy year of our wedded life. At last, one dreary foggy morning, just three months ago, with a drizzling rain wetting me to the skin, up to my neck in clay and mire, half-starved, enfeebled by fever, stiff with rheumatism, a monster nugget turned up under my spade, and I was in one minute the richest man in Australia. I fell down on the wet clay, with my lump of gold in the bosom of my shirt, and, for the first time in my life, cried like a child. I travelled post-haste to Sydney, realized my prize, which was worth upwards of 20,000*l.*, and a fortnight afterwards took my passage for England in this vessel; and in ten days—in ten days I shall see my darling."

"But in all that time did you never write to your wife?"

"Never, till the night before I left Sydney. I could not write when everything looked so black. I could not write and tell her that I was fighting hard with despair and death. I waited for better fortune, and when that came, I wrote telling her that I should be in

England almost as soon as my letter, and giving her an address at a coffee-house in London where she could write to me, telling me where to find her, though she is hardly likely to have left her father's house."

He fell into a reverie after this, and puffed meditatively at his cigar. His companion did not disturb him. The last ray of the summer daylight had died out, and the pale light of the crescent moon only remained.

Presently George Talboys flung away his cigar, and, turning to the governess, cried abruptly, "Miss Morley, if, when I get to England, I hear that anything has happened to my wife, I shall fall down dead."

"My dear Mr. Talboys, why do you think of these things? God is very good to us; He will not afflict us beyond our power of endurance. I see all things, perhaps, in a melancholy light; for the long monotony of my life has given me too much time to think over my troubles."

"And my life has been all action, privation, toil, alternate hope and despair; I have had no time to think upon the chances of anything happening to my darling. What a blind, reckless fool I have been! Three years and a-half and not one line—one word from her; or from any mortal creature who knows her. Heaven above! what may not have happened?"

In the agitation of his mind he began to walk rapidly up and down the lonely deck, the governess following, and trying to soothe him.

"I swear to you, Miss Morley," he said, "that till you spoke to me to-night I never felt one shadow of fear, and now I have that sick, sinking dread at my heart which you talked of an hour ago. Let me alone, please, to get over it my own way."

She drew silently away from him, and seated herself by the side of the vessel, looking over into the water.

George Talboys walked backwards and forwards for some time, with his head bent upon his breast, looking neither to the right nor the left, but in about a quarter of an hour he returned to the spot where the governess was seated.

"I have been praying," he said—"praying for my darling."

He spoke in a voice little above a whisper, and she saw his face ineffably calm in the moonlight.

CHAPTER III.

HIDDEN RELICS.

THE same August sun which had gone down behind the waste of waters glimmered redly upon the broad face of the old clock over that ivy-covered archway which leads into the gardens of Audley Court.

A fierce and crimson sunset. The mulioned windows and the twinkling lattices are all ablaze with the red glory; the fading light flickers upon the leaves of the limes in the long avenue, and changes the still fish-pond into a sheet of burnished copper; even into those dim recesses of brier and brushwood, amidst which the old well is hidden, the crimson brightness penetrates in fitful flashes till the dank weeds and the rusty iron wheel and broken woodwork seem as if they were flecked with blood.

The lowing of a cow in the quiet meadows, the splash of a trout in the fish-pond, the last notes of a tired bird, the creaking of waggon-wheels upon the distant road, every now and then breaking the evening silence, only made the stillness of the place seem more intense. It was almost oppressive, this twilight stillness. The very repose of the place grew painful from its intensity, and you felt as if a corpse must be lying somewhere within that grey and ivy-covered pile of building—so death-like was the tranquillity of all around.

As the clock over the archway struck eight, a door at the back of the house was softly opened, and a girl came out into the gardens.

But even the presence of a human being scarcely broke the silence; for the girl crept slowly over the thick grass, and gliding into the avenue by the side of the fish-pond, disappeared under the rich shelter of the limes.

She was not, perhaps, positively a pretty girl; but her appearance was of that order which is commonly called interesting. Interesting, it may be, because in the pale face and the light grey eyes, the small features and compressed lips, there was something which hinted at a power of repression and self-control not common in a woman of nineteen or twenty. She might have been pretty, I think, but for the one fault in her small oval face. This fault was an absence of colour. Not one tinge of crimson flushed the waxen whiteness of her cheeks; not one shadow of brown redeemed the pale insi-

pidity of her eyebrows and eyelashes ; not one glimmer of gold or auburn relieved the dull flaxen of her hair. Even her dress was spoiled by this same deficiency. The pale lavender muslin faded into a sickly grey, and the ribbon knotted round her throat melted into the same neutral hue.

Her figure was slim and fragile, and in spite of her humble dress, she had something of the grace and carriage of a gentlewoman ; but she was only a simple country girl, called Phœbe Marks, who had been nursemaid in Mr. Dawson's family, and whom Lady Audley had chosen for her maid after her marriage with Sir Michael.

Of course this was a wonderful piece of good fortune for Phœbe, who found her wages trebled and her work lightened in the well-ordered household at the Court ; and who was therefore quite as much the object of envy amongst her particular friends as my lady herself in higher circles.

A man, who was sitting on the broken woodwork of the well, started as the lady's-maid came out of the dim shade of the limes and stood before him amongst the weeds and brushwood.

I have said before that this was a neglected spot : it lay in the midst of a low shrubbery, hidden away from the rest of the gardens, and only visible from the garret windows at the back of the west wing.

"Why, Phœbe," said the man, shutting a clasp-knife with which he had been stripping the bark from a black-thorn stake, "you came upon me so still and sudden, that I thought you was an evil spirit. I've come across through the fields, and come in here at the gate agen the moat, and I was taking a rest before I came up to the house to ask if you was come back."

"I can see the well from my bed-room window, Luke," Phœbe answered, pointing to an open lattice in one of the gables. "I saw you sitting here, and came down to have a chat ; it's better talking out here than in the house where there's always somebody listening."

The man was a big, broad-shouldered, stupid-looking clodhopper of about twenty-three years of age. His dark-red hair grew low upon his forehead, and his bushy brows met over a pair of greenish grey eyes ; his nose was large and well-shaped, but the mouth was coarse in form and animal in expression. Rosy-

cheeked, red-haired, and bull-necked, he was not unlike one of the stout oxen grazing in the meadows round about the Court.

The girl seated herself lightly upon the woodwork at his side, and put one of her hands, which had grown white in her new and easy service, about his thick neck.

"Are you glad to see me, Luke?" she asked.

"Of course I'm glad, lass," he answered, boorishly, opening his knife again, and scraping away at the hedge-stake.

They were first cousins, and had been playfellows in childhood, and sweethearts in early youth.

"You don't *seem* much as if you were glad," said the girl ; "you might look at me, Luke, and tell me if you think my journey has improved me."

"It ain't put any colour into your cheeks, my girl," he said, glancing up at her from under his lowering eyebrows ; "you're every bit as white as you was when you went away."

"But they say travelling makes people genteel, Luke. I've been on the Continent with my lady, through all manner of curious places ; and you know, when I was a child, Squire Horton's daughters taught me to speak a little French, and I found it so nice to be able to talk to the people abroad."

"Genteel !" cried Luke Marks, with a horse laugh ; "who wants you to be genteel, I wonder ? Not me, for one ; when you're my wife you won't have over-much time for gentility, my girl. French, too ! Dang me, Phœbe, I suppose when we've saved money enough between us to buy a bit of a farm, you'll be *marleyrooing* to the cows ?"

She bit her lip as her lover spoke, and looked away. He went on cutting and chopping at a rude handle he was fashioning to the stake, whistling softly to himself all the while, and not once looking at his cousin.

For some time they were silent, but by and by she said, with her face still turned away from her companion, —

"What a fine thing it is for Miss Graham that was, to travel with her maid and her courier, and her chariot and four, and a husband that thinks there isn't one spot upon all the earth that's good enough for her to set her foot upon ?"

"Ay, it is a fine thing, Phœbe, to have lots of money," answered Luke, "and I hope you'll be warned by that,

my lass, to save up your wages agen we get married."

"Why, what was she in Mr. Dawson's house only three months ago?" continued the girl, as if she had not heard her cousin's speech. "What was she but a servant like me? Taking wages and working for them as hard, or harder, than I did. You should have seen her shabby clothes, Luke—worn and patched, and darned and turned and twisted, yet always looking nice upon her, somehow. She gives me more as lady's-maid here than ever she got from Mr. Dawson then. Why, I've seen her come out of the parlour with a few sovereigns and a little silver in her hand, that master had just given her for her quarter's salary; and now look at her!"

"Never you mind her," said Luke; "take care of yourself, Phoebe; that's all you've got to do. What should you say to a public-house for you and me, by and by, my girl? There's a deal of money to be made out of a public-house."

The girl still sat with her face averted from her lover, her hands hanging listlessly in her lap, and her pale grey eyes fixed upon the last low streak of crimson dying out behind the trunks of the trees.

"You should see the inside of the house, Luke," she said; "it's a tumble-down looking place enough outside; but you should see my lady's rooms,—all pictures and gilding, and great looking-glasses that stretch from the ceiling to the floor. Painted ceilings, too, that cost hundreds of pounds, the housekeeper told me, and all done for her."

"She's a lucky one," muttered Luke, with lazy indifference.

"You should have seen her while we were abroad, with a crowd of gentlemen always hanging about her; Sir Michael not jealous of them, only proud to see her so much admired. You should have heard her laugh and talk with them; throwing all their compliments and fine speeches back at them, as it were, as if they had been pelting her with roses. She set everybody mad about her, wherever she went. Her singing, her playing, her painting, her dancing, her beautiful smile and sunshiny ringlets! She was always the talk of a place, as long as we stayed in it."

"Is she at home to-night?"

"No, she has gone out with Sir Michael to a dinner party at the Beeches. They've seven or eight miles to drive, and they won't be back till after eleven."

"Then I'll tell you what, Phoebe, if the inside of the house is so mighty fine, I should like to have a look at it."

"You shall, then. Mrs. Barton, the housekeeper, knows you by sight, and she can't object to my showing you some of the best rooms."

It was almost dark when the cousins left the shrubbery and walked slowly to the house. The door by which they entered led into the servants' hall, on one side of which was the housekeeper's room. Phoebe Marks stopped for a moment to ask the housekeeper if she might take her cousin through some of the rooms, and having received permission to do so, lighted a candle at the lamp in the hall, and beckoned to Luke to follow her into the other part of the house.

The long, black oak corridors were dim in the ghostly twilight—the light carried by Phoebe looking only a poor speck of flame in the broad passages through which the girl led her cousin. Luke looked suspiciously over his shoulder now and then, half frightened by the creaking of his own hob-nailed boots.

"It's a mortal dull place, Phoebe," he said, as they emerged from a passage into the principal hall, which was not yet lighted; "I've heard tell of a murder that was done here in old times."

"There are murders enough in these times, as to that, Luke," answered the girl, ascending the staircase, followed by the young man.

She led the way through a great drawing-room, rich in satin and ormolu, bull and inlaid cabinets, bronzes, cameos, statuettes, and trinkets, that glistened in the dusky light; then through a morning room, hung with proof engravings of valuable pictures; through this into an ante-chamber, where she stopped, holding the light above her head.

The young man stared about him, open mouthed and open eyed.

"It's a rare fine place," he said, "and must have cost a power of money."

"Look at the pictures on the walls," said Phoebe, glancing at the panels of the octagonal chamber, which were hung with Claudes and Poussins, Wouvermans and Cuyps. "I've heard that those alone are worth a fortune. This is the entrance to my lady's apartments, Miss Graham that was." She lifted a heavy green cloth curtain which hung across a doorway, and led the astonished countryman into a fairylike boudoir, and thence to a dressing-room, in which the open doors of a ward-

robe and a heap of dresses flung about a sofa showed that it still remained exactly as its occupant had left it.

"I've all these things to put away before my lady comes home, Luke; you might sit down here while I do it, I shan't be long."

Her cousin looked round in gawky embarrassment, bewildered by the splendour of the room; and after some deliberation selected the most substantial of the chairs, on the extreme edge of which he carefully seated himself.

"I wish I could show you the jewels, Luke," said the girl; "but I can't, for she always keeps the keys herself; that's the case on the dressing-table there."

"What, *that*?" cried Luke, staring at the massive walnut-wood and brass inlaid casket. "Why, that's big enough to hold every bit of clothes I've got!"

"And it's as full as it can be of diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds," answered Phoebe, busy as she spoke in folding the rustling silk dresses, and laying them one by one upon the shelves of the wardrobe. As she was shaking out the flounces of the last, a jingling sound caught her ear, and she put her hand into the pocket.

"I declare!" she exclaimed, "my lady has left her keys in her pocket for once in a way: I can show you the jewellery if you like, Luke."

"Well, I may as well have a look at it, my girl," he said, rising from his chair, and holding the light while his cousin unlocked the casket. He uttered a cry of wonder when he saw the ornaments glittering on white satin cushions. He wanted to handle the delicate jewels; to pull them about, and find out their mercantile value. Perhaps a pang of longing and envy shot through his heart as he thought how he would have liked to have taken one of them.

"Why, one of those diamond things

would set us up in life, Phoebe," he said, turning a bracelet over and over in his big red hands.

"Put it down, Luke! Put it down directly!" cried the girl, with a look of terror; "how can you speak about such things?"

He laid the bracelet in its place with a reluctant sigh, and then continued his examination of the casket.

"What's this?" he asked presently, pointing to a brass knob in the framework of the box.

He pushed it as he spoke, and a secret drawer, lined with purple velvet, flew out of the casket.

"Look ye here!" cried Luke, pleased at his discovery.

Phoebe Marks threw down the dress she had been folding, and went over to the toilette table.

"Why, I never saw this before," she said; "I wonder what there is in it?"

There was not much in it; neither gold nor gems; only a baby's little worsted shoe rolled up in a piece of paper, and a tiny lock of pale and silky yellow hair, evidently taken from a baby's head. Phoebe's grey eyes dilated as she examined the little packet.

"So this is what my lady hides in the secret drawer," she muttered.

"It's queer rubbish to keep in such a place," said Luke, carelessly.

The girl's thin lips curved into a curious smile.

"You will bear me witness where I found this," she said, putting the little parcel into her pocket.

"Why, Phoebe, you're never going to be such a fool as to take that," cried the young man.

"I'd rather have this than the diamond bracelet you would have liked to take," she answered; "you shall have the public-house, Luke."

(To be continued.)

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE OCEAN.

CHAPTER VI.

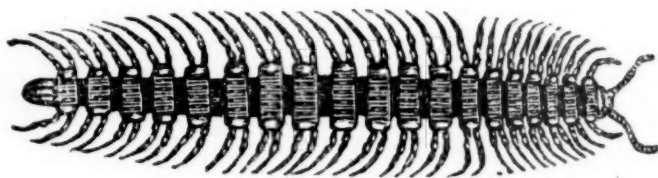
HOW DO THE CRUSTACEANS DIFFER FROM INSECTS AND SPIDERS?—ORGANS OF RESPIRATION IN THE CRUSTACEANS—THE CRAB—TENACITY OF LIFE—THE HORSEMAN—CANCER PAGURUS—THE JAPANESE GIANT CRAB—THE PINNOTHERES—THE HERMIT CRAB—THE PRAWN—THE LOBSTER—THE PROCESS OF CASTING ITS SHELL—VOLUNTARY CASTING OFF LIMBS—EXTRAORDINARY METAMORPHOSIS OF THE CRAB.

THE Crustaceans (Lobsters, Crabs, Prawns) are reckoned by Linnæus among the insects, like the centipedes and spiders; but in reality they differ greatly from them, and, owing to their number, occupy such a large space in the animal kingdom, that they have been elevated, by later naturalists, into a separate class.

It is true that they possess, in common with the insects, an articulated body, covered with a shell more or less hard; the same feelers, and masticating implements formed much after the same fashion; but while the insects breathe through windpipes or tracheæ, the Crustaceans (with the exception of the Woodlouse) are exclusively aqueous. The perfectly

developed insect is incapable of any further growth: the Crustacean, on the other hand, increases in bulk with every year. The Crustacean possesses a heart, which receives and circulates the blood, after it has been purified by the gills. In the insect, the vascular system is far less fully developed. No insect has more than six legs; no Crustacean less than ten.

The Myriapods or Centipedes inhale air like the insects, and are distinguished by the elongated structure of the body. As their name indicates, they are provided with a large number of organs of motion, and surpass, in this respect, the most richly endowed Crustacean. The



THE CENTIPEDE.

Spiders, above all, the Scorpions, bear the greatest similitude to the class now occupying us; but all the Arachnidæ have only eight legs, and usually possess the same number of eyes; while the Crustaceans have only two eyes, which are attached to foot-stalks in the higher varieties. The claws of the crabs and lobsters are really fore-legs, which serve both for crawling, and seizing their prey; while those of the scorpion are merely peculiarly-shaped feelers, and do not aid motion in any way. Usually, the scorpions are land animals, while the Crustaceans belong almost exclusively to the water; for, though some varieties, such as the Woodlice, live in damp places, and the true amphibian (*Grapsus talitrus*) lives chiefly on the strand, and rarely goes to the waves: on the other hand, the greater portion of the Crustaceans dwell in streams and rivers, but, above all, in the ocean, where their legions are found on every coast, or populate the waste of waters far away from land.

The respiratory apparatus of the Crustaceans offers many interesting features. In some of the lower varieties, we find the organs of breathing hidden in the legs, whose extremely thin and delicate covering allows the blood to be properly refreshed. In these animals, breathing and motion are synonymous.

In others, the gills have the shape of bunches of feathers, and swim freely in the water like fins; or they appear like membranous bladders attached to the base of the fore-feet. In the higher varieties, such as the lobsters and crabs, they are contained in two chambers, which lie under the breast-plate, and are provided with two entrances: one in front near the paws, and a posterior one. The latter, in the long-tailed Crustaceans (lobsters), is a widely gaping crevice at the base of the feet; in the short-tailed (crabs), a small cross-slit opening in front of the first pair of feet.

Owing to this arrangement, the crabs, like those fish provided with a narrow

gill-flap, are enabled to live much longer on land, than the long-tailed variety. We find among them, indeed, some specimens so remarkable in this respect, that they are called Land-crabs (*Birgus Gecarcinus*, &c.) But, in order to retain the necessary supply of water, we find in these varieties peculiar cell-like hollows in the inside walls of the gill-cavity, filled with a spongy matter. To this we must add, that, between the several gill-plates, there are remarkably hard continuations, which, in the event of an utter want of water, prevent any adhesion of the gills, and the stopping of the circulation which this would necessarily produce.

In fishes, as we have seen, the water that promotes respiration, flows from front to back, in order not to impede the movement of the animal; in the crabs and lobsters, to harmonise with their retrogressive movements, provision is made that the current of water shall overflow from back to front.

So wondrously is everything arranged in the anatomic structure of these animals for the wants of their peculiar mode of life!

All Crustaceans, however much they may differ in their external form, are constructed on the same fundamental plan. In the lower orders, the body consists of a row of almost equal large rings, each provided with a pair of prehensile or natatory feet. But when we ascend to the higher forms, we find a gradual concentration of the body, by the rings being converted more or less into large, firm pieces. This is found most perfectly in the crabs, whose large, firm shell only evidences its compressed condition by the five pairs of legs, which grow from the lower surface.

Crabs are never met with in the high northern seas; their number increases with the warmer temperature of the waters, so that several sorts are found on our shores; but their principal habitat is the tropical zone. Here, the most remarkable and various types are found; here, they attain a size unknown in our seas; here, lastly, they do not live exclusively, as among us, in the salt water, but populate streams and rivers; or, like the *Thelphusæ* and *Gecarcinians*, remain permanently on land. Among the latter, there are, indeed, some varieties which are so estranged from the water, that they are soon stifled if plunged into it. It is true that they breathe through gills; but the small amount of oxygen dissolved

in the water, does not satisfy the wants of their lively respiration. They generally inhabit damp forests, often far from the coast, on the hills in the interior, and conceal themselves in self-dug holes. At a certain period of the year, they are led by their instinct to the sea; they then collect in large crowds, and frequently make lengthened journeys, permitting nothing to turn them from the direct route, and destroying everything they come across. They live principally on vegetable substances, and are nocturnal or crepuscular animals; at night, they may be seen running about at a considerable speed.

All the sandy and slimy coasts of the tropical seas, which afford sufficient protection from the surf, swarm with crabs. In the East and West Indies, the Land-crab (*Gelasimus vocans*) digs deep holes in the beach. In this curious creature, one claw is much larger than the other, and sometimes is so enormously developed, that it exceeds the rest of the body in size. It employs it as a door, to guard the entrance of its hole; but far from being any hindrance in moving, this crab can march at such speed, that it is difficult to catch. At the same time, it raises its monstrous claw in the air, so that it seems to be making use of it like an outstretched hand. It appears to be making sport of its pursuers; and, confiding in its speed, expresses in pantomime: "You cannot catch me."

So soon as the ebb-tide lays bare the pestilential soil of the Mangrove forest shore, it is found to be inhabited by countless animals. Here quivers a fish; there creeps a *Holothurian*; and crabs run about by thousands. The black mud on the coast of Borneo is often preyed upon by the myriads of the *Gelasimus ceruleus*, which has a great partiality for dirt.

The Venetian lagunes also shelter a countless number of common Crabs (*Portunus mænas*), the capture of which is a very important branch of the fishermen's trade. Entire cargoes are exported to Istria, where they are employed as bait for the Sardines. The fishermen collect them shortly before they shed their shells, and place them in baskets in the canals. When the operation is performed, the crabs are served on the first tables under the name of *Molbeche*. The fishery during the year is valued at 500,000 *liri*. When an attempt is made to capture this crab, it runs away hastily sideways, and

buries itself in the mud. If this resource fail, it beats its claws noisily together, and stands on its defence like a true warrior.

The most valuable crab in the German Ocean is undoubtedly the Broad Common Crab (*Cancer pagurus*), hundreds of thousands being sold annually at Billingsgate. It is caught in osier baskets, so made that they permit an entrance, but prevent a retreat. Although of a very fair size, it is, however, but a dwarf when compared with the Giant Crab, found in the Sea of Japan. This variety is little known; but, judging by fragments, it must attain an enormous size. Tamarik saw some fore-legs of the thickness of a human arm; and the shells are said to be above a yard in width.

The organs of motion in the Crabs are of very various shapes. In what are called Spider-crabs, the legs are very long, thin, and weak, so that the animal is a bad swimmer, and can only walk slowly and hesitatingly. Hence, for greater security, it keeps in rather deep water, concealing itself beneath seaweed, where it wages an incessant war with annelids, planariæ, and small shelly animals. Spider-crabs are frequently found on oyster-banks, and are considered by the fishermen destructive. Hence, they are not thrown back into the water, but taken on land, where they are speedily disposed of.

In other varieties, the legs are muscular, strong, and compact, so that they can move the body along at a considerable speed. The tropical Land-crabs are very remarkable for this quality, as are also the varieties *Ocypoda* and *Grapsus*, which form the connecting link between these and the Marine Crabs proper. The Horseman (*Ocypoda cursor*), which is found on the coasts of Syria, Africa, and the Mediterranean, is indebted for this name to its velocity; for it cannot even be caught up by a mounted man. The *Ocypoda* of North America and the West Indies, dig holes about three to four feet deep, just above high-water mark, and come out at night. Towards the end of October, they go up country, and conceal themselves during the winter in similar holes, whose opening they carefully close.

In the *Portunus*, or real Sea-crab, the posterior pair of feet have a fin-like elongation, so that, though they would play rather an ignominious part on land, they can paddle about all the quicker in their native element.

A peculiarity in these crabs is the large number of parasites which they drag about on their backs. In Mr. Hyndmann's collection is a spider-crab, whose hairy shell, only $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, bears an oyster three inches long, and four to six years of age, which is also covered with many large acorn-shells. The poor beast, like Atlas, had to groan beneath the weight of a world.

Oetke describes a spider-crab the size of a boy's hand, which had dozens of acorn-shells, old and young, on its back, and even several on its legs and claws. Between these were little weeds, and among these and on the acorn-shells, lived an army of phosphorescent animals, which lit up the little world with a flickering light, when water was poured on it in the dark. This spider walked about in the sea in this guise, but it evidently suffered from its weight, and was soon crushed by it.

It would, however, be wrong to regard the burthen many a crab has about it as quite useless, for it may be a stratagem to which the crafty crustacean owes many a dainty morsel. Thus Bennett saw at Otaheite a spider-crab, which had covered itself with fucus and coralline sand. The powerful bent thorns on its back did it excellent service in this. The short claws were carefully concealed, and the long footstalked eyes (we forgot to mention that in all the higher crustaceans, long or short-tailed, the organs of sight are attached to moveable stalks) peered over the piled up material. If an unlucky, unsuspecting mollusc came within reach of the ambushed rascal, it shot forward and held the poor wretch in its jaws, before it had time for reflection.

If some of the crabs have a weight of animals and plants to carry about; there are, again, others which live parasitically in the shells of various molluscs. Thus, the little *Pinnotheres veterum* joins the great Thorn-mussel (*Pinna*) of the Mediterranean. Many fables have been invented about the friendship existing between these animals. Pliny asserts, that, when the widely opened shell of the *Pinna* is filled with a sufficient quantity of small fish, the crab tells its blind host the right moment for closing by a gentle bite (*leni morsu*), after which the allies share the plunder. According to others, the *Pinnotheres* is the faithful guardian and commissary of the bivalve. When it returns from its foray laden with booty, the *Pinna* opens to it at a sign, and re-

ceives as a reward of its hospitality a rich share of the prey. If a foe approach, the crab at once warns its dear comrade, who lives a life free from care, confiding in the watchfulness of the crab. Unfortunately, there is not a word of truth in all these marvellous stories. The sole reason why the little *Pinnotheres* takes up its abode in the strange shell, is the softness of its covering, which would expose it to attack; nor is the *Pinna* found to display any peculiar affection for its so-called guardian; for the latter often has much trouble ere it can creep into it again.

According to Thompson, the *Modiola vulgaris*, a species of esculent mussel, which is very frequently found on the Irish coast, is obliged to shelter several *Pinnotheres* (*P. pisum*). At Heligoland, Oetke rarely found a *modiola* which did not contain a couple of lodgers; but he never found crabs billeted on oysters, esculent mussels, or other allied varieties. What can be the reason for that preference, and this aversion?*

The immense family of *Paguri* or Hermit Crabs is also condemned to a parasitic or predatory life by its structure. The anterior part of the body is equipped, as in other crabs, with breast-plate and claws; but terminates in a long soft tail provided with two hooks. The posterior part is not formed for swimming, and its weight prevents it crawling. Hence no resource is left but to look about for a suitable support; and this is offered it in various Spiral Shells, Periwinkles, Nerites, &c., to which the Hermit Crabs affix themselves so firmly by means of their hooked tails, that the house seems to belong to them. So long as they are young and weak, they may be content with empty shells; but when they are of larger growth, they attack living specimens, seize the molluscs with their tails, before they can draw back, and after devouring the tender flesh of their victim walk with the utmost coolness into the house, which fits them most comfortably, and whose opening they guard with their larger claw, just as the original owner did with its lid.† If the *Paguri* find their home too tight for them, it costs them but small trouble to obtain another; for, wherever they are found, there is always a number of sea-snails. *Paguri* are found

on nearly every beach, and almost every new voyage of discovery produces fresh varieties, so that they are the commonest of the Crab family. At the Mariannes, New Guinea, and Timor, they are present in enormous quantities, according to Quoy and Gaymard. The beach of the islet of Kewa, in Coupangbay, is perfectly covered with them. In the hot hours of the day, they seek the shade of the bushes; but when evening approaches, they make their appearance by thousands. Although they put up with any large shell, they are chiefly found here in the Nerites.

The celebrated East Indian Purse Crab (*Birgus latro*), a connecting link between the long and short tails, bears a great resemblance to the *Paguri*. It is accused of climbing the cocoa palm and plucking the heavy fruit; but Darwin, who frequently observed it on the Keeling Islands, assures us that the crab feeds on the fallen nuts. In this it evinces a degree of skill, which is one of the most marvellous instances of instinct. We may remark, that its anterior pair of legs is provided with very large powerful claws, while the hindermost terminate in small weak nippers. When it has selected a nut for its meal, it begins by pulling off the fibrous shell, and always on that side where the three eye-holes are. Then it hammers away with its heavy claw at one of these, till the door opens. Finally, it turns round, thrusts its nippers through the holes, and pulls out the soft, delicious fruit. It lives much on land, and inhabits deep holes, where it piles up an astounding quantity of cocoa fibre, on which it rests softly and comfortably. The tail is filled with a buttery substance, which is said to be excellent eating. A single *Birgus* will sometimes yield a bottle of oil. Bad times are, however, impending over it, at any rate on the Keeling Islands, as, to the great annoyance of Mynheer, the English have recently taken possession of them, and will grievously disturb the poor Purse Crab.

The long tail which the *Pagurus* hides in shells, forms, in the Lobster and the Prawn, a most magnificent organ of motion, for though these animals have finely formed legs, owing to the peculiar formation of the body they can crawl but slowly. But nothing can surpass their speed in swimming, or rather in shooting backwards through the water. With a single blow of its powerful tail, which terminates in a broad paddle, the lobster

* The Pea-pinnotheres (*Pinnotheres pisum*) is said to be met with in all bivalve shells.

† Mr. Lewis, in his *Sea-side Studies*, contradicts this fact. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

will come a distance of twenty feet. The little prawn (*Crangon vulgaris*) though unable to take such leaps, in proportion to its size, is in no way inferior to the lobster in its power of motion, and is indubitably one of the most active denizens of the sea. It is found in countless numbers on the sandy shores of the German Ocean, not far from the water's edge, where it swims on the surface, at times leaping into the air like a sportive insect. The fishermen go about a couple of feet into the sea, and throw before them a net fastened to a long pole, which they empty from time to time into baskets hanging on their backs.

The *Squilla Mantis*, of the Mediterranean, which is rather like our prawn in shape, differs, however, materially from it, from the fact that its gills hang freely like fins from the ventral feet. It is very good eating, and holds a high position among the *frutti del mare*.

Of all the Crustaceans, none stand so high in estimation as the Lobster. It lives chiefly in deep blue water, on rocky coasts, where it is caught in baskets known by the name of Plumpers. These consist of a thick iron ring, to which a weighted net is attached, the bait being placed in the centre. The ring is let down by means of a small cord, worked by a cork float, and pulled up about half an hour later with a sharp jerk, so that the lobster may fall into the net. This mode of fishing can only be employed in deep water; for the dining lobster, although enjoying the dainty meal, would notice the movement of the boat, and escape the danger. At least 200,000 lobsters are annually exported from Norway to England alone. Great numbers are also caught on the rocky coasts of Ireland and Scotland.

The lobster fishery is also of great importance to Heligoland, and formerly must have been even more considerable. At the beginning of the last century, the fishery was let out to a London speculator. In 1713 he caught about 18,000, and in 1714, 34,989. The first lobsters of the season are often sold for a dollar apiece.

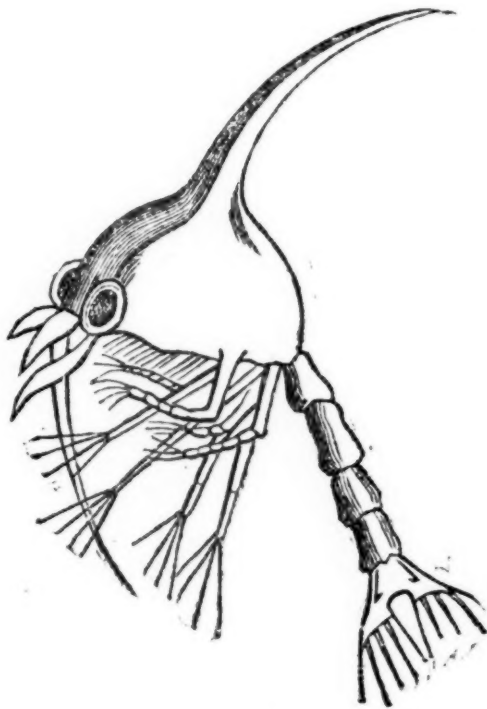
We see thus, that the commercial value of these animals is rather considerable; and, yet, they are a long way from being so valuable as the small Herring Crab (*Cancer halecum*) of the Northern seas, which is of the greatest intermediate use to man, as it is the staple food of the herring.

The Lobster lays, in the summer

months, many thousand eggs in the sand, leaving the further care of its progeny to the blessed sun, and the instinct which is aroused immediately after birth. It may be imagined that only a small portion of them grow large enough to parade in red livery on the tables of the rich. Like all the crustaceans, the lobster casts its shell yearly, and that so perfectly, that the rejected shell with all its feet and feelers, bears a most deceptive resemblance to a full lobster.

When we reflect on the hardness of the covering and its numerous offshoots, especially the broad claws affixed to so narrow a neck, we ask ourselves, with some amazement, how the animal sets to work to liberate its body from such ligaments. We will give a short account of this remarkable process, as it has been watched in tanks in which lobsters are kept.

When, toward autumn, the time for casting the shell approaches, the animal retreats to some secluded nook, like a pious hermit to his cell, and fasts for some days. The shell gradually separates from the body, and beneath it a new tender membrane is found. About this time, the old garment seems to annoy the lobster excessively: for it is seen to make the most strenuous exertions to break off all existing relations with it. Presently the shell bursts asunder up the back, like a ripe seed-pod, and leaves a broad exit for the animal which is panting for freedom. After considerable pulling and haul-



ZOEAE OF THE CRAB.

ing, legs, tail, and claws follow the body. The claws, of course, cost the lobster the

most trouble ; but it knows that perseverance will accomplish the most difficult task, and does not stop till it has drawn the elastic mass through the narrow gateway. We can comprehend that the animal, after such a hot fight for liberty, must feel greatly exhausted. Conscious of its weakness and insufficient means of defence, it retires for a season, modestly and timidly, from all society. It is most afraid of its physically, as well as morally, hard brethren ; for they are delighted to fall on such a defenceless fellow, and devour him, tail and claws, without ceremony. The owners of the lobster-tanks hence keep careful watch, and when they perceive that one of their prisoners is about to cast its shell, they remove it to a separate tank, where it is allowed to grow soft without peril.

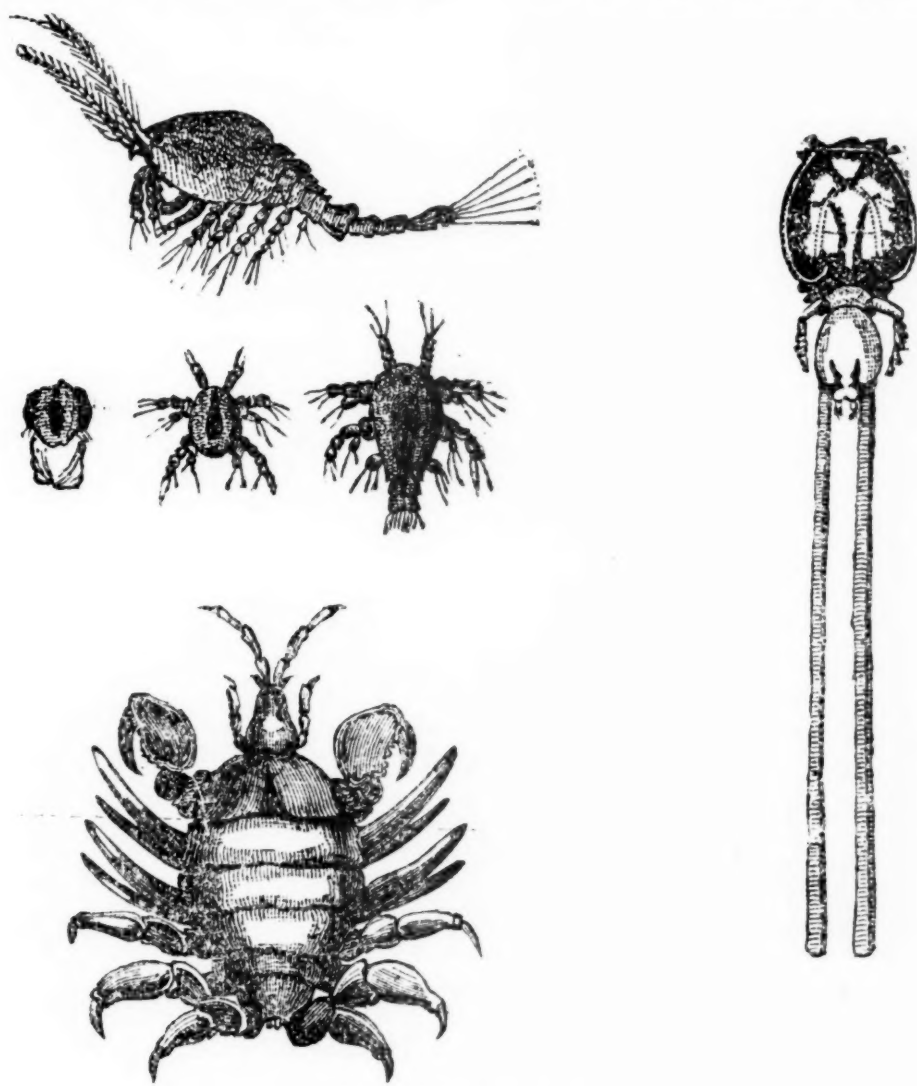
The common Crawfish (*Palinurus vulgaris*) is equally as valuable as the Lobster in the German Ocean, the Mediterranean,

and the West Coast of France. It grows over four feet long, and attains a weight of twelve to fifteen pounds. The long prickly feelers are bent backwards, the rough down-covered shell is of a greenish brown, and the tail marked with yellow spots. The meat is held in high estimation. Like the Lobster, it lives on rocky coasts, where it prefers to hide itself under stones.

Very curious, too, is the ease with which crustaceans can throw off their legs, and even their heavy claws, when wounded in one of these limbs, or alarmed by a storm. They run away, without any appearance of pain, on their other legs.

After a while a new limb grows from the old stump, though it never reaches the size of its predecessor ; thus, crabs are often found with one claw larger than the other, which is evidently of more recent growth.

The wonderful metamorphoses of insects



WATER-FLEAS, ETC.

are generally known ; but no less extraordinary are the changes young Crabs undergo ere they attain the form of the old ones. To Mr. Vaughan Thompson we are indebted for the first discovery of the metamorphoses of the common Crab ; and

the development of other varieties has since been observed by several naturalists, so that, in all probability, the higher crustaceans are compelled to pass through similar stages of existence.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPTAIN OF THE VULTURE.

CHAPTER XX.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

MILLCENT and Darrell were taken to a dreary, dilapidated building called the lock-up, very rarely tenanted, save by some wandering vagrant, who had been found guilty of the offence of having nothing to eat; or some more troublesome delinquent, in the way of a poacher, who had been taken in the act of appropriating the hares and pheasants on a neighbouring preserve.

To this place Hugh Martin, the constable, and his assistant, Bob, conducted gentle and delicately-nurtured Mrs. George Duke; and the only one privilege which the entreaties of Darrell and Sarah Pecker could obtain for her was the constable's permission to Sally to stop all night in the cell with the female prisoner.

Darrell prayed Hugh Martin to take them straight to the house of Mr. Montague Bowers, that any examination which had to take place might take place that very night; but the constable shook his head gravely, and said that Mr. Bowers had made up his mind to wait till morning. So in a dilapidated chamber, which had been divided across the centre by a thin wooden partition, for the accommodation of an occasional press of prisoners, Millicent and Sarah spent that long and dismal night. A dirty casement-window, secured by bars of rusty iron, only separated them from the village street. They could see the feeble lights in cottage windows, blurred and dim through the dirty glass; and could hear every now and then the footsteps of a passer-by, crunching the crisp snow beneath his tread.

Millicent, lying on a truckle bed beneath this window and listening to those passing footsteps, remembered how often she had gone by that dismal building, and how utterly unmindful she had been of those within. She shuddered as she looked at the ragged damp stains on the plaster walls, that made themselves into ugly faces in the uncertain flicker of a rushlight, remembering how many helpless creatures must have lain there through long winter nights like this, conjuring hideous faces from the same crooked lines and blotches, and counting the cobwebs hanging from the roof.

Mrs. Pecker, wrapped in a grey woollen cloak, sat on a wooden stool by the bed-

side, with her head resting on Millicent's wretched straw pillow. She had completely worn herself out with protestations against the arrest, and was fain to keep silence from sheer exhaustion.

"Sally, dear," said Millicent, "do you think innocent people are often locked up here?"

"Lud no, Miss Milly!" answered Sarah, waking out of a half slumber, "I should think not. It's mostly tramps and beggars, and such like as they put in here; and, goodness knows, there ain't much innocence about them. Only to think, only to think that the cruel wretches should put my old master's daughter into such a place!—to think that such things can be done in a free country! But the king shall hear of it upon his throne, Miss Milly, as sure as my name's Sally Pecker, and then we'll see if they'll dare keep you in prison."

It was strange that since her arrest and removal to this dreary lock-up Millicent Duke had seemed to recover the quiet gentleness which was so much a part of her nature. She had been incoherent before, but she was now perfectly calm and collected; and instead of requiring consolation and support from her friend, it was she who now soothed and comforted the broken-hearted Sarah. I have said that hers was one of those natures which rise with the occasion; and though a shrinking, timid soul at ordinary times, she might on emergency have become a heroine. Not a Joan of Arc nor a Charlotte Corday, nor any such energetic creature; but a gentle, saintly martyr of the old Roman Catholic days, quietly going forth to meet her death without a murmur.

She put her arms about Mrs. Pecker's neck, and tenderly embraced the outraged matron.

"All will be right in the end, dear," she said; "they never, never, never can think me guilty of this dreadful deed. They are searching for the real murderer, perhaps, this very night, while I lie here. God, who knows that I am innocent, will never permit me to suffer."

"Permit you to suffer! No, no, no, darling, no," cried Sarah, clinging about Millicent, and bursting into a passion of tears.

She remembered, with a shudder, what it was that Mrs. Duke meant by that word, suffer. She remembered how many

hapless wretches suffered in those days, and how scarcely a week went by unmarked by an execution at Carlisle. How did she know that all who died that ignominious death were guilty of the crimes whose penalty they paid? She had never thought of it till now; taking it always for granted that judges and juries knew best; and that these cold-blooded judicial murders were done for the good of the nation. But how if judges and juries should sometimes be mistaken? How if it should please some twelve block-heads to pronounce her old master's daughter guilty of a horrible murder!

"Oh, Miss Milly, Miss Milly, if I had only been with you last night," she said; "I had half a mind to have come down to the Hall after Mr. Darrell left you; but I knew I was no favourite with Captain Duke, and I thought my coming might only make him angry against you."

The last footfall died away upon the snow, the last dim light faded out in the village street, the long winter night, seeming almost eternal to the two women, wore itself out, and the cheerless day-break showed a wan and ghastly face at the barred casements of Compton jail.

A little after eight, Hugh Martin, the constable, unbolted the door of the cell, and tapped against the rotten woodwork for permission to enter.

He found Millicent sitting on the edge of the truckle bed, dressed and ready to accompany him. Her cheeks and lips were bloodless, and her eyes, encircled by purple shadows, seemed to have grown larger since the night of the murder; but she was perfectly collected. The constable, moved with pity for her youth and gentle nature, had brought her a dish of warm tea; which she drank patiently and gratefully, though every drop seemed to choke her. She asked several questions about Darrell Markham, and told the constable that her cousin could have little difficulty in proving his innocence, as he had left the Hall long before the commission of the murder; but she said nothing whatever of herself, or of the injustice of the charge made against her.

A coach, hired from the Black Bear, carried the two prisoners to the magistrate's house; but Hugh Martin took good care that Darrell and his cousin were kept apart, the young man sitting on the box beside the coachman. The family was at breakfast when the little party arrived, and the prisoners heard the pleasant prattle of children's voices, as they were ushered

through the hall into the magistrate's study. A grim chamber this hall of audience, lighted by two narrow windows looking out upon the stables, and furnished with stiff, high-backed oaken chairs, ponderous tables, and a solemn-faced clock, calculated to strike terror to the heart of a criminal.

Here Millicent and Darrell, with Hugh Martin the constable, and Sarah Pecker, waited for Mr. Montague Bowers, Justice of the Peace, to make his appearance.

Hanging about the hall and gathered round the door of this chamber, were several people who had persuaded themselves into the idea that they knew something of the disappearance of Captain Duke, and were eager to serve the State by giving evidence to that effect. The ostler, who had aroused the constable; half a dozen men who had helped in the ineffectual search for the body; a woman who had assisted in conveying Mrs. Meggis, the deaf housekeeper, to the spot that morning, and many others equally unconnected with the case were amongst these. There was therefore a general sensation of disappointment and injury when Mr. Montague Bowers, coming away from his breakfast, selected Samuel Pecker from amongst this group of outsiders, and bidding the innkeeper follow him, walked into the chamber of justice, and closed the door upon the rest.

"Now, Mr. Pecker," said the Justice, seating himself at the oaken table, and dipping a pen into the ink, "what have you to say about this business?"

Taken at a disadvantage thus, Samuel Pecker had very little indeed to say about it. He could only breathe hard, fidget nervously with his plaited ruffles (he had put on his Sunday clothes in honour of the occasion), and stare at the Justice's clerk, who sat pen in hand, waiting to take down the innkeeper's deposition.

"Come, Mr. Pecker," said the Justice, "what have you to state respecting the missing man?"

Samuel scratched his head vaguely, and looked appealingly at his wife, Sarah, who sat by the side of Mrs. Duke, weeping audibly.

"Meaning him as was murdered," suggested Mr. Pecker.

"Meaning Captain George Duke," replied the Justice.

"Ah, but there it is," exclaimed the bewildered Samuel; "that's just where it is. Captain George Duke. Very good; but which of them? Him as asked me

the way to Marley Water seven years ago on horseback last October? you remember, Master Darrell, for you was by at the time," said the innkeeper, addressing himself to one of the accused. "Him as Miss Millicent saw on Marley Pier, by moonlight, when the clocks were striking twelve? Him as came to the Black Bear the day before yesterday at three o'clock in the afternoon; or him as drank and paid for a glass of brandy between eight and nine that night and left a horse in our stables, which has never been fetched away?"

The busy pen of the clerk, scratching after Mr. Samuel Pecker, seemed to keep up a kind of race with that gentleman as it jotted down his words, which already occupied half a page of foolscap.

Mr. Montague Bowers stared hopelessly at the witness.

"What is this?" he demanded, looking at Sarah and the two prisoners in his despair; "what, in Heaven's name, does it all mean?"

Whereupon Mr. Samuel Pecker entered into a detailed account of all that had happened at Compton on the Moor for the last seven years, not forgetting even the foreign-looking pedlar, who stole the spoons; and, indeed, throwing out a feeble suggestion that the itinerant might be in some way connected with the murder of Captain George Duke. When urged to come to the point, after rambling over nearly three sides of foolscap, he became so bewilderingly obscure that it was only by pumping at him, by brief and direct questions, that the justice approached any nearer to the object of the examination.

"Now, suppose you tell me, Mr. Pecker, at what hour Captain Duke left your house on the night before last."

"Between eight and nine."

"Good, and you next saw him—?"

"Between nine and ten, when I went to the Hall with Miss Millicent and Mr. Darrell."

"Did Mrs. Duke and her husband appear to be on friendly terms?"

To this question Samuel Pecker made a very discursive answer, setting out by protesting that nothing could have been more affectionate than the conduct of Millicent and the Captain; and then going on to declare that Mrs. Duke had fallen prostrate upon the snow, bewailing her bitter fortune, and her husband's return; and further relating how she had never addressed a word to him, except once, when she suddenly cried out, and asked

him why he had come back to make her the most guilty and miserable of women.

Here the innkeeper came to an abrupt finish, in no wise encouraged by the terrific appearance of his wife, Sarah, who sat shaking her head at him fiercely, from behind the shelter of her apron.

It took a long time therefore altogether, before the examination of Mr. Samuel Pecker was concluded, and that rather unmanageable witness pumped completely dry. Enough, however, had been elicited from the innkeeper to establish Darrell Markham's innocence of the charge brought against him, inasmuch as he had quitted Compton Hall in the company of Samuel, leaving Captain Duke alive and well at ten o'clock. Between that hour and the time of George Duke's disappearance, Millicent and the deaf housekeeper had been alone with the missing man. Montague Bowers congratulated the young man upon his having come so safely out of the business, but Darrell neither heeded nor heard him. He stood close against the chair in which his cousin sat, watching that still and patient figure, that pale, resigned face, and thinking with anguish and terror that every word which tended to exonerate him, only threw a darker shadow of suspicion upon her.

Darrell Markham was the next witness examined. All was revealed in that cruel scrutiny. The marriage at St. Bride's Church, Ringwood's letter, the return to Compton, the surprise of Captain Duke's reappearance, hard words that had been spoken between the two men, Millicent's despair, and shuddering horror of her husband, and then the long blank interval of many hours, at the end of which Mrs. George Duke came, white and distracted, to the Black Bear to tell of a murder that had been done.

All this the clerk's busy pen recorded, and to this Darrell Markham signed his name, in witness of its truth.

Hugh Martin, the constable, described the appearance of the house. The absence of any sign of pillage or violence, the unbroken fastenings of the heavy oaken door, the undisturbed plate on the sideboard, and lastly, the bloodstained razor found by him in the bureau.

From Mrs. Meggis, the deaf housekeeper, very little information of any kind could be extorted. She remembered admitting Captain Duke on his arrival at the Hall, but was doubtful as to the hour; it might have been be-

tween seven and eight, or between eight and nine. She remembered his striding straight into the oak parlour, and bidding her light a fire—he was a noisy and insolent gentleman, and she was frightened of him, and he swore at her because the kindling was green and wouldn't burn. She remembered preparing the garden room for him, according to Mrs. Duke's orders. She had prepared no other room for Mrs. Duke, and did not know where she meant to sleep. She remembered getting the wine and brandy, which Mrs. Duke carried to the Captain with her own hands. This must have occurred, she thought, at about eleven o'clock, and immediately after this she, Mrs. Meggis, went to bed, and remembered no more till she was awoke next morning by the constable, and nigh frightened out of her poor old wits by seeing him standing against her bedside.

This was all that Mrs. Meggis had to tell; and she, like Samuel Pecker, gave a great deal of trouble to her questioners, before she could be induced to part with her information.

Sarah Pecker was also examined, but she could tell nothing more than her husband had told already, and she broke down so often into sobs and pitying ejaculations about her old master's daughter, that Mr. Bowers was glad to make the examination as brief as possible.

All these people duly examined, their depositions read over to them, and signed by them, there was nothing more to be done but to ask the accused, Millicent Duke, what she had to say.

She told her awful story with a quiet coherence, that no one there assembled had expected from her. She described her horror at the Captain's return, and the distracted state of her mind, which had been nigh upon madness all that cruel night. She stated, as nearly as was in her power, the time at which she bade him good night, and retired to the chamber farthest from the garden room—the chamber which had been her mother's. She grew a little confused here, when asked what she had done with herself between that time (a little after eleven o'clock), and the discovery of the murder. She said that she thought she must have sat, perhaps for hours, thinking of her troubles, and half unconscious of the lapse of time. She told how, by and bye, in a passionate outburst of despair, she thought of her father's old razors lying in that very

chamber, within reach of her hands, and remembered how one deep gash in her throat might end all her sorrow upon this earth. But the sight of the murderous steel, and the remembrance of the sin of such a deed, had changed her purpose as suddenly as that purpose had sprung up in her heart, and she thrust the razor away from her in a wild hurry of terror and remorse. Then, with but little questioning and with quiet self-possession, she told how that other purpose, almost as desperate as the first, had succeeded it in her mind; and how she had determined to appeal to George Duke, imploring of him to leave her, and to suffer her to drag out her days in peace. How, eager to act upon this last hope, she had gone straight to his room, and there had found him lying murdered on his bed. The Justice asked her if she had gone close up to the bedside to convince herself that the Captain really was dead. No, but she had seen the fearful gash across his throat; the blood streaming from the open wound, and she knew that he was dead.

She spoke slowly, faltering a little sometimes, but never embarrassed, though the clerk's pen followed her every word as unrelentingly as if he had been a recording angel writing the history of her sins. There had been a death-like silence in the room while she told her story, broken only by the scratching of the clerk's pen and the ticking of the solemn-faced clock.

"I will but ask you one more question, Mrs. Duke," said Montague Bowers; "and I beg you, for your own sake, to be careful how you answer it. Do you know of any person likely to entertain a feeling of animosity against your husband?"

She might have replied that she knew nothing of her husband's habits, nor of his companions. He might have had a dozen enemies whose names she had never heard; but her simple and guileless mind was powerless to deal with the matter thus, and she only answered the question in its plainest meaning.

"No; no one."

"Think, again, Mrs. Duke; this is a terrible business for you, and I would not for the world hurry you. Do you know of no one who had any motive for wishing your husband's death?"

"No one," answered Millicent.

"Pardon me, Mr. Bowers," interrupted Darrell, "but my cousin forgets

to tell you that the captain of the *Vulture* was at the best a mysterious individual. He would never have been admitted into our family but for a whim of my poor uncle, who at the time of his daughter's marriage was scarcely accountable for his actions. No one in Compton knew who George Duke was, or where he came from, and no one but the late Squire believed him when he declared himself to be a captain in his Majesty's navy. Six years ago I made it my business to ascertain the truth of the matter, and found that no such person as Captain George Duke had ever been heard of at the Admiralty. Whatever he was, nothing of his past life was known to either his wife or her relatives. My cousin Millicent is not therefore in a position to answer your question."

"Can you answer it, Mr. Markham?"

"No more than Mrs. Duke."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Bowers, gravely, "very sorry; for under these circumstances my duty leaves me but one course. I shall be compelled to commit Millicent Duke to Carlisle jail for the murder of her husband."

A woman's shriek vibrated through the chamber as these words were said, but it came from the lips of Sarah Pecker, and not from the accused. Calm as if she had been but a witness of the proceedings, Millicent comforted her old friend, imploring her not to give way to this passion of grief, for that Providence always set such things right in due time.

But Sarah was not to be comforted so easily. "No, Miss Millicent, no," she said; "Providence has suffered innocent people to be hung before this, and Heaven forgive us all for thinking so little about them; Heaven forgive us for thinking so little of the poor, guiltless creatures who have died a shameful death. Oh! Mr. Darrell," exclaimed Sarah, with sudden energy, "speak, speak, Mr. Darrell, dear; Samuel Pecker, speak and tell his worship that of all the innocent creatures in the world, my old master's daughter is the most innocent; that of all the tender and pitiful hearts God ever made, hers is the most pitiful. Tell him that from her birth until this day her hand was never raised to harm the lowliest thing that lives; how much less, then, against a fellow-creature's life. Tell him this, Mr. Darrell, and he cannot have the heart to send my innocent darling to a felon's jail."

Darrell Markham turned his face to the wall and sobbed aloud, nor did any of those present see anything unmanly in the proceeding. Even the clerk was moved to compassion, and something very much like a tear dropped upon the closely-written pages of evidence. But, whatever pity Mr. Montague Bowers might feel for the helpless girl sitting before him, in all quiet patience and resignation, he held to the course which he considered his duty, and made out the warrant which was to commit Millicent Duke to Carlisle prison, there to await the spring assizes.

Millicent started when they told her that she would leave Compton for Carlisle as soon as the only post-chaise in Compton, which of course belonged to the inn and posting-house kept by Samuel Pecker, could be prepared for her; but evinced no other surprise whatever. The written depositions were folded and locked in the justice's desk, the clerk retired, and the prisoner was left in the safe keeping of Hugh Martin and his fellow-constable, to await the coming of the post-chaise which was to carry her the first stage of her dismal journey. Darrell and Sarah remained with her to the last, only parting with her at the door of the chaise. The young man took her in his arms before he lifted her into the vehicle, and pressed his lips to her cold forehead.

"Listen to me, Millicent, my beloved and my darling," he said, "and keep the memory of my words with you in your trouble, for trust me they are no idle ones. I dedicate my life to the solution of this mystery; I will neither rest day nor night till I have found the real criminal, and cleared the spotless name of my darling. Remember this, Millicent, and fear nothing. Remember, also, that I have powerful friends in London, who, if need be, will help me to save your life." He kissed her once more before he lifted her into the vehicle. In the last glimpse which Darrell and Sarah had of her, she was sitting quietly, with Hugh Martin by her side, looking out at them through the window of the chaise.

The dusky afternoon closed about the horses as they galloped off, the wheels of the vehicle crashing through the snow, and she was gone.

The crowd gathered round the gates of the justice's mansion followed her to the last with white, sympathizing faces, and then walked slowly homeward

through the gathering twilight to talk about the murder.

The examination of those few witnesses who could throw any light upon the subject had occupied nearly the whole of the short winter's day. Montague Bowers was exhausted and weary when he joined his family at the fireside, and the prattle of his children seemed almost discordant in his ears after the things he had heard that day. One child, his favourite and eldest daughter, a fair-haired girl of twelve, was very anxious to hear the particulars of the day's business; and as she hung about him, asking him pitying questions about Mrs. Duke, he could but remember that Millicent's face had seemed to him almost as childlike and innocent as that now uplifted to his own.

It was to be observed that neither Millicent Duke, nor the old woman, Mrs. Meggis, had made any allusion to the stranger who called at the Hall a few hours before the discovery of the murder. The truth was, that this circumstance, being apparently unconnected with the terrible event of the night, had been completely blotted out of the addled brain of the deaf housekeeper, as well as from the mind of Mrs. Duke.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FOREIGN-LOOKING PEDLAR PAYS A SECOND VISIT TO THE BLACK BEAR.

THREE days after Millicent's removal to Carlisle, an unlooked-for visitor made his appearance at the Black Bear. This visitor was no less a personage than the West-country baronet, whom Sarah Pecker had last seen close against the doors of St. Bride's Church, London.

This distinguished guest arrived in the dusk of the evening by the Marley Water coach, alone and unattended, but wearing the flaxen wig and velvet coat, the glittering sword hilt and military boots, with clanking spurs, and all those braveries that had made such an impression at the Black Bear a short time before. His coming was in itself a surprise; but at the first question he asked he struck consternation and astonishment into the minds of all who heard him.

Striding straight up to the bar, where Samuel Pecker sat in an attitude of melancholy abstraction, staring at the fire, the West-country baronet inquired

if his friend, Captain Duke, had left any message for him.

Samuel, overpowered by the sudden mention of this name, which, since the murder, seemed to carry a ghastly significance of its own, had only strength to murmur a feeble negative.

"Then," said Captain Fanny, "I consider it d—d unhandsome of him!"

He looked so fiercely at Samuel Pecker, that the landlord, being, as we know, of a nervous temperament, began to think that he might be in some way accountable for Captain Duke's shortcomings, and felt himself called upon to apologize.

"Why, the truth of the matter is, sir," he stammered, faltering under the light of the West-country baronet's shifting black eyes; "that when people have their throats cut in their sleep—no notice being given as to it's going to be done—they're apt to leave these little matters unattended to."

"People have their throats cut in their sleep!" echoed the highwayman. "What people? Whose throat has been cut? Speak, man, can't you?"

The fiery young man made as if he would have sprung across the bar, and seized upon Mr. Pecker, in order to wring the tardy answer from his lips. Samuel warded him off by an imploring gesture.

"Don't be violent," he said; "please don't be violent. We've been a good deal shook by what's been going forward these last few days at Compton. My wife, Sarah, keeps her bed; and my nerves, never being overmuch, are of very little account just now. Give me time, and I'll explain everything."

"Give you time, man," cried Captain Fanny; "can't you answer a straight question without beating about the bush for an hour? Whose throat has been cut?"

"Captain Duke's."

"Captain Duke?—George Duke?"

"Christian and surname quite correct. Yes."

"Captain Duke has had his throat cut?"

"From ear to ear!"

"Where?—when?"

"At Compton Hall—on the night of his return."

"And that was——?"

"Five nights ago."

"Good heavens! this is most extraordinary," exclaimed Captain Fanny. "George Duke returned five nights since, and

murdered upon the very night of his return! But by whom—by whom?”

“Ah, there it is,” cried Samuel Pecker, piteously; “that’s what has upset everybody at Compton, including Sarah, who took to her bed the day before yesterday, never before having been a day out of the business since she first set foot in the Black Bear, everything at sixes and sevens, and Joseph the waiter, always the most sober of men, while Sarah kept the keys, drunk two nights running, and shedding tears about poor Mrs. Duke, as is now in Carlisle jail.”

“Mrs. Duke in Carlisle jail?”

“Yes, for the murder of her husband, which never harmed a fly,” said Samuel, with more sympathy than grammar.

“Mrs. Duke accused of her husband’s murder?”

“Yes, poor dear! How should she do it, I should like to know; and if she did do it, where’s the body? How can there be a murder without a body?” exclaimed Mr. Pecker, returning to that part of the question which had always been too much for him; “why, the very essence of a murder is the body. What is the worst inconvenience to the murderer? Why, the body! What leads to the discovery of the murder? Why, the body! What’s the good of coroner’s juries? Why, to sit upon the body! Then how can there be a murder without a body? It’s my belief that Captain Duke is alive and well, hiding somewhere—maybe nigh at hand to this very place—and laughing in his sleeve to think of his poor wife being suspected of making away with him. He’s wicked enough for it, and it would be only like him to do it.”

Captain Fanny was silent for a few moments, thinking deeply.

“Strange — strange — strange!” he said, rather to himself than to the innkeeper; “some men are unlucky from the first, and that man was one of ’em. Murdered on the night of his return; on the very night on which he thought to have fallen into a good thing. Strange!”

“Don’t say murdered,” remonstrated Samuel; “say missing.”

“Missing or murdered, it’s pretty much the same, if he never comes back, man. Then, supposing Mrs. Duke to be tried and found guilty, the Compton property will go to the Crown?”

“I suppose it will,” answered Samuel; “these sort of things generally falls to

the Crown. The Crown must feel an uncommon interest in murders.”

“Now, look you here, Samuel Pecker,” said the distinguished guest; “the best thing you can do is to bring a couple of bottles of wine with you, and show me the way to a snug sitting-room, where you can tell me all about this business.”

The innkeeper desired nothing better than this. He had sprung into popularity, and had risen in public appreciation in a most sudden and almost miraculous manner since the murder at Compton Hall, and the examination before Justice Bowers, in which he had played so prominent a part. Visitors at the Black Bear who before this event had openly despised his intellectual powers, laying down the law to him, and over-riding him upon every possible subject, now hung deferentially upon his every word, accepting each new version of his story, and encouraging him to the utmost in all that richness of detail and embellishment with which he found it necessary, from time to time, to adorn his narrative. And now he found himself called upon to relate the story to no less a person than the elegant West-country baronet, whose appearance was in itself enough to set the Black Bear in a flutter of excitement.

Samuel Pecker was perfectly correct in his description of that hostelry. It was indeed at sixes and sevens. Betty the cook, flurried and uncertain in all her movements, thinking a great deal more of the murder than of her culinary operations, and making perpetual blunders in consequence; encouraging gossips and slovenly loitering women to hang about the kitchen of the Black Bear; wasting half an hour at a time talking to the carrier at the back door, and altogether falling into an idle, slipshod way, utterly out of the ordinary course; while the waiter, Joseph, added his quota to the general confusion, by getting up in the morning in a maudlin and reflective stage of intoxication, lurking about all day, in strange corners, wiping dirty glasses upon a dirtier apron, breaking four or five articles of crockery-ware per diem, and going to bed early in the evening, crying drunk. Sarah Pecker had been the keystone of this simple domestic arch; and without her the whole edifice fell to ruin. The honest creature, unable to bear up against that bitter parting with her old master’s daughter, had taken to her bed, and lay there, refusing to be comforted.

“If there was any mortal thing in this

wide world I could do to help my poor darling," she sobbed, as Samuel feebly attempted to console her, "I think I could bear up through it all; but I can't do anything—I can't do anything—to save her one pang in this bitter trouble. They won't let me be with her in jail—the cruel, hard-hearted wretches—and there's no help but to wait till the trial comes on—two dreary months yet—and pray to God meanwhile to save the innocent. There's nothing to be done but this, and Heaven knows I do pray night and day; but it seems so little to do, so little to do, for my poor dear."

So Sarah kept her bed, careless of what riot and destruction might be going on below stairs, forgetful of every old habit of prudence and frugality, far too ill to remember these things, and only able to take a few spoonfuls of the broths and slops which Betty the cook sent up to her sick mistress.

Poor Sarah had no stronger mind on which to lean for consolation than that of her husband Samuel, for Darrell Markham had quitted the Black Bear upon the night of Millicent's removal from Compton, leaving a brief note addressed to Mrs. Pecker, and worded thus:—

"DEAR SARAH,—I leave you on an errand which, I trust in Providence, may save my poor Millicent. I shall be absent little better than a week. Tell those who may ask any questions about me that I have but gone to visit friends a few miles from Compton. Keep up your heart, and pray for my afflicted darling.

"DARRELL MARKHAM."

Invalid though Mrs. Pecker was, she was not destined to remain long undisturbed, for upon the very night on which Sir Lovel Mortimer arrived at the Black Bear to keep that appointment with his friend Captain Duke, which death had stepped in to break, there came another and an equally unexpected visitor to the head inn of the quiet Cumbrian village.

Joseph, the waiter, after weeping plentifully, and relating a new version of the occurrences of the night of the murder to a select party of listeners, content to hear him in the absence of his master, who was closeted all that evening with his distinguished guest in the white parlour,—Joseph, the waiter, had bade good night to the ordinary customers of the Black Bear, locked the doors and retired to rest. The infallible clock upon the landing-place had struck eleven;

Samuel and Captain Fanny were still drinking and talking in the sitting-room above stairs; Sarah lay awake listening to the sign before the inn door flapping to and fro in the night wind; and Betty the cook, waiting lest the distinguished visitor in the white parlour should require supper, sat by the fire in the kitchen, nodding every now and then over the grey worsted stocking she was trying to darn. Presently the hand armed with the needle dropped by her side, her head fell forward upon her ample bosom, and Betty, the cook, fairly gave up the struggle and fell fast asleep.

She seemed to have enjoyed a slumber of some hours, during which she had dreamed strange and complicated dreams—amongst others, one wherein she headed a party of searchers, who found the body of Captain George Duke standing bolt upright in the little closet under the stairs of her grandmother's cottage in a neighbouring village—when she was awoken by a cautious tapping at the kitchen door, and by the clock upon the stairs chiming the quarter after eleven.

Her first impulse was to scream, as the best thing to be done under all extraordinary circumstances; but remembering that this was no ordinary time at the Black Bear, and that for the last five days all sorts of strange visitors had been coming at all kind of abnormal hours, she thought better of it, and going to the door quietly, unbolted it and looked out. A dark figure stood close against the threshold, so muffled in the garments it wore, and so shrouded by the hat slouched over its eyes, that, though there was a feeble new moon glimmering bluey over the roofs of stables and outbuildings, the visitor, whoever he might be, was not easily to be recognised. The heart of Betty, the cook, sank within her, and a deathly chill, commencing at that indispensable organ, crept slowly upward to the roots of her hair.

It would have been some relief now to have screamed, but the capacity for that useful exercise was gone, and the terrified woman could only stand staring blankly at the figure on the threshold.

How, if this should be that horrible shadow or double of Captain George Duke, which had appeared three times before the murder?

It had come, no doubt, to show the way to the hiding-place of the body, as is a common practice with the ghosts of

murdered men, and it had selected Betty as the proper person to assist in the search.

Even in the agony of her terror, a vision of triumph floated upon the mind of this simple countrywoman, and she could but remember how she would doubtless rise in the estimation of all Compton after such an adventure. But as a humble-minded member of the corporation will sometimes refuse some civic honour, as a weight too ponderous for him to bear, so Betty, not feeling equal to the occasion, sacrificed the opportunity of future distinction, and sounded the prelude of a long scream.

Before she could get beyond this prelude, a heavy hand was clapped upon her open mouth, and a gruff voice asked her what she meant by making such a d—d fool of herself.

Now, as this is by no means the manner in which phantoms and apparitions are accustomed to conduct themselves, those shadowy folk generally confining themselves to polite pantomime and courteous beckonings towards lonely places, in which their business ordinarily lies, Betty took courage, and drawing a long breath of relief, asked her visitant what his business was, and if he wasn't ashamed of himself for turning a poor girl's "whole mask of blood." Not deigning to enter into any discussion upon this remarkable physical operation, the stranger pushed the cook aside, and strode past her into the great kitchen, dimly lighted by the expiring fire and one guttering tallow candle.

Relieved from her first terror, Betty was now able to perceive that this was a taller and a bigger man than George Duke, and that his figure bore no resemblance whatever to that of the murdered sailor.

He stood with his back to the hearth, slowly unwinding a great woollen shawl from his neck, when she followed him into the kitchen. This done, he threw off his hat, pushed his great hand through his short grizzled hair, and stared defiantly at the girl.

The stranger was the foreign-looking pedlar who had robbed Mrs. Pecker of her watch, purse, and silver spoons, in that very kitchen, six years before. Yes, he was the foreign-looking pedlar, but by no means the same prosperous individual he had appeared at that period. His hair, then, hanging in sleek, greasy, blue-black ringlets, had lost its purplish lustre, and was now coarse and grizzled,

and cropped short about his head in a manner by no means becoming. His gaunt frame was strangely clad, his coat-sleeves torn from cuff to shoulder, only held together here and there by shreds of packthread, his shirt dropping in rags upon his broad chest, which was protected by neither coat nor waistcoat, for the first-named garment was too much tattered to meet across his breast, and the last was altogether missing. One foot was shod in a great leathern boot, which came above his knee, the other in an old shoe, tied about his naked ankle with rags and packthread. Fat and comely to look upon six years before, his massive frame was now strangely wasted, the torn coat and wretched shirt hanging about a bony, angular form. No earrings now glistened in his ears; no massive rings of rich barbaric gold adorned his big hands. A gaunt, terrible, half-starved, desperate-looking vagabond stood upon that hearth, where once had stood the smart and prosperous foreign pedlar.

Betty was preparing to begin scream number two, when he thrust his hand suddenly into his pocket, and taking thence a great clasped knife, exclaimed fiercely,—

"As sure as I stand here, woman, if you lift your voice above a whisper, I'll put such a mark upon that throat of yours as will stop your noise for ever."

He opened the knife with a sharp snap, like the report of a miniature pistol, and still rubbing his stubbled head with one big wandering hand, looked admiringly at the weapon. Not as if he were thinking of it in connexion with the threat he had just enunciated, but rather as if he were reflecting what a handy thing it was in a general way. Then remembering himself, he shut the knife with a second sharp snap, and dropping it into his capacious pocket, looked again at the cook.

"Sit you down there," he said, pointing to the chair upon which Betty had dropped her work when she rose to open the door. "Sit you down there, my lass, and answer the questions I've got to ask—or——" He thrust his hand back into his pocket, by way of a finish to his sentence. Betty dropped into the chair indicated as submissively as if she had been before Mr. Montague Bowers, Justice of the Peace, and quietly awaited his pleasure.

She felt that she had done her duty, and that she could do no more.

"Where's your missus, my lass?" asked the pedlar.

"Ill a-bed."

"And your master?"

Betty described Samuel's whereabouts.

"So," muttered the man, "your missus is ill a-bed, and your master is in the white parlour drinking wine with a gentleman. What gentleman?"

Betty was not particularly good at remembering names, but after considerable reflection she said that, if she recollected right, the gentleman was called Sir Lovel Summat.

The pedlar burst into a big laugh—a harsh and hungry kind of cachinnation, which seemed to come from a half-starved frame.

"Sir Lovel Summat," he said; "it isn't Mortimer, is it?"

"Yes, it is," replied Betty.

The pedlar laughed again.

"Sir Lovel Mortimer, is it? Well, that's strange! Very strange, that of all nights out of the three hundred and sixty odd as go to a year, Sir Lovel should pick this night for being at Compton-on-the-Moor. Has he often been here before?"

"Never but once; and that was last Christmas."

"And he's here to-night. It's a strange world. I know Sir Lovel Mortimer; and Sir Lovel Mortimer knows me—intimately."

Betty looked rather incredulous at this assertion.

"Ah, you may stare, my lass!" muttered the pedlar; "but it's Gospel truth for all that. I suppose this barrownight of yours wears a fine gold-laced coat now, don't he?"

"It's silver lace," the girl answered; "and the handle of his sword shines like diamonds; and his eyes is blacker than his boots, and brighter than the buckles in his lace cravat; and ain't he a daring one, too?" added Betty, recalling a skirmish she had had with Captain Fanny in a dark passage, on the occasion of that gentleman wanting to kiss her.

"Oh, he's a daring one, is he?" growled the stranger. "I'm afraid his daring will carry him a step too far one of these days, if he don't take care what he's about, and not make ill friends with those that can blow him—ay, and has the will to do it if he turns contrary. I suppose he's in high feather, eh, my lass?"

Betty stared at him vaguely.

"He's in the white parlour," she said, "along with master."

The pedlar laughed, and flung himself into a chair, which creaked beneath his weight, reduced as he was.

"Look you here, missus cook," he said; "talking's poor work on an empty stomach, and I haven't had a mouthful to put into mine since the break of this cold winter's day; so I'll trouble you for a bit of victuals and a drop of drink before we go on any further."

Seeing something like hesitation in the girl's face, he brought his hand heavily down on the table with a terrible oath.

"Fetch me what I want!" he roared; "d'ye hear? Do you think there's anything in this house that I can't have for the asking?"

Betty moved slowly to the pantry, whose sacred precincts were near at hand. Here was a situation, all the men in the place gone to bed except her master and the West-country baronet, and they out of hearing of the kitchen. She had a mind now and then to make a rush for the door and thence to the white parlour, but she felt convinced that in the event of her doing this, the pedlar would make no more ado but to stride after her into the dark passage and there quietly cut her throat.

In her confusion and terror she brought a strange selection of food from the well-stocked pantry, and came back to the hungry stranger laden with a cold sirloin, the carcase of a chicken which had been cooked for Captain Fanny's dinner, a couple of raw onions, a bunch of dried herbs, half a jam tart, and a lump of fat bacon. But the pedlar had no mind to be critical. He sprang like some ravenous beast upon the viands set before him, hacking great slices off the joint with his clasp knife, and not waiting for so much as a grain of salt to give relish to his food. Betty groaned aloud as she watched the devastation he was making with the noble-looking sirloin, and shuddered as he swallowed lump after lump of meat, unaccompanied by a morsel of bread. He ate with such savage rapidity that all this lasted a very short time, and then pushing the dish away from him with a satisfied grunt, he gasped fiercely the one word, "Brandy."

Betty shook her head. She explained to him that drink of any kind was impossible, as the bar was locked and the key in her master's possession.

"You're a nice, hospitable lot of people," said the pedlar, rubbing his hand across his greasy mouth; "and you know how

to make folks comfortable that have come from foreign parts on purpose for the pleasure of seeing you. Now, look you here; it's double business that has brought me all the way from the county of Hampshire to Compton-on-the-Moor, and that business is first and foremost to see your missus; and secondly, to meet a friend as I parted company with above a fortnight back, and as promised to meet me here, but I expect I've got here before him. Now, that friend is a gentleman bred and born, and his name is Cap'en George Duke, of the *Vulture*."

Betty the cock clasped her hands imploringly.

"Don't!" she cried, "don't! This makes two this blessed night; for him as is upstairs said he came here by appointment with the murdered gentleman."

"What murdered gentleman?"

Betty told the story which had been so often told within the last five days. Told it in rather a gasping and unintelligible manner, but still with sufficient clearness to make the pedlar acquainted with the one great fact of the captain's murder.

"His throat cut from ear to ear on the very same night as he came back," said the man; "that's an awkward business. He'd better have stopped where he was, I reckon. So there was no money took, nor plate, and his pretty young wife is in Carlisle jail for the murder—that's a queer story. I always thought that George Duke had the devil's luck and his own too, but it seems that it failed him at last."

Now, the reader may perhaps remember that, on hearing of the murder, Captain Fanny had made an observation to the effect that the murdered man had been an unlucky fellow from first to last; proving thereby how much the opinions of two people may differ upon a given subject.

"So Cap'en Duke is murdered—a bad look out for me!" muttered the pedlar; "for I had a hold upon my gentleman as would have made his house mine, and his purse mine to the end of my days. I'd best see your missus, without losing any more time, my lass. Is her room anywhere nigh the parlour where your master and the barrownight's a sittin'?"

"No; missus's room is at the other end of the corridor."

"Then go and tell her that him as come here six winters ago, and took the little present as she was kind enough to give him, has come back and wants to see her without loss of time."

The girl shuddered, but obeyed, after one brief, distrustful glance round the kitchen. The man saw the glance and laughed.

"There's no spoons about," he said, "as I can see, even if I had a mind to take 'em. Look sharp and tell your missus."

Sarah Pecker lay awake, with a great Bible open upon the table by her bed. She lifted her head from the pillow as Betty ran, breathless, into the room, for she saw from the girl's face that something had happened.

"Again!" she cried, when the cook had told her of the man waiting below; "again! How cruel, how cruel, that he should come at such a time as this, when my mind is full of the thoughts of poor Miss Millicent, and when I've been praying night and day for something to happen to clear her dear name. It does seem hard."

"There's many things in this life that seems hard," said a voice close against the half-open door, as the gaunt pedlar strode unceremoniously into the room. "Starvation's hard, and a long tramp through the snow with scarce a shoe to your foot is hard, and empty pockets is hard, and many things more as I could mention. You may go, young woman," he added, addressing himself to Betty, and pointing to the door, "you may go; and remember that what I've got to say is more interesting to your missus than to you, so you've no need to listen outside; but just keep a look-out, and give us warning if either your master or his guest leave the white parlour. You understand; so go."

Lest, after all, she should fail in comprehending him, he laid his rough hand upon that particular part of her anatomy commonly called the scruff of the neck, and put her outside the room. This done, he locked the door, walked across the chamber, and seated himself deliberately in an arm-chair by the sick woman's bed.

"Well, Mistress Sally," he said, staring about the room as he addressed Mrs. Pecker, as if looking for any articles of value that might lurk here and there in the shadowy light, "I suppose you scarcely looked to see me in such trim as this?"

He held up his gaunt arm and shook the torn coat-sleeve and the wretched rags of shirt, to draw her attention to the state of his garments.

"I scarcely looked to see you at all after these six years," Sarah said, meekly.

"Oh, you didn't, Mistress Pecker, as I believe they call you hereabouts? No thanks to you for the compliment you paid my good sense. You thought that after happening to come by chance into this part of the country, and finding you living in clover in this place, with money put by in the bank, maybe, and silver plate, and the Lord knows what—you thought as I was such a precious fool, after seein' all this, as to take about fifteen pound worth of property, and go away contented, and stay away for six year. You thought all that, did you, my lady?"

People had called Sarah Pecker a shrew. If they could have seen the white, entreating face turned towards the stranger, they might perhaps have altered their opinion of her.

"I thought," she said, falteringly—"I thought you might be pitiful enough, knowing what I had suffered from you in years gone by, and seeing that it had pleased Providence to make me happy at last—I thought even your hard heart might have taken compassion upon me, and that you would have been content to take all I had to give, and to have gone quietly away for ever."

The pedlar looked at her with a fierce, scornful smile. He lifted his arm for the second time, and this time he pushed back the rags and showed his wasted flesh.

"Does this look like as if I should have much compassion on *you*?" he cried, savagely; "on *you*, wallowing here in comfort and luxury, with good food to eat, and good wine to drink, and fires to warm you, and clothes to wear, and money in your pocket? Why, if I was to sit here from now till daylight talking to you, I could never make you understand what I've passed through in the six infernal years since I last came to this place."

"You've been away at sea?"

"Never you mind where I've been. I haven't been where men learn pitifulness, and compassion, and such fine sentiments as you've just been talking of. I've been where human beings are more dangerous to each other than savage beasts; where men use their knives oftener than their tongues; and where, if ever there was a bit of love or pity in a poor wretch's heart, it gets trampled out and changed to hate. That's where I've been."

"And you've come here to me to ask for money," said Sarah, looking shudderingly at the man's gloomy face.

"Yes."

"How much will do?"

"A hundred pound."

She shook her head despairingly.

"I haven't thirty," she said; "every farthing I have is in that box yonder on the chest of drawers with the brass handles. The key's in the pocket of the gown that's hanging on the bed-post. You can take what there is, and welcome; but I've no more."

"But you can get more," answered the man; "you can ask Mr. Samuel Pecker."

"No, no!"

"You wont ask him?"

"Not for one penny."

"Then I will. I'll ask him fast enough, and I'll tell him——"

"Oh, Thomas, Thomas!"

She raised her hands imploringly and clung about him, as if to stop him from uttering some dreaded word; but he flung her back upon the pillow.

"I'll tell him that I'm your lawful husband, Thomas Masterson; and that at one word from me you'll have to pack out of this house, and tramp wherever I please to take you."

For a moment she lay back upon the pillow, her whole frame rent with a tempest of sobs. Then suddenly raising herself, she looked the man full in the face, and said, deliberately—

"Tell him, then, Thomas Masterson! Tell him as you're my lawful husband as deceived and deluded me when I was a poor, ignorant girl—as beat and half-starved me—as took me away from friends and home. Tell him that you're my lawful husband, as took my one and only child away from me while I was asleep, and as stayed away for seventeen long years to come and claim me when I was a good man's happy wife. Tell him that you're Thomas Masterson, smuggler and thief. But let me tell you first that if you dare to come between him and me, I'll bring those up against you as will make you pay a dear price for your cruelty."

The pedlar tried to laugh at this speech, but failed signally in the attempt.

"You've your old high spirit, Mrs. Sarah," he said; "and even sickness hasn't taken it out of you. You wont ask Samuel Pecker for the money?"

"Not for one farthing."

"Suppose you wanted the money for some whim of your own, do you think he'd refuse it to you?"

"I know he wouldn't."

"Suppose I had a secret to sell, and wanted a hundred pounds for the price of it, would you raise the money?"

"A secret?"

"Yes. You spoke just now of your son, as you were so uncommon fond of. Suppose I could tell you where he is—within easy reach of you—would you give me a hundred pounds for the information?"

Sarah shook her head mournfully.

"I know you, Thomas Masterson," she said; "it's poor work to try and deceive me."

"Look here," answered the pedlar; "you're uncommon suspicious to-night; but I know if you take your Bible oath you won't break it. Swear to me upon

this book, that if I tell you where your son is, and bring him and you together, you'll let me have the hundred pounds within a week?"

He closed the Bible and placed it in her hands: she pressed her lips upon the cover of the volume.

"I swear," she said, "by this blessed book."

"Very good. Your son is now sitting with Samuel Pecker in the parlour at the other end of the corridor. He calls himself Sir Lovel Mortimer; but his friends, companions, and the Bow-street runners call him Captain Fanny, and he is one of the most notorious highwaymen that ever played fast and loose with Jack Ketch."

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

LITERATURE.

THE circumnavigation of the globe suggests ideas as pleasant as they are instructive; long, long years ago we read the voyages of Captain Cook for the first time, and made our earliest acquaintance with the savages of the South Seas. Since when how many narratives of maritime discovery have we perused, none, however, with the excitement with which we followed the course of the immortal circumnavigator to his tragic end. Several of his adventurous countrymen, with higher scientific attainments, have sailed round the globe and published surveying voyages of great interest; naval officers of other nations have done the same; and now we have the result of a recent enterprise of this kind, under the auspices of the Austrian Government, in the shape of a translation from the official account of the voyage. It is called *Narrative of the Circumnavigation of the Globe by the Austrian Frigate "Novara," undertaken by order of the Imperial Government, in the Years 1857, 1858, and 1859.* By Dr. Karl Scherzer, Member of the Expedition, author of *Travels in Central America*. The extent of this work has not been stated; we have only an instalment of it in one very large volume, and as these pages—nearly five hundred in number—are devoted merely to a description of the sail from Trieste to Gib-

raltar, and to subsequent notices of Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, the Cape of Good Hope, the Islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, in the South Indian Ocean, Ceylon and Madras, we cannot calculate on possessing more than a third of the journal. Of course there can be but little novelty in such descriptions for well-read Englishmen. Dr. Scherzer writes under some disadvantage when addressing an English instead of an Austrian audience—the former being familiar with the subjects dwelt upon; and though he labours to give an air of interest if not of novelty to his statements, it is clear enough to the well-informed that he has not much to say that is new. The narrative is preceded by fifty pages of *Physical and Geognostic Suggestions*, by Alexander Von Humboldt, directing the voyagers to what objects to devote their particular attention. Much of this is an enumeration of the volcanic regions that are most worthy of observation, the substance of which the author had already printed in the *Cosmos*. Like all the later writings of this distinguished philosopher, it is exceedingly dry and verbose, and ends at last with the recommendation to establish at Vienna with the geological fruits of the voyage a grand volcanic museum. The most agreeable portion of Dr. Scherzer's first volume is his account of the Islands of the South Indian Ocean, and of Ceylon. Our literature, it is true, abounds in

books respecting these places, and our Royal Geographical Society have left little to be said bearing the slightest approach to novelty by the pen of the historian of the *Novara*. Still these chapters read pleasantly, and will afford entertainment to the mass of circulating-library readers. We quote the following as a specimen of the natural history of the volume:—

HOPPING PENGUINS.—"A flock of these hopping penguins possess an odd and peculiar appearance, as, after leisurely bathing in the sea, and providing a sufficient supply of food for their young, their elegant heads emerge from the water, when carefully calculating the effect of the breakers, they ride their crest, and allow themselves to be deposited on the beach; or after hopping from stone to stone, the plumes on their heads nodding to and fro, suddenly plunge head foremost into the sea, like so many somersault throwers. Not less diverting are the movements of these animals, when returned from their laborious wanderings, which they undertake two or three times a day in search of food for their young, they bend their tottering steps back to the resting-place, waddling in their walk like ducks. One always heads the way as guide and forager in chief, and the rest, usually from ten to fifteen in number, follow him in a column. On reaching the roosting place—a piece of level winding ground—they give a shrill cry and comport themselves anything but peaceably towards their neighbours, especially if these have possessed themselves of their accustomed seats. Continued squabbling and disputing go on, and then croaking and screaming are prolonged far into the silence of night. They show much tenderness for their young, shelter them with great care, and defend them with extraordinary courage and pertinacity against the southern hawk gull (*Stercorarius antarkticus*), which frequently swoops upon the breeding ground, and even ventures within reach of man, from whom it defends itself by violently striking and biting with its beak."

The Austrian frigate did not always meet with fair weather; indeed, at the Cabo Tormentoso of the Portuguese mariners, off the South African promontory, she had her full share of the disturbed elements. We quote the following account of the altitude of the waves seen in that stormy neighbourhood:—

ALTITUDE OF WAVES.—"The waves, like gigantic ridges, mounted, according to measurement, to the height of from 30 to 35 feet above the mean level of the sea, and occasioned that terrible rolling of the ship and those fearful lurches which once experienced are not readily forgotten. Hitherto the altitude of a wave has been generally measured merely by the eye, so that the result depended too much on the accuracy of individual observation to permit of its being exactly ascertained; and it is for this reason that the statements relative to the maximum height of the ocean-wave are so various, that they cannot be considered reliable,

for whilst some observers estimate them to be from 60 to 70 feet, others reckon them only at from 30 to 40 feet.

"On board the *Novara* the following method of admeasurement was adopted:—We first determined by a chronometer the time that a wave takes to pass from one end of the ship to the other, whereby the velocity of the progressive motion of the wave could be calculated in relation to the ship's course and speed, regard being had to the direction and velocity of the ship against it. With this velocity ascertained we were in a position to determine and fix the average distance between two consecutive waves. Lastly, the height of the wave was ascertained from the angle at which the frigate rose and fell in the line of its keel, by the influence of each successive wave and by means of the ascertained distance from the trough of the sea to the crest of the wave. Though this method, likewise, has many difficulties and deficiencies, yet it appears well suited to make correct comparisons between the different waves, and under certain favourable conditions it yields so accurate a result that at any rate it is to be preferred to mere guess work, besides that the experiment itself is susceptible of many improvements. It seems safe to assume that waves scarcely ever attain an elevation of more than 40 or 45 feet."

Dr. Scherzer gives an excellent account of the volcanic island of St. Paul, where the naturalists and scientific members of the expedition were able to collect some interesting data, and of the volcanic island of Amsterdam, on which they succeeded in making a landing, only to find anything like exploration impossible. After leaving Amsterdam they met with the following characteristic example of Yankee manners:—

YANKEE IMPUDENCE.—"On that day a merchantman hove in sight, which with favouring breezes and all sail set, soon bore down upon us. She came down without any flag, and stood right across our bows at so short a distance that we could plainly read her name—*The Bunker's Hill, of Boston*, on her stern. Thereupon we ran up our flag, and as it is as gross a breach of the code of maritime politeness for a ship to pass across the bows of another in the open ocean without saluting, as for a man on land to brush quickly across another's path without apologizing, a blank shot was fired at this unmannerly American. To this manifestation etiquette lays it down that, as the hoisting of her flag by a man-of-war is a direct challenge for any merchantman that may be in sight to hoist its flag, any neglect of these universally recognised rules must invariably give rise to suspicions. After we had fired the blank shot the American, by a telegraph of flag signals, inquired the latitude and longitude, which in merchant ships in the open sea is pretty frequently resorted to in order to know where precisely they are, as they are not able to make such frequent observations as ships of war. Before anything else, however, it was necessary to settle the question of saluting, and

this the obstinate Yankee, in spite of the warning signal, seemed resolved not to notice, although he well knew the seriousness of his position, as was abundantly evident in the celerity with which several ladies and gentlemen, whom we could discern on deck, flew to seek shelter below. A second report, accompanied by a ball over his stern, at last brought this pertinacious captain to his senses, and the whistling of the shot had the desired effect. The stars and stripes were run up, upon which we signalled the required latitude and longitude. Probably it was but a petulant explosion of a silly and national vanity, as also the consciousness of commanding a handsome crack clipper that could speedily run out of gunshot, which led to this premeditated and persistent violation of one of the most ordinary rules of politeness. Indeed, even the vessels of the North American navy itself are frequently compelled in the open sea to treat their fellow-countrymen in a similar manner, and the captain of the war-steamer *Minnesota*, looking after the North American interest in China, was obliged, as we learned afterwards at Shanghai, to enforce a compliance with established sea usages on one of his seafaring compatriots, by dint of cannon-shot, in accordance with the undoubted practice of all maritime nations."

We now take leave of the Austrian Expedition with a courteous *au revoir*, anticipating far more interest in the second volume of the narrative even than we have found in the first.

Books intended to be entertaining should at least have lively subjects. When we want a little salutary exercise, we do not ask for "The Dead March in Saul," and although Holbein's "Dance of Death" is in some respects ludicrous, most of us prefer being made merry by other performances of "the Original Bones." These observations have been elicited by the title of a novel now before us—*Ashcombe Churchyard*. By Evelyn Bensen. In three volumes. It of course suggests "the witching hour of night, when graves give up their dead, and churchyards *yawn*," an operation in which the reader involuntarily sympathizes before he has proceeded through many chapters.

"Afflictions sore
Long time he bore,"

may be repeated by him from the familiar legend, if he penetrate as far as the third volume. "Physicians *was* in vain," as a matter of course, in so desperate a case. Indeed, the grave peril which menaces the idler who strays into this enclosure in search of amusement is so great, that the classic admonition beginning "*Siste, Viator*," ought to make him take himself out of that, as an Irishman might

say, with the speed of a Deerfoot. To show that we are not exaggerating the dulness of this necropolis, we quote the following description of the effects produced in a country neighbourhood by the unexpected return of the lord of the manor to his paternal acres:—

NOVEL NOMENCLATURE.—"Mr. *Alspice*, the Grocer, is going to enlarge his premises; and *Bun*, the Baker, says he will have to bake twice a day in future; and Mrs. *Frizelle*, the Milliner, is going to put one large pane of plate-glass in her window instead of the sixteen little things she has now; but poor *Lambshead*, the Butcher, has had a great disappointment; he had nearly concluded a bargain with *Farmer Hogg* for a double supply of sheep and oxen, and now he hears to his great dismay, that Lord Northwood intends to kill all his own meat—and—"

What Stout, the publican, and Stilton, the cheesemonger, and Bran, the miller, and Linsey, the linendraper, and Cabbage, the tailor, were about to do under the exciting circumstances, we are not told—for which we hope we are sufficiently thankful. But *Ashcombe Churchyard* singularly realizes Mrs. Malaprop's "nice derangement of epitaphs," for at every step we take we stumble over dead and buried commonplaces appealing to posterity with all the touching eloquence of the stonemason. What makes the matter worse is, that the story, unlike that of the *Needy Knife-grinder*, is as intolerably long as it is intolerably tedious. Surely it should have had a metropolitan suggestiveness of woe, like the Woking Cemetery, instead of its present village appellation. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is not half so pathetic as this prose elegiac. His "ivy-mantled tower" sinks into insignificance when compared with the abbey at Northwood, where "the ivy is so luxuriant that you might pluck away enough to dress ten thousand Bacchuses in their appropriate costume, and to wreath the brows of ten thousand revellers, and yet no one be able to tell from what part of the walls the garlands had been subtracted."

Such a narrative, dealing so largely in masses of impenetrable gloom, ought only to be sold at a *Maison de Deuil*, where the bereaved can have their literature of the same funereal hue as their ribbons. It is, in short, so solemn a production, that we strongly recommend it for the waiting-room of the railway station whence the great Necropolis Company start their carriages for their dismal destination. *Ashcombe Churchyard*, so suggestive of "that bourne from whence no traveller returns,"

would be as appropriate under the circumstances as *Sherlock on Death*, or any similar *memento mori* that has ever proceeded from the press. We hope that it may afford more consolation to the afflicted reader than it has given to the afflicted critic.

During the famous Light Cavalry charge in the Crimea, a French officer was heard to exclaim, "This is magnificent, but it is not war!" After the perusal of the works of certain writers of English fiction, it might with as much justice be said, "This is magnificent, but it is not novel-writing." The novel is as completely a work of art as a cathedral, an historical painting, a sculpture group, or a five-act drama. It is as much as either an example of constructive talent, in which the several parts combined to form a whole—each portion having a peculiar quality that harmonizes with the general design. The more important are *portraiture*, or the delineation of personal characteristics—*combination*, or the grouping of such characters to represent particular phases of social life—and *story*, a narrative of events in natural sequence, with a sufficient development of human interest. Success in such composition is mainly dependent on two requisites—power and truth. The first shows the impression made—the second, the sense of the reality of the scenes delineated. For the real test of the value of such a production is the completeness with which the reader surrenders himself to the delusions of the narrative, and takes the place of a spectator of real incidents, and of natural conditions of human life. Few in number are the novelists who have thus written; but such have existed, and their works will last as long as their language endures—ay, as long as any language can be found capable of doing them intellectual justice—for the appreciation of truthfulness is universal. The tales of the *Thousand and One Nights*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Paul and Virginia*, and *Wilhelm Meister*, are, like the creations of Shakspeare, "not for an age, but for all time"—not for a particular nationality, but for the entire civilized world. There was a time when English authors were content to write without exaggeration, when John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Oliver Goldsmith, and Mrs. Inchbald, gave to posterity their simple narratives of human faith, human adventure, human misfortune, and human pathos in a material that will outlast contemporary mo-

numents of marble; but we have changed all this, and not in the least for the better. Our writers now seem to dip their pens in alcohol rather than in ink—nay, some of them, in their prodigious efforts at sensation writing, appear to concoct a fluid of bang, arrack, and other examples of fire-water of the most astounding intoxicating quality, "not to be drunk on the premises" of the circulating libraries; and when at home the draught has been drained to the end of the third volume, we learn from the fever, and the nausea, and the *delirium tremens* produced by such excitement, how noxious has been the mixture we have imbibed.

That the taste will pass away—indeed, that it is passing away, we are certain. A glut in the market of such literature will soon bring about a reaction, when these overdrawn, over-coloured pictures of social evil will sink into as complete oblivion as has visited the nightmare exaggerations of Maturin, or the absurd atrocities of Monk Lewis. Is there nothing good in the world, that they produce scarcely anything but wickedness? Has Virtue totally fled the earth, that they choose to represent nothing but vice? They certainly must be afflicted with a mental *gutta serena* that prevents their seeing what is beautiful and good in the objects by which they are surrounded, and throws upon their inner world a darkness that makes the heart a sepulchre of rottenness and dust.

Mr. Sala has gained a wide reputation for being a powerful writer. We believe that he first came before the public as a contributor to *Household Words* of papers remarkable for a certain graphic freedom and intensity of expression. They were subsequently republished in a collective form as *Travels due North*, and their talent was promptly and cordially recognised. Had he been content with producing pen-and-ink pictures of such merit, there is no doubt that he would have been acknowledged to be an artist of considerable originality; but he seems to have been ambitious of achieving a great success as a novelist, and at once entered the lists against his most skilful competitors. *The Baddington Peerage* was the result. It was not considered attractive at the circulating libraries, we believe; because more than nine-tenths of educated novel-readers are ladies, and the work was written without the slightest reference to the tastes or prejudices of well-bred women. We have now before us a second

venture of the same kind, *The Seven Sons of Mammon*. In this the author has put forth his powers to gain a distinguished position as a writer of serial fiction, and comes into the literary market striving to outdo such startling effects as have gained fame for some of our most popular novelists. The first thing that will strike the critic on a careful examination of this production, is the deficiency of novelty in the prominent features of the story. Making a hero of a presumed millionaire has been done several times already. About the period "the Railway King" came to grief, the press sent out a batch of such novels—*The Golden Calf*, *The Ladder of Gold*, and several others. Then the reader is made acquainted with the proceedings of the Detective Force both of France and England, a domestic institution with which we have been familiarized by more than one manufacturer of "romances of real life"—writers to whom the alcoholic ink appears to have been superseded by a fluid compounded of gunpowder and *aqua fortis*—so corrosive are their attempts at sensation.

Mr. Sala's resources are unquestionably of a much higher order, and we are surprised that he should have condescended to use a path to popularity that had already been well trodden. We suppose that the demands of serial writing necessitate using popular sources of interest. The heroine of the narrative, Mrs. Armytage, is about as estimable as the hero; she is an adventuress, such as the criminal courts at home and abroad occasionally make known to us; and if we are not mistaken, her career of crime is not fictitious. Fiction, however, has introduced us to numberless examples of female duplicity; but the Becky of *Vanity Fair*, and the Widow Barnaby of Mrs. Trollope, are thrown completely into the shade by the figure of this more accomplished and more daring criminal. If we call her the best character in Mr. Sala's book, we are obliged, from a conscientious sense of her demerits, to add, that bad is the best. Two or three other female characters figure in the *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, but they afford no relief to her evil pre-eminence. Indeed, they can scarcely be said to have any characters, they possess so little of real feminine nature. Here, as in other parts of the book, there are indications of a one-sided knowledge of humanity, and that the worst. We ask, *cui bono?* or rather, where is the good? and look for it in

vain. Falstaff's entries in his diary showed at least a halfpenny-worth of bread to such a prodigious quantity of sack; but here there seems absolutely to be no staff of life, while the staff of death props up every page. Splendid are the descriptions of scenes redolent of vice and folly, many a chapter is a light cavalry charge—that is to say, it is magnificent, but it is not novel-writing.

The talent displayed is imitative, not constructive. If we were to ask the author for what the novel demands, he might appropriately reply in the words of Canning's hero:—

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!"

So little attention has been paid to this vital element of a novel, that although *seven* sons of Mammon are promised in the title-page, the reader is only introduced to *five*; and although a liberal proportion of mystery is employed in the narrative, the author does not take the trouble to explain it, before he closes his final chapter. In fact, like an immortal narrator—

"He leaves half told

His story of Cambyzes bold;"

nor does there appear any probability of a further contribution to the family history seeing the light. We are, therefore, obliged to accept the incomplete work, and must endeavour to appreciate its merits. These are sufficient to satisfy a large clientele—all who read little, think little, and feel less, must be delighted with the author's vivid pictures of fast life. It is wonderfully clever scene-painting, flashing with brilliant colour and bold design. What it wants is a touch of human tenderness to bring it home to those whose hearts are as intent upon their reading as their eyes.

We wish to add a word or two of friendly remonstrance respecting the Preface prefixed to these three volumes. We will not stop to inquire whether the book would have been better without the Preface, or the Preface better without the book; we merely state that we never read four pages of Mr. Sala's writing with less satisfaction. The common sense of it is, that he is quite aware of the deficiencies of his production, but does not care—very natural perhaps in an ill-disciplined and negligent schoolboy, but certainly not worthy of an experienced man of letters, who aspires to maintain a character for intelligence. He acknowledges that the seven sons promised in

the title-page are only five in the narrative, but wants it to be believed that he never intended to bring forward more than the smaller number. If the author's butcher offered to provide him with a haunch of mutton, and sent a leg, with the excuse that he never intended to let him have a larger joint, we imagine that Mr. Sala would not feel quite satisfied with the transaction. And this is exactly the position of the "courteous reader," at whom the author in the first page of his preface launches half-a-dozen sentences full of very ill-timed and, we must add, very foolish sneers.

The other excuse, that had he realized his promise, his story must have been in eighteen volumes instead of three, is entitled to just as much consideration. Captain Hugh Goldthorpe is disposed of in a few pages of one of the opening chapters. Surely the two sons unaccounted for might have been sent up in a balloon, and annihilated by its conflagration or destruction by other means, just as easily as the East India officer was smashed by a railway collision? We do not recommend the expedient of a contemporary sensationist, who, driven to bring his narrative to a conclusion, sent all his principal characters on board the Calais Packet, and then made her founder, with all hands lost: but rather than break faith with a too credulous reader, it is advisable to abbreviate a life or two.

The Preface is also marked by a defiant tone against criticism: this from an author to whom critics have always been indulgent, and often cordially kind, seems a little ungrateful. We are glad to hear that he is not entirely dependent on literature; nevertheless, as we know that talent such as he unquestionably possesses must bring him a respectable income, it surely is not becoming in him to throw dirt on his bread and butter—we mean his claret and olives—even though he should "go on cultivating his cabbages" with the assiduity of a market-gardener. Whatever he may advance derogatively about "earning his bread by writing novels, or looking to booksellers for patronage," Mr. Sala is known only as a *littérateur*; and though possibly the novels he has written may not have an enduring hold on the esteem of novel readers, his *tableaux* of social life in less ambitious productions will cause his name to be remembered by the general public as an artist of singular cleverness and skill.

Good for Nothing; or, All Down Hill, is the title of a story written by G. J. Whyte Melville, author of several novels that have attained a respectable share of patronage; *Digby Grand* and *Kate Coventry* having reached a third edition, *Holmby House*, *General Bounce*, and *The Interpreter* a second—at least, such is the publisher's announcement. On commencing his last production we were under the impression that we were entering upon a narrative fiction of a high character—a tender and faithful picture of human life, drawn from a wholesome source; but as the subject developed itself we began to detect the fictitious nature of the representations, though in some respects they are cleverly illusory as to their fashionable origin. When we came upon Alderman Jones and his daughter, the misgiving we had entertained respecting the genuineness of Lady Olivia and Lady Gertrude were strengthened; then came the scampishness of Latimer, and the fast life of the "Good for Nothing," Gilbert Orme; and nothing but the true womanliness of Ada Latimer held our attention to the narrative. Her trials give an interest to the "Down hill" course of the story, which possesses imitative pretensions only. Indeed, many of the incidents are totally out of character, and the dialogue is often as unlike real conversation as it could be made. The revelation made at the Alderman's table by the ex-slave-dealer would not have been listened to in any respectable Englishman's house. It is as unnatural as it is disgusting. We suppose that is intended for sensation-writing, but nausea is the only feeling it is likely to create. The old and most unprofitable system of sowing wild oats is now pursued chapter after chapter, with occasional indications that the author can be better employed; but the title is realized with fatal fidelity, and the novel must be pronounced worthy of its hero.

Norman Sinclair, by W. Edmonstoun Aytoun, D.C.L., author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, &c., 3 vols. A novel written on the good old plan, familiar to us in all those fictions that have made a lasting impression on the public mind, from *Tom Jones* to *Tom Brown*, including *Gil Blas*, and the best productions of French, German, Spanish, and Italian imaginative literature. It is the story of a career beginning at the proper commencement, and ending with the necessary conclusion. Of late, a certain class of writers have thought it necessary to appeal to

readers who are too impatient to wait for the fair development of the interest, and begin their narrative in the middle, rush at once into some extraordinary mystery (made up of very ordinary materials), and work up to a climax of crime and folly that astonishes a good deal more than it entertains, whoever proceeds with it as far as to the final page. The course of the hero is here made to give the reader a knowledge of society under different aspects, as it really did exist in this island within human memory, with an occasional introduction of historical scenes and historical characters—reading as wholesome as it is instructive, and possessing a value to which the mere artificial fiction can lay no claim. The composition of *Norman Sinclair* does not, it must be confessed, quite realize our idea of what such a story of a career ought to be, because it appeals too exclusively to Scottish sympathies and prejudices: there is a great deal too much in it of the Scottish dialect to make it a favourite “down south,” and such personages as the old nurse Effie Osett, with her ready scriptural references, and Baillie M’Chappie and his adventures in Paris, are as familiar as household words. The story having been originally published in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, we were prepared in a manner for its ultra-Toryism and northern colouring; they did not, however, prevent us from appreciating such touches of genuine humour as the following:—

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS.—“We had previously tried our hands at making oxygen gas, but had failed for lack of implements. We now determined to essay the production of hydrogen; and having procured the necessary materials, we arranged our whole stock of glass, so that the gas from the retort might, after passing through various receptacles, be at last lodged in a huge bell-shaped jar, surmounted by a brass stop-cock, which was the pride of our collection. Nothing could have succeeded better. The gas was generated, bubbled up through the water, and very soon reached the jar, as we discovered by the nauseous odour of its escape. ‘Now then, Willie,’ said I, ‘suppose we apply a light, and see how it burns!’ We did so, and a pale-blue jet whizzed up, upon which we gazed with the delight of a couple of Ghebers; but our adoration was uncommonly brief, for a minute could hardly have elapsed before the flame waxed dim, buzzed like an infuriated wasp, descended into the jar, and a tremendous explosion followed, which dashed both of us to the ground.

“Willie, man!” said I, recovering myself so far as to sit up, and extracting a piece of glass from my cheek, which bled profusely—“Willie, man! are ye killed?” “No, I don’t think I am,” said Willie, scrambling to his feet; “but

Lord’s sake, Norman, bear a hand with the water-jug. Fling it over me!—fling it over my legs! for the acid has burned through my breeches, and I feel it biting in my flesh!” “O Willie, what am I to do?—the jug’s empty!” “Take me out to the pump! take me out to the pump!” roared Willie; “or I’ll be as raw as a skinned rabbit!” “His presence be wi us! what’s this o’t, lads?” cried Nurse Osett, rushing into the room, greatly alarmed, as she might well be, for the explosion was violent enough to shatter several of the window-panes. “Surely ye’ve no been trying to raise the deevil?” “The pump!—the pump!” screamed Willie, and accordingly we conveyed him thither, where copious libations diluted the acid, and saved my friend from serious consequences, though it was a month and more before he could walk to lecture without betraying, by an absurd waddle, the temporary loss of his cuticle.”

The author’s descriptive powers are equal to his sense of humour, and are favourably displayed in his account of George the Fourth’s reception by the people of Edinburgh, the election scenes, the incidents of Swiss travel, and in various other passages; but unfortunately for the work as a novel, most of these so delay the action of the story that the interest suffers materially. Still, Mr. Aytoun, on the whole, has made a very fair first venture in the realms of fiction; and we have no doubt that, if he would get rid of his Tory predilections—which may be quite in place in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, but are quite out of place in a book written for general entertainment—and keep steadily in view in his narrative the development of his knowledge of modern society, he would succeed as a novelist much better than he has done in *Norman Sinclair*.

East Lynne. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of *Danesbury House*. Three vols. A work of a totally different construction to the preceding, and as a picture of human life far inferior to it in every way. It is, in short, one of those purely artificial romances that used to be written for the “Minerva Press,” and are now manufactured almost exclusively for a class of readers the most easily satisfied. In the story, the son of a magistrate is described as being very much in love with a handsome girl of a low station in life, who is also courted clandestinely by an “aristocrat,” who rides a fine horse and wears diamond studs, brooches, and rings in extraordinary profusion—for which reason a shrewd provincial lawyer sets him down as a member of the swell-mob—the possession of precious stones of great value being, of course, an unfailing cha-

characteristic of such vagabonds. The aristocrat is preferred to the justice's son—by the way, the magistrates of East Lynne are totally different from any gentlemen in the commission of the peace to be found in her Majesty's dominions—and the latter, while in the neighbourhood of the girl's residence, allows his gun to be taken from him and carried into the cottage, where a shot is shortly afterwards fired, and presently the aristocrat is seen running away. His rival, on approaching the cottage, finds the body of the girl's father, and is observed with the discharged gun in his hand standing over the corpse. He then absconds from the neighbourhood—a coroner's inquest returns a verdict of wilful murder against him, and in the opening chapters he is found in the disguise of a labourer seeking a secret interview with his sister with the object of getting a hundred pounds from his mother, unknown to his father—that estimable magistrate having *taken an oath* in the presence of his brother justices to have his son seized by the police whenever he should venture into his presence.

The alleged murderer, who has been working as a London stableman at twelve shillings a week, makes known through the medium of his sister to the shrewd provincial lawyer the particulars of his case, by which it appears that the girl absconded with the aristocrat after the latter had murdered her father. The said aristocrat the reader soon identifies with a certain captain in the Guards who figures in the novel, and not satisfied with the ruin of a poor man's daughter, is absolutely working out a similar scheme for the destruction of the daughter of a Peer—"the Lady Isabel"—who, as well as her gouty and impoverished parent, is as conventional a specimen of nobility as ever flourished in common-place romance. We have not patience to describe further this precious "love and murder" story, there is not a character in it that could be recognised as drawn from actual life; the mystification with which it commences is as transparent as glass, and the "deed of darkness" involved in it is too improbable for a Whitechapel melodrama. Yet such a production is published at a guinea and a half, while many a better is to be had for a shilling!

The Waverley Novels. Vol. I., *Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. The most marvellous fact in modern literary history is the apparently inexhaustible popularity of

Scott's Novels. Large editions are published at intervals of a few years only, with different attractions, and the demand exhausts the impression. Now we are offered the entire series in twenty-five volumes, unmutilated either in text or notes, at one shilling each novel! printed apparently from the stereotype plates of the four-shilling edition published a few years back, with the author's notes added. We envy those who will read "Waverley" for the first time, as, no doubt, the cheapness of the work will tempt many to possess it who, notwithstanding the facility that has long existed for becoming acquainted with its scenes and characters, have not hitherto perused its pages. The smallness of the type and fulness of the page will, however, we are afraid, make it a sealed book to all who cannot boast of the strongest sight. The volumes of "The Shilling Volume Library" have a special recommendation in this respect.

Dutch Pictures; with some Sketches in the Flemish Manner. By George Augustus Sala, author of *William Hogarth*, *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, *Twice Round the Clock*. Such is the title of a volume made up of clever magazine papers such as the author has established a reputation for writing. We are, however, better satisfied with the book than with its title. It seems to indicate that there can be but one kind of Dutch picture, and one kind of Flemish manner. There are more than a dozen, each specially distinguished from the rest. There is the coarse Dutch picture of a slaughter-house, or a boozing ken, or a stable-yard, made specially disgusting by the introduction of some particular act of bestiality—such are several of the subjects of Adrian Brauer and of certain of his countrymen who are characterized by similar low "realistic" tendencies. Then there is the *kermis*, or the poulterer's and greengrocer's shop, or the fishmonger's stall, animated by vulgar jollity, or startling by the fidelity of the Still Life that seems to grow and live on the canvas—such are the masterpieces of Jan Steen, Weenix, Teniers, Ostade, and other familiar illustrators of the schools of Holland. Higher in the scale we find the more refined pictures of Dutch social life in the matchless works of Gerard Dow, Gabriel Metzu, Franz von Mieris, Gerard Terburg, and many more true artists of their age and country. There are Dutch pictures, also, of a totally different sort, by Philip Wouvermans and Karel du Jardin, by Nicholas Berghem and Jacob

Ruysdael; there is another kind by Cornelius Poelemborg and Carl de Moor—totally distinct from either are the landscapes of Cuyp, Both, and Van der Neer; there is still another individuality in the marine paintings of Backhuysen and Van der Velde. In short, we might fill many a page in pointing out the varied features of “the Flemish manner.”

We shall not attempt to identify Mr. Sala's style of painting with any of these. Probably he may lay claim for his cabinet in one volume the honour of representing every master. Though we cannot admit this exactly, we are quite willing to allow that his pictures are generally very graphic and striking—impressed with a drollery containing a mingling, as it were, of the natural and grotesque, as exemplified in the designs of Brauer and Hans Breughel. This is the sort of composition in which the author excels:—representations of scenes and phases of common life, taken from personal observation with the fidelity that Teniers bestowed on a beer-jug, and Terburg on a lace frill. There are very few English artists in pen and ink who can knock off such sketches with greater vivacity, and we cannot help thinking that he would best maintain his reputation by devoting himself to this *spécialité*.

Horæ Subsecivæ. By John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. In that pleasant piece of pedantry written by Southey, and known as *The Doctor*, though the story was of the slightest, the scholarship with which it was overlaid was unquestionable; moreover, a mild vein of humour kept the reader in good humour with the author, even when his learning pressed most upon his imagination. Dr. Brown has here tried his hand at a kindred work, having, however, this well-defined difference—there is no story, the scholarship is very much more limited, and the humour is scarcely perceptible. Edinburgh jokes we imagine to be a kind of intellectual Lundyfoot, so high-dried as to be thoroughly appreciated only by northern connoisseurs—such respectable Dryasdusts as are most affected by that active principle in nature, “like loves like.” When we come to Edinburgh medical jokes, this fact becomes still more apparent. Dr. Brown is, no doubt, an honour to the College of Physicians of the Scottish metropolis, and is quite as entertaining in his profession as he is skilful, but when he puts his experience into print, not as an *Æsculapius*, but as a gossip, he ought to have

offered Southern readers, at any rate, something more lively than lucubrations respecting Locke and Sydenham, made somnolent with an abundance of Latin quotations, with breaks of forced liveliness, where buried anecdotes are resuscitated, and “Auld Reekie” presented as a mountain in labour bringing forth some ridiculous mouse of a story of which it is impossible to see the fun. The publication is intended to be exclusive—it is not merely produced for the medical profession, we feel satisfied that it was written to please a local taste. The quality of that taste peeps out when we come to the writer's revelations of his medical student life, which is more vivacious than his less imaginative papers, as a galvanized corpse is more lively than the skeleton displayed in the same anatomical theatre.

A DOG FIGHT.—“When we got to the top of the street and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. ‘A dog fight!’ shouted Bob—and was off; and so was I, both of us *all but praying* that it might not be over before we got up. And is not this boy nature and human nature too? And don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? [Surely this is a bull.] Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they ‘delight’ in it, and for the best of all reasons, and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight.”

Dog-fighting is looked upon in respectable society in England as the most brutalizing of spectacles, and is left almost entirely to the enjoyment of blackguards belonging to the canine “profession.” We did not expect to see such a depraved and demoralizing *sport* held up by a physician as a rational source of gratification either for boys or adults. If his spare hours cannot be more profitably employed than in justifying such a tendency in youth, Dr. Brown had much better keep his pen exclusively for his prescriptions.

Shakespeare. A Reprint of the First Edition. The Folio of 1623. Part I., The Comedies. A *fac simile* of the first folio of the works of the greatest of English authors was published many years ago, but with so little care in the printing that several hundred errors were detected in it. This of course was sufficient to affect seriously the value of the work as a reprint. We are not content to take the eyes of that ingenious humbug “the Old Corrector” to read the original text. No doubt typography at the period was less carefully looked after than it is now, but we prefer the undoubted genuineness of the col-

lected edition of 1623 to that spurious reformation of the illustrious dead that has been accomplished under the auspices of Mr. John Payne Collier. We cannot here re-open the controversy respecting the labours of this gentleman, our mind was made up respecting their literary value long ago, and we have since looked closely into other assumed discoveries of antiquarian interest, and have no hesitation in stating that they are of the same manufacture as the notorious insertion in the Dulwich MS., printed by him for the Shakespeare Society. The writer of this notice was a member of this society at the date of its publication, and was much startled by the passage, knowing that all the papers of Edward Alleyn had been examined by that careful scholar Edmund Malone. The passage has since been proved to be a fraud; the original writing of the MS. had been obliterated by age for two or three lines, and a sentence interpolated into the printed copy nearly twice as long as could have been contained in the hiatus. The speculations of "the Old Corrector," have been brought forward with more cleverness, but the story of their discovery was quite sufficient to excite suspicion, and a searching examination has satisfied every impartial person that the passages have first been written in pencil and then, in a feigned ancient hand, been copied with a fictitious ancient ink. We only advert to these unworthy tricks to impress more strongly on the multitudinous admirers of Shakespeare, the value of the first folio as the true source of his unrivalled genius.

We have now to speak of this reprint, which we can conscientiously say is a real *fac simile*. The type has been cast on purpose, and with such fidelity to its *prototype* that even the broken letters have been faithfully imitated. During the months the work has been going through the press, its enterprising and intelligent publisher, Mr. Lionel Booth—a name we hope that will not soon be forgotten by true Shakespearian scholars—has devoted all the time that could be spared from the superintendence of one of the largest libraries in London, to a most careful reading of the proof sheets, and their constant comparison with the text of the old edition—a labour of love unquestionably—and the result is the most desirable acquisition to a Shakespearian library that any modern publisher has produced. The form is quarto instead of

folio, but the change of size is a decided improvement; in everything else, in the quaint engraved portrait, in Ben Jonson's commendatory verses, in every feature from title-page to imprint, it is identical with the precious folio of 1623, a perfect copy of which is so exceedingly rare that it would readily realise from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. The cost of this beautiful reprint will, when complete, be but a guinea and a half, in three half-guinea parts, of which the first, containing the comedies, is now issued; the second will be ready in three months, and the third after a similar interval. It would have been more to the credit of the defunct Shakespeare Society to have accomplished such a task as this, than have wasted their funds in republishing tracts and pamphlets that were easily accessible, scarcely one of which established a new fact relating to Shakespeare, or conveyed any very important illustrations of his dramatic career. The reason of this well-intentioned society coming to so early a dissolution may be found in the conduct of the council, who made themselves a close corporation for apparently the sole purpose of giving publicity to the labours of each other, through the medium of the society's funds. Such production, but for this friendly co-operation, must never have seen the light, or must have been produced at their own expense—that is to say, in almost every instance would never have found a publisher at all. Mr. Booth, from his own resources has contributed to the great Shakespeare Society that do not require a council, a much more appreciable service than has ever been rendered by such critics as Peter Cunningham, Beriah Botfield, John Payne Collier (and his "Old Corrector" to boot), and the rest of that little band, that for three or four years sought to acquire a literary reputation by marching in the field of public favour under the banner of a great name.

SCIENCE AND ART.

ADMIRALTY SURVEYS.—The progress made in navigation is proved by the activity which prevails in the surveying department of the Admiralty, under the direction of that able hydrographer, Captain Washington, R.N., F.R.S. Twenty distinct parties are employed in this duty—one-half on the British islands, a moiety

in our colonial empire, including Australia, the Cape, the West Indies, and portions of our North American possessions (Nova Scotia, the St. Lawrence, and the Island of Vancouver), the rest on the coast of Syria, and in the Turkish Archipelago, in Banka Strait, in China, and in Japan. In England it has been ascertained that the bar in Portsmouth Harbour has been reduced by dredging at least six feet, which by this time has afforded a depth of eighteen feet at low water, and twenty-seven at high-water neaps, and thirty at high-water springs—an important advantage. In the Channel Islands soundings have been made over an area of fifty square miles, while surveying the east coast of Guernsey and Sark. On the Devonshire littoral, an area of nearly sixty-two miles has been explored in the same manner, to a distance of five miles from the shore, as well as five miles of open coast to the east of Mewstone, and nearly twenty-one miles of the banks of the River Yealm; and the Admiralty Board have published a plan of Plymouth Sound and Hamoaze, by Commander Cox, on the scale of ten inches to a mile. The triangulation of the Scilly Islands has been completed, marking at least fifty miles of coast line. Twenty-one miles of open sea coast have been surveyed on the seaboard of Glamorganshire, and a chart drawn from Nash Point to New Passage, as well as a plan of Swansea and Neath, have been published by the Admiralty. On the Lancashire coast, the estuary of the Ribble has been examined up to Preston, and the existing charts corrected.

Scotland has benefited in a like manner by a survey of the Clyde from Greenock to Glasgow, when no less than 18,657 soundings were taken. Loch Linnheo, in Argyleshire, leading to the south-west entrance of the Caledonian Canal, has been as carefully examined to the extent of seventy miles of coast, over an area of a hundred square miles. Charts have been published of the western portion of Mull, the north-west seaboard on a larger scale, as well as a plan of Loch Cuan. In Invernessshire, the littoral has been mapped from Arasaig to Smirserel Points, as well as Lochs Moidart and Kinhay, on a large scale. One hundred and thirty-eight miles of the coast of the Hebrides has also been mapped, and the Sound of Taransay and the East Bays elaborately surveyed.

Ireland, too, has been looked after, as

far as regards the upper part of Lough Strangford, and the shores of County Down, from Ballyferris Point to Donaghadee; while off the south-west and south coasts an area of 1450 square miles has been sounded to a distance of twenty-three miles from the shore, and to a depth of one hundred fathoms. Several new charts of portions of the island have been published by the Admiralty, which has nearly completed the hydrography of the north and west coasts.

These are valuable contributions to our knowledge of home. Equally important labours have been directed further afield; in particular we ought to notice the results of the expedition to survey a projected line for an electric cable from Scotland by the Faroe Islands to Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador, under the direction of Sir Leopold M'Clintock; while in the Turkish Archipelago, we can speak with equal commendation of the services rendered by the surveys of the islands and harbours there, and of the series of soundings completed between Malta, Tripoli, Benghazi, and Alexandria. On the Syrian coast, other scientific labourers have completed the survey of the northern portion, and have prepared plans of Ruad, Tripoli, and Beirut.

In Africa, charts of the west coast have been published, with a detailed plan of the port of Lagos. At the Cape there has been prepared a large plan of Table Bay, and the lower portion of the Kongone, one of the entrances of the River Zambesi, from which Dr. Livingstone promised to send us such extraordinary acquisitions, has been re-examined, as well as the Ashraffi Reef in the Red Sea, for the site of a lighthouse. In the Persian Gulf the survey has been completed, while a new chart has been prepared of the Bay of Bengal, and a survey made of part of the Shat-el Arab, and of the City of Basrah. The rocks known and feared by mariners as the Bassas, on the coast of Ceylon, have been carefully examined, as well as the south-east coast, Galle Bay, and a part of the north-east seaboard, while the Admiralty have published two new charts of Banka and Gaspar Straits. In China there have been careful examinations of Ta-tien-hwang Bay, on the north of the coast of Pechili, the northern coast of the province of Shantung with the anchorage of Chifu, and other portions of coast, completing the shores of the Gulf of Pechili and Lian-Tung, embracing a coast line of about eight hundred miles.

The surveys in our important colony, Australia, include Port Denison, Queensland, and the mouths of the Burdeken river. The Admiralty have also published a general chart of Tasmania, and one of the southern portion of Australia; a detailed survey of Geelong is also in operation. We regret to have to record the nearly total destruction of an exploring party that left Melbourne under Richard Burke, of whom all died of exhaustion except one, while striving to force their way through the impenetrable bush. Another disaster has occurred in the colony in the unwonted shape of a massacre of a party by the aborigines.

In the British possessions in North America, British Columbia has received a careful examination as far as regards Johnstone Strait, Gervis Inlet, and Home and Quatsimo Sounds, when a coast line of 1100 miles was mapped, and an area of 350 square miles sounded. Charts of Frazer River, and Burnard Inlet, Nanainmo Harbour, and Departure Bay, have been published; a new plan of the harbour of San Francisco, and fifteen plans of San Lorenzo, Santa Cruz, and other minor ports on the west coast of South America. Of the south coast of Newfoundland, 190 miles have been mapped, including Burin and Placentia harbours, and soundings have been made over an area of 2700 miles. Charts have been published of the Upper St. Lawrence, from Montreal to Quebec, with plans of their harbours, and of Liscomb, Marie Joseph, Sheet, and Mashaboom harbours in Nova Scotia, which will be of the greatest possible value should we have a war with the Yankees. The upper end of the Bay of Fundy has been examined, including sixty miles of open coast, and a hundred of river and harbour shores; a coasting chart has been published of these regions from the eastern limits of the Bank of Newfoundland, by Halifax, to the Delaware; also one of Long Island Sound, leading up to New York; and the course of the Chesapeake, with Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, and Pensacola harbours—also a timely contribution to our hydrographical information.

In the West Indies, a chart of the Grenadines has been completed, and a survey is being made of St. Vincent. Many other publications have been issued by the Admiralty Board which reflect great credit on the Hydrographic Department.

ORDNANCE SURVEYS.—More than 400 surveyors and draughtsmen have been

employed in the southern districts of the kingdom, chiefly for creating new fortifications for the arsenals. Nevertheless, in the north several counties on the 6-inch scale have been published, and in Ireland every county. In England surveys for military objects have been completed at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Sheerness, Chatham, Pembroke, Dover, the environs of London, and other places. Such works are under the able superintendence of Sir Henry James, who is at the head of the Ordnance Survey.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.—The Director-General, Sir Roderick Murchison, in his last report presented to Parliament, states that he has been assisted by Mr. Geikie in completing the classification of the older rocks of the British Islands, in an ascending series from the most ancient basement of gneiss, as seen in Long Island and elsewhere in the Hebrides, by which it will be established that the upper portion of the crystalline rocks in the Highlands, with an important variation, represents the lower Silurian of the south of Scotland. The extension of the Geological Survey from the south to the north of Great Britain, and the publication in diagrams and maps of the stratification beneath the surface, is not the only scientific service rendered. An important acquisition to our knowledge is the correct delineation given of the various heights attained by deposits that have been carried up above the present sea-level. It is not only the increasing interest in geological inquiry which renders this national undertaking of such prodigious importance, every individual of even moderate intelligence must be aware of the advantages of knowing accurately the extent of our mineral wealth, and of the resources of the country in materials, on a due supply of which he is completely dependent both for his comfort and safety.

METEOROLOGY.—Admiral Fitzroy, the Director of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, has been actively employed in directing his scientific staff and correspondents to a simultaneous observation of changes of wind and weather, by which the warning signs may be noticed and published for the advantage of those whose lives and property are often at the mercy of unexpected convulsions of nature. Meteorological telegrams are now sent to the coast in time to apprise the shipping at anchor of the direction of the coming storm. At first this intelligence was in a great measure disregarded by our weather-

wise captains of sailing craft; but the number of wrecks that followed neglecting to take the required precautions in time, has taught the most obstinate and ignorant of skippers a lesson by which we hope their brethren will profit. Admiral Milne's "Atmoscope" is a valuable instrument, based on the principle of his self-registering barometer, that indicates the atmospheric pressure, or pulsations, by four-hourly marks. Improved "Aneroids" are of great use to travellers; there are also new constructions of mountain mercurial barometers that measure elevations with more or less exactness; but as a tenth of an inch in the Torricellian column is caused by a rise of a hundred feet, the alteration created by an ascent of 20,000 feet cannot be established with the same certainty. Nevertheless, instruments are offered registering variations to the thousandth part of an inch, which, particularly in the case of marine barometers, are much too finely graduated to be reliable, and too delicate in structure to stand ship usage. A Kew model barometer, which is often of more practical value than a chronometer, will be found to possess, as nearly as possible, the merits of a perfect instrument, particularly for nautical purposes. Before violent storms it has fallen at the rate of a tenth of an inch an hour, till a change of the wind occurs, when it begins to go up, and continues during the tempest to rise at the same rate.

We must warn our readers that scientific meteorology is a totally different thing to the weather predictions of ordinary almanack-makers. The latter are entitled to about as much consideration as should be given to their astrological announcements. They impose only on the ignorant. It might be in some degree amusing to expose the fallacies of the mere guessings and absurd speculations on which both are founded, but we have neither time nor space for the task.

GEOGRAPHY.—The late Surveyor-General of India, Colonel Sir Andrew Scott Waugh, has proved himself one of the most useful of scientific labourers, particularly by his services in completing the Trigonometrical Survey of our Indian empire, when he executed the triangulation of 316,000 square miles of territory, and the topographical survey of 94,000 square miles. His labours were sometimes carried on at an elevation of 20,000 feet above the sea-level—sometimes over swamps on that level where the atmosphere

was as difficult to breathe from its deleteriousness, as in the other instance it was from its rarity. To our accurate knowledge of that portion of the East he has, therefore, contributed largely. Captain Claude Clarke published a narrative of a journey across the eastern frontier of Persia to Afghanistan—from Meshed to Herat—a place of some notoriety, though rarely visited by English officers—and over a portion of the great Salt Desert of Khorassan. But a more interesting account was that furnished to the Royal Geographical Society by Captain Sprye and Dr. McCosh, of the countries that lie between the frontiers of our Indian Empire in Bengal and Pegu, and the western borders of China, as it throws much light upon a very desirable proposal for establishing commercial intercourse by this route with the millions of the gigantic Asiatic empire. That our manufactures would find a large market in this direction there is very little doubt; indeed, we are of opinion that it only requires a due portion of Anglo-Saxon enterprise to make an enormous increase in our exports to the people of the vast regions bordering on the "Celestial Flowery Land," including the productive empire of Japan, and the twenty-five millions of inhabitants of the great Asiatic Archipelago. At present the amount of our Chinese import and export trade, exclusive of India, exceeds fourteen millions annually. We take of one article, *tea*, seventy-six millions of pounds yearly, the duty on which contributes from five to six millions to the public treasury; and of another, *silk*, it provides one half the raw material we are able to procure for our manufacture. Last year Japan furnished us with seven thousand bales of superior quality. As our trade expands, these imports will rapidly increase. Indeed, it is impossible to estimate the material advantages our commerce may acquire in these populous and productive regions. In the islands of Japan and Formosa there exist extensive carboniferous deposits, which might be made of vast importance in furthering our steam communication with British Columbia, India, China, and even Australia and New Zealand. Formosa has attained a literary celebrity as the scene of Psalmanazar's geographical forgery—a very clumsy one, by the way, as his descriptions of the manners, costume, buildings, and produce of the island, bear not the most remote resemblance to anything of Formosan origin.

Not less interesting, certainly not less important, are the British possessions in North America, now, from the distracted state of our relations with the Northern States of the Union, rising daily in our estimation. Very few even educated persons are able to appreciate the extent and value of these colonies. The map illustrating the country from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast at Vancouver Island, recently published in the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, has made known to most of us, for the first time, very extensive districts, much of which is capable of productive cultivation. It must be acknowledged that it is difficult of access, and though railways are talked of to connect the thriving Canadian settlements with our new colonies on the coast of the Pacific, we cannot anticipate the realization of such a scheme for many years to come. In the meantime the auriferous valleys of British Columbia will surrender their metals to our hardy miners, and we may expect from Vancouver Island a large supply of coal of excellent quality. In the provinces nearest to the once United States the stir of military preparation is everywhere active. Men have lately been too busy getting ready for the invasion with which they have been threatened to give proper consideration to schemes for opening easier communications with distant portions of the continent under British rule.

Another future empire—Australia—demands our attention, but it is merely to refer to the explorations of Mr. Mac Douall Stuart, and of other enterprising travellers who have penetrated large tracts of almost unknown country. The former has discovered many oases in the midst of saline desert or thick scrub, doubtless more easily cultivated than reached, but capable of being made flourishing settlements in the good time coming. Enterprising settlers may probably adventure southwards with what stock they possess, till the shores of Cambridge Gulf are peopled, when a telegraphic wire may be stretched from south to north of the continent, and Australia placed in direct communication with India. The establishment of a port on the largest possible scale upon the northern coast would tend in the highest degree to the prosperity of the entire colony; new settlements might also be made with advantage on the eastern inlets of Cambridge Gulf, and at the mouth of the northern Victoria River. North or Tro-

pical Australia is also destined for colonization. The western regions, explored by Mr. F. Gregory, offer special attractions to stock-breeders. Queensland and Victoria are in a most flourishing condition, and from them expeditions have advanced into the *terra incognita* beyond their limits with marked success. The produce of Australia, extraordinary as is the rate at which it is expanding, in the course of the next twenty years must be enormously increased. To the industrious, therefore, who possess strong limbs and courageous hearts, emigration to this dependency of the British crown offers competency, perhaps affluence. If he be content to rough it in the first stage of his career, he may rest satisfied that the last will be as smooth as ample means can make it. Squatter or digger, the road to a position of respectability, even of influence, is open to him. He has only to make the most of his advantages by living temperately and working hard.

In Africa geographical science has made no very important advance. Dr. Livingstone has sent home a more detailed description of the great cataract of Mosivatunga, caused by the Zambesi tumbling down at least four hundred feet; and he has explored the Rufarnisian River, accompanied by Bishop Mackenzie, but the result we are afraid will edify no one. Captain Speke is tracing the sources of the White Nile, in which he has met with better fortune than has attended other explorers in the same direction. Another traveller, whose discoveries in tropical Africa have been considered as entertaining as a romance, are now proved to be quite as true. M. du Chaillu, it may be remembered when his marvellous narrative was doubted, referred to certain residents at the Gaboon River as able to corroborate his statements. Communication has been sent to them, and their replies have recently been made public; they prove that the illustrious Gorilla hunter could not have been at the places described by him as the principal scene of his explorations, because he was known to be elsewhere. This reply has been published in our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, with comments that ought to set at rest the controversy respecting the American-Frenchman's veracity. Sir Roderick Murchison will now, perhaps, cancel a considerable portion of the eulogium on his *protégé*, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society, delivered in

May last, and published a few months back.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING FOR ALL NATIONS is steadily advancing towards completion in all its vastness, and, we cannot help adding, in all its ugliness. The lightness and grace of the iron and glass structure that adorned Hyde Park in 1851, and of the improved edifice at Sydenham, by contrast render the heaviness of its successor at Kensington more conspicuous. For amateur architecture there is no doubt it confers great credit on the engineer officer to whom we are all indebted for its erection; and as a permanent building it may reasonably be advanced, it would not possess the features that charmed us in either of our crystal palaces. Nevertheless, the mind has been so favourably impressed with their attractions, that we cannot readily admire the edifice with which Captain Fowkes has sought to supersede them in the affections of the sight-seeing public. We know that an architect of considerable eminence took the trouble to point out, in a friendly spirit, certain deficiencies in the original design which an inexperienced architect could scarcely fail of making in a work of such magnitude; but all he got for his pains was a curt communication from the amateur that he was not aware of anything in his plan that he could improve. We have not space now to enter into a critical examination of the merits and demerits of the new building; we hope at an early period to do it justice in every respect. All we can say at present is, that arrangements are being made to render it ready for the exhibitors in sufficient time for its opening in May next. We may add that one of the committee, who has taken an active share in the responsible business of preparation, Mr. Wentworth Dilke, has received the same distinction that recognised the intellectual claims of a Bulwer, a Herschel, a Brodie, and other illustrious men of the present age.

ART EDUCATION.—The plan of instruction that has for several years been in operation in our Government Schools of

Design is rapidly spreading over the kingdom. There are at least eighty schools now established in which the arts of design are taught by competent masters, and an artistic taste with considerable executive talent diffused throughout each neighbourhood, indeed throughout the empire. The system has evidently been carefully studied, and though it must be considered to embody rather a long curriculum, without doubt it is well adapted to make good designers, and faithful pictorial interpreters of nature. Some of the pupils of the provincial schools, holding a very humble social position, have exhibited remarkable talent as draughtsmen and colorists, and the high reputation of the teachers engaged in the South Kensington Central Metropolitan School attracts into the classes students of a superior rank in life. We hope soon to be able to take up the subject of this branch of education, for, either regarded as an accomplishment or as a profession, art possesses an importance which yearly assumes greater magnitude.

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